

 ***Courage Is The Letting Go***

©1984 Linda Allen

Well, it's "Take a letter, lady, and bring me my coffee"
He has a meeting at quarter to two
And I've done his report, he just has to read it
And he'll take the credit, but I may's well forget it
With two kids to support, what else can I do?

Courage is the letting go of things that are familiar
Choosing paths where no one else has gone
And 'though the fear can freeze your soul, you know
The only way to grow is letting go
To give up the familiar
So he's coming home drunk, gets sick in the hallway
And he expects me to help him, you know I usually do
And I just have to tell you it ain't much of a life
All these sad, empty years of being his wife
And I think about leaving, but what would I do? CHORUS

Sometimes I sit on a stool in the kitchen
And I stare at the curtains I made long ago
And I think how I loved them, the small, yellow roses
But the roses are faded--you know, the door never closes
And I think that a change is coming 'round soon CHORUS