

# Listening

Ben Taylor

Another number for another year,  
Another blessing disguised by fear,  
How come everything good seems so hard to hear when Iâ€™m listening?

And now Iâ€™m trying to find myself,  
All I need is a little help.  
But everybody else is busy helping themselves,  
And not listening.  
Oh, listening.

I get the feeling like I canâ€™t go on here.  
How much longer?  
How much longer?  
Oh, believing that I donâ€™t belong here.  
How much longer?  
Tell me.

I walk so far but I canâ€™t get near.  
So much talking the point disappears.  
So itâ€™s only whatâ€™s missinâ€™ that comes through clear.  
Iâ€™ve been listening.

I want so much that I aim too high.  
I test the water and feed the fire.  
So itâ€™s no oneâ€™s wonder my mouth gets dry.  
Iâ€™ve been listening.  
Oh listening.

Still, I get the feeling like I canâ€™t go on here.  
How much longer?  
How much longer?  
Oh, believing that I donâ€™t belong here.  
How much longer?  
Tell me.

I was looking for a way to bow out gracefully.  
But, when I try to catch some understanding,  
Everyone wants to race with me.

I get the feeling like I canâ€™t go on here.

How much longer?  
How much longer?  
Oh, believing that I donâ€™t belong here.  
How much longer?  
Tell me, how much longer?  
How much longer?

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Lyrics submitted by Krista Akers.

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