

Say It

When I was born my father searched to find a name for me.
He chose one full of meaning that described whom I'm to be.
and no one since has said it right, except for my old man,
no one til you that is, it's like a glove that fits the hand.

When others call and say my name, it's sounds so rather bland,
but when it's you who says my name, it's more like who I am.
With one simple breath, in a moment that so fleeting,
you have the ability to embody my whole being.

Go ahead and say it. Say it!
It's not that I'm that vain.
It's just that when *you* say it,
it doesn't sound the same.

It comes from deep within you,
from the bottom of your soul.
You don't describe a part of me,
but every bit the whole.

Let me hear it one more time, let it roll across your lips.
It comes across like a fine wine, one I'd love to sip.
It's taste is smooth and gentle and pleasing to my ear
and it always taste much sweeter when you are standing near.

To hear my name upon your lips, are whispers much like gold.
You've said it now a thousand times, but it never does get old.
You have the power to take a name and make it all brand new.
No one else has said my name exactly like you do. So,

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