

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 weave It all looks the same to me
Is it good or bad?
But I read that the truth
Shall set me free So make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleep There are a thousand things
That try to turn my head
And my blinking eyes
Are easily led It 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 indeed So make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleep So speak into my ear
What I want to hear
Is married to simplicity
The king of kings and less of me So come on down
I have much to, much to say
Be quiet now
And just you stay So come on down
I have much to, much to say
Be quiet now
And just you stay So make a sound in me
What I need to hear
Is muddled with uncertainty
Mediocrity and lack of sleep So 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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