

# 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?

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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