

# 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

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