

The Effort

"Tips And Directions"

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While your heart,
Sleeps in your chest,
My sleeve is, pounding loud, and that's why, I raise my
fist,
Because I've got to let, the words come out,
So don't bother singing along if the voice
Doesn't come from deep inside your heart
Because these words are more than just a song,
They are spark from which a fire should start,
And twenty years ago, I was a little boy,
Without of clue of the shifts I could make
And I had no idea how to enjoy my own life,
With the roads I would take,
And then one day I got a tip while stopping for
directions,
I was told "this is it so stop looking for perfection"

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