

## Hanna Marsh

### "Chameleon Girl"

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It was a cold winter evening  
I kept on staring at the ceiling  
Trying to gather the pieces of courage left in me

Snowflakes kept on falling  
It was me the silence was calling  
Trying to gather the pieces of courage left in me

Now I step on a shaky ladder  
Trying to find what really matters  
Barely visible are the steps I follow  
Guiding me into a place of sorrow  
What I find is an old box  
Full of different pictures  
Different manners to please and to be

Arrogance, ignorance, grand lies  
Was I searching for words like magic?  
Trying to gather the pieces of courage left in me

A fairy tale, scary plays, wobbling games  
Every role so reachable, so desirable  
I can see it now, but what's left of me?

And I step down the shaky ladder  
Trying to find what really matters  
I can just barely hear the talk I listen to  
Guiding me to a brand new vision  
What I hear is my own silent voice  
Singing in new words and new manners to live and to  
be

And all of the sudden I see that in every picture it's me  
It's me, it's me, it's me  
It was me the silence was calling

Please, take my hand and teach me to dance  
It may take a while, but my heart will learn  
Fight with me when my pictures start to fade  
Give me time to learn the steps for the waltz  
Just wait, will you wait and I'll be your own

Your own chameleon girl!

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