

Being Me

Abbey Lincoln

All along away there were things to do
Always some other, someone I could be
All the things to know, all the ways to go
To fly a spirit for to stage the show
It wasn't always easy learning to be me
Sometimes my head and heart would disagree
Times I walked away, all the times I'd stay
To see the glamor of my life play
Being me again to be myself alone
Sometimes I love the things they said
Some things were cold as stone, it was lonely
Sometimes, sometimes it was blue and the lights were brilliant
Sometimes, sometimes there was you
Being me [Incomprehensible] see now and then
So many things have changed and yet somehow
There will always be a stage, a song for me
Hold a curtain or been its time to take a bow

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