

Not Even Tired

© Justin McRoberts 2002 Five Foot Six and a Half Music (ASCAP)

circumstantial me, like a shaking weed
blown about, pushed around

so it is again, on my face i land
fallen down, crying out

is there strength in me upon which my heart can call?
is there anything at all?

cause i'm not leaving
i'm not even tired yet
i'm still breathing
And i'm staying 'till i can't

in my strength i said
until i was dead and gone that i would always stand
and weather every punch they land

is there strength in me to fulfill these words?
and to stand although it hurts?

i have learned that this world will not change because of me
so i'll be the change i long to see