

Mulling It Over

Blues Traveler

I'm mulling it over, thoughts at a grasp
You know I'm taking it in now, so much, so fast
I'm riding a feeling into deeper seas
I can't seem to fret now, it don't bother me 'Cause I'm mulling it over, yeah
Said, "I'm mulling it over"
I said, "I'm mulling it over"
I said, "I'm mulling it over, mulling" Oh mulling it over, yeah
I said, "I'm mulling it over and over and over and over and over
And over and over and over and over"
I said, "I'm mulling it, mulling it, mulling it, mulling, mulling, mulling it
Mulling it over mulling it over, yeah" Twinkle twinkle little star
I wish I could afford a guitar
Sing a song of sixpence, pocketful of rye
I wish it was more than crumbs I could buy, oh I'll meet forever after, don't he dress real well
You know he's clutching his chest now or couldn't you tell
Desperate to score now, no matter how hard he tries
You know he's strung out on future, see it in his eyes And I'm mulling it over
Said, "I'm mulling it over"
I said, "I'm mulling it over"
I said, "I'm mulling it over and over and over
And over and over, yeah"

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