

## Triniti

### "What you do with what you've got"

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You must know someone like him  
He was tall and strong and lean  
With a body like a greyhound  
And a mind so sharp and keen

But his heart is like a laurel  
Grew twisted round itself  
'Til almost everything he did  
Brought pain to someone else

It's not just what your born with  
It's what you choose to bare  
It's not how big your share is  
It's how much you can share  
It's not the fights you dreamed of  
It's those you really fought  
It's not what you've been given  
It's what you do with what you've got

What's the use of two strong legs if you only run away?  
And what's the use of the finest voice  
If you've nothing good to say?  
What's the use of strength and muscle  
If you only push and shove?  
And what's the use of two good ears  
If you can't hear those you love?

Between those who use their neighbour  
And those who use the cane  
Between those in constant power  
And those in constant pain  
Between those who run to glory  
And those who cannot run  
Tell me, which ones are the cripples?  
And which ones touch the sun?  
And which ones touch the sun?

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