## Sharon Jones "Humble Me"

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Humble me, humble me Don't let me forget who I am

When I start talking down
Like I'm hovering above
Like I'm made of something better
Than what you're made of

And when you hear me asking
For all kinds of fancy things
Things you never had, no
And things you know you can't bring
Don't be afraid to...

Humble me, humble me Don't let me forget who I am

When I start demanding More than the rest When I start moaning I didn't get the best

Just remind me of the man With nothing to eat

And remind me of the other man With no shoes on his feet

Oh let me be grateful, oh Lord For that all I've seen And all that I have And everywhere I've been

Make me grateful for my voice That I might lift you up Grateful for these legs That I might jump and hop and shout and yell

Grateful for the music That puts my soul on high Grateful for the people Who come out to hear me every night Oh please...

Humble me, humble me Don't let me forget who I am

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