Redeemed

Charlotte Martin

Every tree has got a root
And every girl forbidden fruit and got her demons
And the path I chose to go, a different girl so long ago
I had my reasonsAnd shes in my head so loud, screaming
"Shouldnt you be proud of what you came from?
Oh, youve been crippled and youve walked on
Youve been shut up and you talked, so lets talk some more"Where is the hand for me to reach?
Where is the moral Ill ever teach myself?
In all the black, in all the grief, I am redeemedAnd its ripping at my heart
Because Im dodging all the darts and on a slow train
And then Ill wear it til it tatters
And it shatters on the floor in instant replayOh, were all rotten and were pure
And were just looking for the cure that feels like spring snow
And all we have is who we are
And where weve been got us this far, so let me goWhere is the hand for me to reach?
Where is the moral Ill never teach myself?
In all the black, in all the grief, I am redeemedWhere is the hand for me to reach?
Where is the moral Ill never teach myself?
In all the black, in all the grief through all the pain, and unbelief
These are the words, that they all scream, I am redeemed

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