



Still I Rise



You may write me down in history



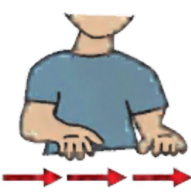
With your bitter, twisted lies,



You may trod me in the very dirt



But still, like dust, I'll rise.



Does my sassiness upset you?



Why are you beset with gloom?



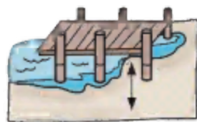
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells



Pumping in my living room.



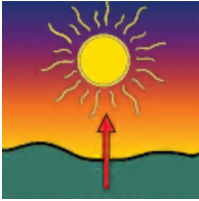
Just like moons and like suns,



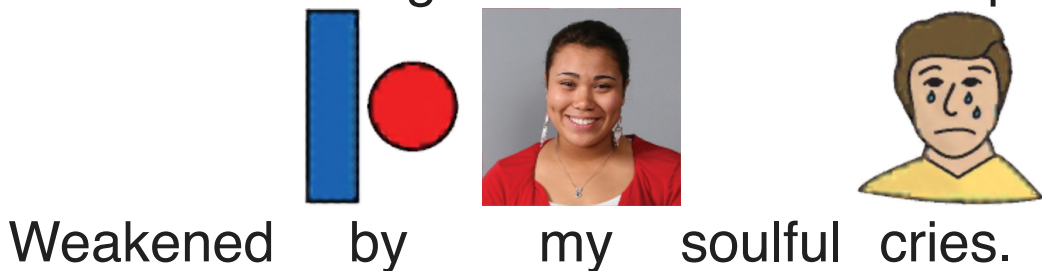
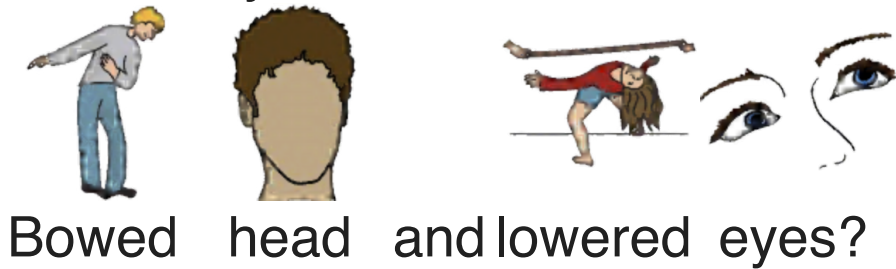
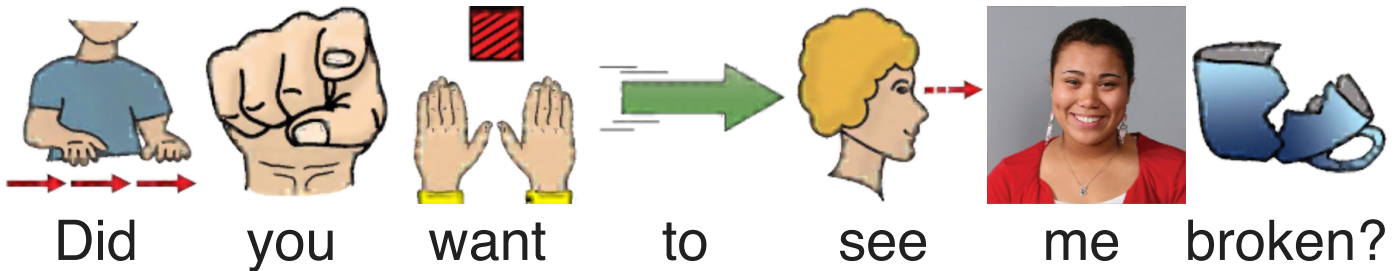
With the certainty of tides,

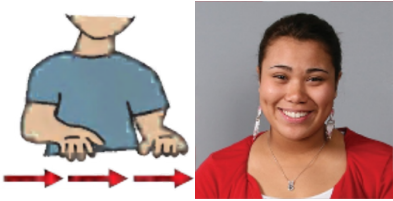


Just like hopes springing high,

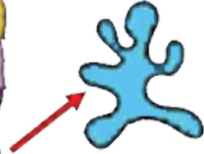


Still I'll rise.

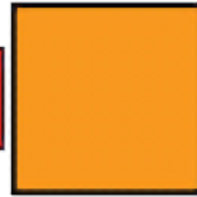




Does my haughtiness offend you?



Don't you take it awful hard



'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines



Diggin' in my own backyard.