

Shine

Richard Marx

The tree you planted is still holding on
Leaves are turning
Like nothing's wrong, oh, what freedom
To only need the rain Been without since May, ninety-four
Tricks of the mind make it feel like it's more
But I'm not special
It's the same for everyone Hold on, baby, I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine Times I wished I was already gone
Ain't no place I can't leave when I want
But then I see their faces
And I'm frozen in my shame Hold on, baby, I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine Sometimes the sun shuts down the little I can see
And I remember what it felt like to be me
But all at once I know that nothing is the same
And all I'm left with is the pain Hold on, baby, I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine

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