

# The Best in Me

## The Best in Me

You look like old man Midas  
When you're counting up your change  
But you sound as sweet as Jesus when you sing  
I was among the ones you moved out there  
In the olive trees and rain  
I left a piece of silver, a small thing  
For the soft and mournful Gypsy songs you sing

Don't know where I'm going  
I could hardly tell you where I've been  
Like a seed that has been borne upon the wind  
If you were to come to my door  
If I were to let you in  
You there with your blanket made of stars  
And me with my illusions worn so thin

Would you find the best in me  
Even when I've stumbled down  
When I've done my worst  
Would you stand your ground  
Stay until I come back around

Standing at your shoreline  
With this tiny broken cup  
Like the sailors I've been dreaming of the sea  
Would you look into my eyes  
Would you be the one to recognize  
Be the one to finally fill me up  
Be the one to finally set me free

Would you find the best in me  
Even when I've stumbled down  
When I've done my worst  
Would you stand your ground

Stay until I come back around

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