The Joe Chemay Band "Proud"

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Proud Carry your head so high Feeling kinda of mighty Maybe take a little flight

Proud
Who do you think you are
Gotta getta grip
Or you run out of light

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If you feel the urge to groove you better listen When you do experience the strangest feeling You are born to think it's a matter of fact Let your conscience be your guide

Who are you impressing with your lack of virtue Don't you think you've had to the time to learn the true things You're a bigger fool if you really believe You'll find a diamond in the sky

So proud Carry your head so high Feeling kinda of mighty Maybe take a little flight

Proud
Who do you think you are
Gotta getta grip
Or you run out of light

Open up your eyes and use your inner vision

Everybody needs some kind of confirmation So you begin to think a pat on the back Is all you need to get you back

You feed your ego
Glorified you, critizied without a reason
And you groan and weep
And will never cease to have a cautious state of mind

So proud Carry your head so high Feeling kinda of mighty Maybe take a little flight

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Proud Proud So so so proud

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