

# This Time

Rae Morris

In the heat of, of this moment, maybe I'm not made of something  
,  
Strong enough to, withstand what you do, do to my guard, to tear it down.

You tear it down, concrete and water escaping.  
Lots of sadness, go away, gone.

From the force of something I can't see, I fell off and on again,  
This time I'll hold on.  
You're the bricks and the mortar building me, up to where I long to be,  
This time I'll hold on.

Through the blood sweat, tears and kindness, we've arrived at this conclusion.  
Would it be too, much to ask of you to open your mind, on this second time?

You tear it down, concrete and water escaping.  
Lots of sadness, go away, gone.

From the force of something I can't see, I fell off and on again,  
This time I'll hold on.  
You're the bricks and the mortar building me, up to where I long to be,  
This time I'll hold on.

How do I know, if it's all meant to be?  
I'm stuck with what's right and what's wrong with me.  
Both of seem to agree to disagree,  
Maybe I'm wrong but I can't seem to see, this time...

From the force of something I can't see, I fell off and on again,  
This time I'll hold on.  
From the force of something I can't see, I fell off and on again,  
This time I'll hold on.  
You're the bricks and the mortar building me, up to where I long to be,  
This time I'll hold on.