Arrows

Jane Weaver

Arrows turned inward are good for the soul
I have a thing about arrows
And diamonds and coal
Pressure turning carbon to jewels
Slowly they aim at my iron mark
Flaming, healing arrows
They beat at my heart
Angels turning metal to tools
I don't care what you think has got you down
You can turn it around
I don't care what you think
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around
Times that I knew I could never get through
That's when I grew up the most
And alone sounds so sad
But alone I found the best friend I had
I don't care what you think has got you down
You can turn it around
I don't care what you think
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around
Arrows turned inward are good for the soul
Piercing through every callus
They always get through
My target is a heart no-one fools
Turn it around
Turn it around
Turn it around
Turn it around
Turn it around
Turn it around

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