

## Crossroads

### Strung Out

I find myself here once again under clouds of indecision  
Reflections looking right through me; I can't believe the lies  
we tell ourselves  
The music used to be everything and the music used to heal  
But business soon becomes reality and nothing left inside is real

Dysfunction's all that we see true  
Allow my best to see this through; got nothing left to give to you  
Now I gotta find a better way

See your anger shining through at the crossroads in our way  
Turning against each other with the games that we all like to play  
Looking straight ahead, it's hard to see things eye to eye  
It's not at all what it used to be; something that I can't deny

And now I leave it up to you  
Allow my best to see this through; got nothing left to give to you  
Now I gotta find a better way  
Before I lose another part of me

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Allow my best to see this through; got nothing left to give to you  
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