

Give Me Healing

[Corey Smith](#)

Morning sun so bright, I put shades on my eyes,
hide my face from the spotlight.
I walk the streets with this pack on my back
full of books and the poetry I write.
Life's a metaphorical battlefield.
This pen is my sword, this book is my shield
and I gain ground, on a bench in the park or a caf  downtown.
But each night when the shades come off,
I look back on the lines I've crossed and I hang my head.
I'm getting better but I ain't there yet. Still busting up this brick on my shoulders.
All my troubles set in stone make it hard to carry on.
But I've got praying hands hanging over,
the pillow where I lay my broken head at the end of the day
and they give me healing. They give me healing. Wheels turn and seasons roll, across the highs and lows -
July hot, January cold -
and I pack heavy, 'cause I got to be ready for
whatever weather the wind may blow.
I've learned a lot from the road behind,
the bridges I've crossed, the mountains I've climbed, the interstate signs,
leading me through each stage in the back of my mind.
But each night when the curtain falls,
I take account of the highway's cost and I hang my head.
I'm getting closer but I ain't there yet. I'm still busting up this brick on my shoulders,
all my troubles set in stone. Sometimes it's hard to carry on,
but I've got praying hands hanging over,
the pillow where I lay my broken head at the end of the day
and they give me healing. And I won't lay my hammer down until they lay me in the ground.
And I'll keep singing like it's Sunday morning,
lightening my load until these wheels run out of road. I'll be busting up this brick on my shoulders.
Hammer falls and I see stars. I still wonder what they are.
I've got praying hands hanging over,
the pillow where I lay my broken head at the end of the day
and they give me healing. They give me healing.

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