

Romane Serda

"Living With Aids"

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(Dedicated to the memory of John Peterman, and to the future of

People with AIDS and ARC.)

He's big and he's proud

He's abrasive and loud

He can roar like a lion or be meek as a lamb

God knows he's courageous

And sometimes outrageous

He inspires me to be all that I can

But I'll never forget

The last time we met

How my heart stopped at the story he told

He said "Life can be hard

When it deals you a card

That you never expected to hold."

But then he said "It's not the end

I rely on my friends

For all the affection and love they provide

And maybe with hugs

And without booze and drugs

There is still a good chance that I may survive."

And maybe he will

'Cause he's active still

He goes to the marches and all the parades

He's not giving in

He's determined to win

He's a person who's living with AIDS

Living with love, not living in fear

Embracing the light when shadows appear

It's a place to begin, it's a good way to start

Releasing the power we hold in our hearts

The loss of our lovers,

Our sisters and brothers

Is a wound that cuts deep through our history of pride

And one way to heal

All the pain that we feel

Is to stand by the living and remain unified

So if you've got a friend

Whose condition is grim

Don't go burying him or drawing the shades

Surrender your doubt

By reaching out
To a person who's living with AIDS
Living with love, not living in fear
Healing with hope and drawing them near
It's a place to begin, it's a step we can take
Empowering people whose lives are at stake
Living with love, not living in fear
Embracing the light when shadows appear
It's a place to begin, it's a good way to start
Releasing the power we hold in our hearts

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