Crowded

Poor Old Lu

There are a million things
That want the best of me
Now my head is spinning
And back and forth, I weaveIt all looks the same to me
Is it good or bad?
But I read that the truth
Shall set me freeSo make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleepThere are a thousand things
That try to turn my head
And my blinking eyes
Are easily ledIt all feels the same to me
Is it good or bad?
It all feels the same to me
But I read that the free
Are free indeedSo make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleepSo speak into my ear
What I want to hear
Is married to simplicity
The king of kings and less of meSo come on down
I have much to, much to say
Be quiet now
And just you staySo come on down
I have much to, much to say
Be quiet now
And just you staySo make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleepSo speak into my ear
What I want to hear
Is married to simplicity
The king of kings and less of me

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