

Sitting as I usually do
Fretting as I usually do
Cynicism is nothing new
Not who I am, it's all too true

Then...

Two people, two doors
A moment to adjust course
Hesitation, a choice
Kindness, a voice

And behind them two eyes
Something different inside
Before, blind
I now see them as kind

Thinking as I usually do
My yearning heart, neglected and blue
I'm now prepared for something new
I felt compelled to share this with you