

Amateur

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All my life, an amateur

I confess that what I love

Is hiding in a corner

Sent to the back of the line

Just because

I'm an amateur

I make my money prepping packages

Little machines for the economic good

But lately I've been fabricating fatal flaws

Just like those war camp prisoners

I been thinking I should question what the
reason is,

I should consider what I love

'Cause I'm an amateur

And all my life, I'll be an amateur

So now it's time for what I love

To stop hiding in a corner

And jump to the front of the line

Just because I love it

Yes, now it's time to sink

Deep down underneath the melody

And feel the rhythm in my pulse

And flowing through my fingers

And chase the words

Until I can't tell

If I am singing or I am soaring

Are these my hands, or are they wings?

Is this my voice, or have I finally become the
wind?

Am I that ray of sunlight pointing at the
waves

Illuminating everything around me

With all the love I feel inside

Because, God forbid

And God forgive

If we forget that we are

Amateurs, always, amateurs