

## **Sheila Divine**

### **"Some Kind Of"**

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I channel voices when I sing  
Go back to the old way of doing things  
It's not christ or religion I defy  
I just have a feeling in my stomach that I might  
Wind up just like you  
Trapped by what I use

And it's a leap year from there  
I hobble and remain impaired  
But Aaron I long for  
Some kind of home  
Something I call my own

It's self-serving what I want to be  
I give credit to my family tree  
It's not the devil or hate that makes me fight  
I just have a feeling in my stomach that I might

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