

I'm Finally Loving Me

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Written by: S.L. "Raja" Crumby

Verse 1:

I journeyed home the other day to chase away the lingering shadows; to lay to rest a weary mind and soul tired of wandering for so long. The faded pictures on your momma's wall never really tell it all. They're slanted portraits, the melodies of unsung songs. Stepped of the porch, walked down the street and knew that I was bound to meet familiar faces, their lips miming the same old songs. Wouldn't you know that I saw the ghosts of the things I feared the most, saying "What you doing here boy, and what's the point in returning home? They said "Son we thought we'd see you on a movie screen; you had such high hopes when you went away. Somebody said they'd seen you riding in a limousine. So won't you tell me now 'What brings you back this way?'"

To which I said:

Chorus: I'm taking shackles off of parts of me I hadn't allowed, releasing loving energy I disavowed; though my feet are finally under me I'm riding a cloud, I'm free...I'm finally loving me.

Verse 2:

Rounding the bend I saw the church where I gave my life to Jesus. I recalled how the saints go marching in. There, at the alter, I confessed the truth of how my life became the living proof of a tendency to just say "amen," whether I believed or not. They said "Son you oughta love Jesus and not love yourself; you can't make it into heaven any other way." So I played follow the leader, and put my life on the shelf. And I lost my will for trying because my soul was dying, trying to give to another what I hadn't been able to give to myself.

Verse 3:

Sometimes when your sun goes down you wonder if it's ever gonna rise again; it seems the beauty of your sunset fades away. Though night is falling, your soul is calling you to bask in the glory of the light within and let the full moon lit rays love your troubles away.

Chorus: And take the shackles off of parts of you you hadn't allowed, release the loving energy you disavowed, though your feet are finally grounded you'll be riding a cloud, so free to say I'm loving me.

I'm taking shackles off of parts of me I hadn't allowed, releasing loving energy I disavowed; though my feet are finally under me I'm riding a cloud, I'm free...I'm finally loving me.

Verse 4:

I'm allowing useless pieces to just slip away because I'm tired of chasing shadows of a by-gone day. No longer molded by the matter of what others say, you see I'm finally loving me. I'm free, I'm finally loving me.

Produced by, Raja

Lead Vocals: Raja

Background Vocals Arranged by: Raja and Marcenia LaFleur

Background Vocals: Marcenia LaFleur and Raja

Music Composed by: Peter Moore

Keyboards: Peter Moore and Brian Bisky

Bass Guitar: Peter Moore

Guitars: Peter Moore

Drums: Victor "Big Vic" Alexander

Percussion: DeShon Williams

Recording Engineers: Peter Moore, Ruiari Kilcullen and Raja

Moore Engineers: Ruiari Kilcullen and Raja

Recorded: Atlanta, GA USA