Patience

Sheila Nicholls

Patience a silent virtue
I don't want to hurt you
Reflex to old imprinting
Your eyes are squintingAnd it seems I'm not what you wanted me to be
Now I know I'm not what I said that I was
I just wanted this to be true, I'm not sure where I went
But you deserve someone more innocentI searched for reasons to it
Four seasons through it
You came quite unexpected
So unprotectedAnd it seems I'm not what you wanted me to be
Now I know I'm not what I said that I was
I just wanted this to be true, I'm not sure where I went
But you deserve someone more innocentI'll just prove to myself that I cannot be trusted
Maybe I'm too much like my father
And if you knew him you would know
He's still searching for his motherAnd every other but mine
Whatever is still searching in him
Is still searching in me
'Cause I'm still looking for here albeit vicariouslyWe spoke with such conviction
Imprisoned freedom

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