

# Turtle Wings

Valerie Smith

Every day I start out slow with my head hung low  
Even though I work real hard I never get too far  
The only trace I leave on this earth are  
Places where my tracks might sink  
O lord let me fly so high on my turtle wings  
Seems that every life I see moves much faster than me  
It might move at the speed of sound but they're still bound to the ground  
While exiled to this Barren Island  
I dream of seeing everything  
O lord let me fly so high on my turtle wings  
I lift my eyes up to the sky and pray for what tomorrow might bring  
O lord let me fly so high on my turtle wings  
Oh lord let me fly so high on my turtle wings

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