

Inside Out

Hans York

(Hans York / Tom Armstrong) I can breathe against your noise

I can feel it in my skin

There's a pulse that warms me over

As another breath begins

From the inside out

From the inside out I can tame this sentiment

I can push it back within

But the truth comes as it does

My soul won't let the critic win

From the inside out

From the inside out In the fabric of your clothing

I see the patterns of our fields

In the shadows of the lampposts

Scars of darkness are revealed

In the rooms with people talking

In the broken limb that heals

I can feel it comin' from within

to remind us how it feels

When we fall I can tip this balance over

I can teach myself again

Will I ever shake my pride

From outside I go within and then

From the inside out

From the inside out What I've given I gave freely

What I took I took with care

But these doubts in life won't leave me

At times they are more than I can bear

From the inside out

From the inside out

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