

Like A Skin

Sara Groves

The butterfly can just look back
Flap those wings and say, oh, yeah
I never have to be a worm again

The snake gets tired of being him
He wriggles from that itchy skin
Leaves it lying where he's been and moves on

I've been longing for something tangible
Some kind of proof that there's been change in me

Feels like I have been waking up
Only to fight with the same old stuff
Change is slow and it fills me with such doubt

Come on, new man, where have you been?
Help me wriggle from this self I'm in
And leave it like a skin upon the ground