

From the Ashes

Martina McBride

My right hand holds matches,
My left holds my past,
I hope the wind catches,
And burns it down fast,
I'm gonna step into the fire,
With my failures and my shame,
And wave good-bye to yesterday,
As I danced among the flames, So don't try to save me now,
Let the walls of my world all burn down,
Just stand back and wait till the smoke finally passes,
And I will rise,
From the ashes,
From the ashes,
From the ashes, For all that I'm loosing, much more will I gain,
The hard part is choosing,
To change what needs changed,
And my stance will be much lighter,
With these demands off my chest,
I'm born with better spirit,
To lay the old to rest So don't try to save me now,
Let the walls of my world all burn down,
Just stand back and wait till the smoke finally passes,
And I will rise
From the ashes,
From the ashes,
From the ashes, And I'll walk away stonger,
I will be fyin,
Higher and truer
Then I've flown before, My right hand holds matches,
My left holds my past,
I hope the catches,
And burns it down
Fast.