

This Is

Grace Jones

This is my voice
My weapon of choice This is life
This is life This is plate
This is a cup
This is a story I didn't make up
This is a girl lost in the woods
Some kind of wagon from some other 'hood This is a voice
These are the hands
This is technology
Mixed with the band Are you going into the light
Are you free of fear today
When you lie down to sleep do you kind of float away This is life
This is life Most of my crimes are of optimism
40 thousand volts of recognition
They tried to strip me of dignity
But I still have tenacity These are the words I didn't invent
Only an attempt to say what I meant This is the paper
This is the pen
This is my weapon
A means to an end Are you going into the desert
You're out of control of your fate
There are no warriors without a war
So get ahead before it's too late This is life (ya'll) Lay down your spear
Let go your fear
Far becomes near Oh Lord
This is life (hey!) This is the tree
The Buddha slept under
These are the clouds
This is our thunder This is what makes me look up and wonder
Into the eye of the wind
Through the rain
On to the plain This is what I'm focused on
This is my head on straight
This is the harness
This is the bait
This is me
I'm flying again This is a lawyer
Professional liar
There, Taking

Igniting the fire This is the key
This is the door
Imagine the view from the basement floor (Hey!)
Now you're going into the desert
You're out of control of your fate
Are you a slave in a chain of command
Serving up another man's head This is life Lay down your spear
Let go your fear
Far becomes near
Look out This is life Are you going into the light
Are you freeing your fear today
When you lie down to sleep
Do you kind of float away This is depression
It comes when you're blocking
This is expression
It comes when your rocking This is life This is (ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)
This is (ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)
This is (ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)
This is (ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)
This is (ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!) When you lie down to sleep
Do you kind of float away
(This is a plate, this is a cup, this is a story, this is a story I didn't make up) When you lie down to sleep
Do you kind of float away
(This is a plate, this is a cup, this is a story I didn't make up) This is the world still healing
This is man that's feeling
This is the world still turning
This is the rage still burning
This is the man not learning
This is life

Songwriters

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