

# Prisoner Of Hope

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The bar is set so high that I can walk right under  
Can't reach even on my tippy toes  
No matter how far I run in training for this marathon  
I trip and fall, lose by a nose

Then something taps me on the shoulder  
I listen when it's older than me, it says

Look up, reach out your hand  
You can't see anything new 'til you change where you stand  
I'll throw you a rope  
You know you're just a fellow prisoner of hope

Another day, another no  
Sucker punch leaves me bunched on the floor (woe is me)  
This is when I fall into a downward spiral  
Negative thoughts feed vanity (& I'm so hungry)

From the high wall  
Sometimes all we see is how hard we could fall  
So what if we do  
Rise mud-scraped & bruised  
Maybe we have to be a little bit broken to hear hope call