

The Best in Me

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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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