

Blues Traveler, Mulling It Over

I'm mulling it over
Thoughts at a grasp
You know I'm taking it in now
So much, so fast
I'm riding a feeling
Into deeper seas
I can't seem to fret now
It don't bother me

'Cause I'm mulling it over, yeah
Said I'm mulling it over
I said I'm mulling it over
I said I'm mulling it over

Oh, mulling it over...
I said I'm mulling it mulling it
Mulling it mulling it
Mulling it over mulling it over

Twinkle twinkle little star
Wish I could afford a guitar
Sing a song of sixpence, pocketful of rye
Wish it was more than crumbs I could buy

Meet forever after
Don't he dress real well
You know he's clutching his chest now
Or couldn't you tell
Desperate to score now
No matter how hard he tries
You know he's strung out on future
See it in his eyes

And I'm mulling it over
Said I'm mulling it over
I said I'm mulling it over
I said I'm mulling it over and over and over and over and over, yeah