## Stephanie J. Block "Gotta Start Small"

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I ran a mile today And for a while today I forced a smile today and sailed on with ease.

I used to think, 'Not me - I can't'.
The track was smooth,
Hardly a slant
And though I panted for air,
I swear I clipped like a breeze.

Using my breath and raising the bar Four simple laps felt strangely far. I hope tomorrow my legs are stiff. I didn't scale a cliff. It's just a mile. But I didn't fall. Gotta start small.

I wrote a song today
And I feel strong today
'cuz I belong today to those who create.
An empty page was all I had.
I thought it out, put pen to pad,
And as I added each line of mine
I felt something great.

Using my hands and feeling fulfilled As for the song I'm not that skilled. Still every builder who learns a craft Keeps growing by the draft. It's just a draft, and after all, Gotta start small.

Facing a bigger, a moral biggerish challenge, That's quite a climb. I'd rather cling to each thing I can conquer one at a time.

Taking a risk is most of the battle. A victory to claim. Taking a risk - no matter how little - small, but committal -- is risking all the same. The sky is clear today. I'm fighting fear today. So while I'm here today I pick up the phone.

But I stay calm and I speak first.
Yes, we conversed without fronts
For once.
Then as we burst into tears,
My fears have suddenly flown.
Using my head and using my heart,
Making a call, making a start
A single part of a larger plan.
I'm doing what I can.

I call my mom; expect the worst.

I ran a mile.
I wrote a song.
A mile's too short; the song's too long.
I made a call.
Before we fought we learned to talk.
Before I ran, I learned to walk.
Before I walked I learned to crawl.
Gotta start somewhere.
Gotta start small.

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