

Sam Sparro, Too Many Questions

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, ya see...

All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me
But I walk on with out hesitation
To my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation
And explore my own imagi...nation.

How do I know if I am right in why I feel like I do.
And separate the truth from the lies
And why do we only take any action when it comes to our satisfaction
When we only need just a fraction of what we need.

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How do I climb up on out of this funk I'm in and how do I cling to the frame of diving 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 and how do I cling to the frame of diving timing?
Why do old habits die so hard, God knows I try and try - and why ask why?

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