

Menomena, Muscle 'N' Flow

Oh in the morning
I stumble
my way towards
the mirror and my makeup
it's light out
and I now
face just what I'm made of

There's so much more
left to do
Well I'm not young
But I'm not through

Oh in the evening
I stumble
my way towards another day
we struggle
it's dark out
it's time now
that I pick up my hustle

Make a call
make some cash
make your mark
make it last
tiny scores
tiny rooms
lofty goals
met too soon
too soon

Well here I stand
a broken man
If I could I would raise my hands
I come before you humbly
If I could I'd be on my knees

Come lay down your head upon my chest
feel my heart beat feel my unrest
If Jesus could only wash my feet
Then I'd get up strong and muscle on
Oh in the morning
I stumble
my way towards
the mirror and my makeup
it's light out
and I now
face just what I'm made of

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left to do
Well I'm not young
But I'm not through

tiny scores
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