

# Glen Hansard, Bearing Witness

I'm bearing witness, I'm laying low  
I'm saving my strength now for those who need me the most

I'm stepping lightly, I'm learning to dance  
I've fifty-two milk-white roses for the Angels of Happenstance

'Cause it's not what you're given  
But what you do with it  
And it's not the road less travelled  
But how you choose to live

I'm bearing witness, I'm staying clean  
Not leaving the house now except for what I need  
I'm sick and sorry, in no good state of mind  
I can't stand the attention, can't stand to be left behind

'Cause it's not what you're given  
But what you do with it  
And it's not the road less taken  
But how you choose to live  
And it's not your lack of understanding  
But your ignorance

I'm bearing witness, but my feelings are mixed  
I play my hand the best I can  
Though I feel like the whole thing is fixed  
I'm bearing witness, I'm holding my own  
If it wasn't for the kindness of others  
I'd have gone down long ago  
I'm bearing witness, I'm chipping away  
Used to be you could fall behind  
Used to be you could make a mistake

And it's not what you're given  
But what you do with it  
And it's not the road less travelled  
But how you choose to live  
And it's not your lack of understanding  
But your ignorance  
And it's not the last man standing  
Gets to tell it like it is  
And it's left to frail and tender hearts  
To deal with it  
And it's not what you're given  
But what you do with it