Keep It

Cheyenne Marie Mize

The world lives in your front room
Youre sitting happy in gloom
Fate worries you, you will not give her room.
You give credit for might, inspiration and sight.
But you miss the point.
You wont join the fight,
You think to use is to lose so your clinging, pulling pleading.
Try and keep it safe.
Keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
Youre feeling a loss but youre not fit to make it
You offered so much but youre frightened to take it.
It never was really proved, never was understood.
But there really is no virtue in the good.
The shoutings so loud that theyd do better to mime
Youre deafened and you cannot hear the rhyme.

But secrets in whispers pull you, try to tempt you.
Try and keep it safe
Keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
Youre feeling a loss but youre not fit to make it
You offered so much but youre frightened to take it.
You beg for help and advice, how to handle your life.
But you dare not move, you cannot pay the price.
Chances slip, you just chatter, flatter, to forget what matters.
Spout your lines, read all your books,
You hear the sounds, miss all the hooks,
Your best is what you least understand,
You hate the graft, wont join the race,
Youre scared to scar your pretty face
Safe now cos your head is in the sand
Keep it...

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