

Shawn Christopher

"The Story"

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Well we pounded the pavement between
Dotted lines
But we always belonged to the
Fugitive kind
We were never the best but we were
Better than this
To be made to bow down among princes
I got thrown around hallways and
Bedrooms and towns
And you run from that voice and
It drags you around
It don't matter the ruse or the
Weapons we choose
There is only one thing that can free us
Oh so here I am
The lion and the lamb
I was born to be telling this story
I could only be telling this story
I will always be telling this story
Well our father married our
Mother too young
And he took on a world like a
Fortunate son
But in the cellar downstairs waiting
For the bomb scare
He would hide from us under the kitchen
Where she simmered so soft with
Her weapons of tin
And like so many suppers she just
Gave us to him
And he never did guess in her cast
Iron dress
She was burning beyond recognition
Oh it's not over yet
I can't forget
I am going to be telling this story
I was born to be telling this story
I will always be telling this story
Sometimes I feel so reckless and wild
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
I gave nobody life, I am nobody's wife

And I seem to be nobody's daughter
So red is the color that I like the best
It's your Indian skin and the badge
On my chest
The heat of my pride
The lips of a bride
The sad heart of the truth
And the flag of youth
And blood that is thicker than water
I was made to be telling this story
I was born to be telling this story
I am going to be telling this story
I could only be telling this story
I will always be telling this story

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