

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 they 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 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