

Michael Franks

"On The Inside"

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I've wasted a lifetime
Pursuing an image that did not exist
Except in my own mind
Except in my own dream.
My life has convinced me
That happiness never can really be found
Until you remember
The voice of your own heart.
It's all on the inside
To say you can find it elsewhere
Would be wrong.
It's all on the inside
Each soul has its song.
It was here all along
On the inside.
It cannot be captured
On canvas it cannot be
Carved into stone.
No art can sustain it
Believe me I've tried.
It always eludes you
No matter what strategy
You may devise.
It's no destination
A compass can find.
There's only love on the inside
No counterfeit no need for it.
A perfect place for your heart to hide
No danger near nothing to fear.
Life's hurricane can't reach within

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