

Too Many Questions

Sam Sparro

My coffee is cold and yesterday is stuck with me
And I can't wake up from my sleep
I feel like a grain of salt in the shaker
But the day that I meet my maker
Or the day that I see my undertaker you see All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me?
But I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imagination How do I know if I am right and why I feel
like I do?
Separate the truth from the lies
Why do we only take any action when it comes to our satisfaction
When we only need just a fraction of what we need? All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me, yeah?
But I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imagination How do I climb up on out of this funk I'm in?
And how do I cling to frame of divine timing?
Why do I doubt sometimes that of which I know for sure?
And why when I've had enough do I seem to ask for more? How do I climb up on out of this funk I'm in?
How do I cling to frame of divine timing?
Why do old habits die so hard, God knows I try and try?
And why ask why? All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me?
I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imag' All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me?
I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imagination I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on

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