

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!