Able

Chuck e. Costa

There's a host of hurts we come across
None of which alike
From the air inside the birthing room
To darkness where we die
Though I feel I'm just as strong
As any man I know
I'm not able
I'm not able
I'm not able, on my ownCarry round the secrets
Only heaven knows
Crawl into our darkened rooms
Where only victims go.
Oh, I feel I'm strong enough
To carry all this load
I'm not able
I'm not able
I'm not able, on my ownI'm not able (not able)
I'm not able (not able)
I'm not able (not able)
On my own.I'm not able (not able)
I'm not able (not able)
I'm not able (not able)
On my own.All my actions
False or true
Selfish motives I will use
We were born with knives in hand
Trained to kill our fellow man.
If we're not better than the rest
How will children do their best
Find your patience
Find your truth
Love is all we have to lose
Have to loseCause, I'm not able
I'm not able
I'm not able, on my own

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