

# Melanie De Biasio, The Flow

What's that look upon your face  
It seems you've got a lot to say  
But no words come  
The flow seems to be gone  
Let's sing the way through it  
How about a new way to pray

Too much pressure on your back  
Fever's high when you payback  
But freedom is here and come  
And hope seems to hold on  
Let's love the way through it  
How about a new way to pray

I see worries burning inside your chest  
It's hard to let them go  
You belong to somewhere  
For some reason  
'cause hope seems to hang on  
Let's dance the way through it  
How about a new way to pray