

HUMBLE HEROES – Tina Graye

She works every weekend when your business is closed.
Tends to your tragedies, fractures and blows.
The doctors, those nurses in white pantyhose--
Saints incognito. They're humble heroes.

The soldiers, firefighters, the cops in street clothes--
There isn't much peace for them—fires and foes.
In the heat of their battles they're calm and composed.
Stand in harm's way for you. Humble heroes...

They're not prima donnas. You won't see them up close.
They're not on a stage. They live in shadows.
I can't thank them personally, so I propose
A prayer for safe passage for the humble heroes.

The good moms and dads don't get much kudos.
Work 'til it's nightfall, up before the cock crows.
They're there for their children, just helping them grow.
They're selfless. They're tired. They're humble heroes.

They don't hear applause. Don't get no red rose.
Rare are they featured—more like cameos.
They're not out for glory. It's honor they chose.
You won't see them coming. They're humble heroes.

The teachers and all who inspire us so.
Set an example, then quietly go.
Their wisdom is their riches, and they share what they know.
It's love they are spreading, those humble heroes.

They don't hear applause. Don't get no red rose.
Rare are they featured—more like cameos.
They're not out for glory. It's honor they chose.
You won't see them coming. They're humble heroes.