

If This Is Not A Place – From: “The Blessing” by Gary Smalley

If this is not a place, where tears are understood,
then where shall I go to cry?
And if this is not a place, where my spirit can take wings,
then where shall I go to fly?*

I don't need another place, for trying to impress you,
with just how good and virtuous I am.
No, no, no, I don't need another place, for always being on top of things.
everybody knows that it's a sham, it's a sham.

I don't need another place, for always wearing smiles,
even when it's not the way I feel.
I don't need another place, to mouth the same old platitudes;
everybody knows that it's not real.

So if this is not a place, where my questions can be asked,
then where shall I go to seek?
And if this is not a place, where my heart cry can be heard,
where shall I go, where shall I go to fly?*

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