And It’s Never Too Late

She was a child given away at birth,
A half-breed not quite the image fit for Sioux.

Adopted, unwanted and fighting for her place in this world...
Not quite knowing who she could turn to.

Men only saw her as something that they could own.
Ten steps forward, twenty back is all she’s ever known.

No she’s not a super model pasted on the cover of a magazine.
She’s a fighter, a strong independent woman, the strongest you’ve ever seen!

She’s a leader in her own sense of the word,
In a life that’s been so misunderstood.

No she wouldn’t change a thing she’s experienced,
Not even if she could.

She’s not a helpless victim of her empire!
No...get the facts straight...
‘Cause she knows her life’s worth living,
And it’s never too late!

by Jane E. Marshall