

I'm alive, even when I've decided
there's no way for me to thrive.
I'm still here, even if half of me
doesn't seem to be.

I know I've got to meet her, she took over
When the other half of me dropped dead.
I really want to see what she's capable of,
Even when the move have to be carefully made.

I used to love the other half, but this one seems to have a lot to teach.
And I know its too far reached,
But I'm alive and she doesn't wanna quit.
I know this be cause I've told her, shouted and plead.

After all this other half of me seems stubborn,
and thank God because I've begun to feel enamored.
It may seem like tough love,
But its great... there's no space to be bored.

Its ok I'll be patient. I loved 25 years of the first child.
I've only been with this new one for little while.
It's ok, I've got time.
I'll be here, I am still alive.