

## Apathy (Interlude)

Trip Lee

Sometimes I'm hurtin' and I'm burdened when I'm gazin' inside  
Cause I ain't concerned with other persons, the foundation in p  
ride  
Feel like a fake and a lie  
It's the comforts of my Lord cause I be raisin' Him high  
Until the day that I die, I surely struggle with this apathy in  
vading  
I try to front, like I'm Mr. Compassionate and my ratings are h  
igh  
And meanwhile these folks is hurtin everyplace, I should cry  
But I lose sight like bullets grazin' my eyes, what should I do  
now?  
When I drive through my city, and I see these folks' hurtin'  
Yea, I'm certain that I care till' I'm home and close the curta  
in  
It's like they ain't even there, man my heart is so disturbin'  
I should be prayin for em, findin' ways that I can serve em  
The bottom line, Lord I'm praying that I'll be on the grind  
Pursuing service, never out of sight, out of mind  
Preaching truth and trying to model my Lord till He's back and  
them knees  
hit the floor  
I'm waitin!