

# Poor Old Lu, Bittersweet

One of the most notable features of this song is the haunting cello track by our friend, Phil Peterson

We get persuaded by things that look right -- that look inviting. Though they may sometimes fill tem

as sweet as it was  
or as sweet as it seemed  
like the most magnificent wonder  
that was just a dream

and it shook me all up  
and it stirred me around  
but it left me cold and wanting  
cause it had no ground  
oh, none to be found

and i know why  
(know why i sell myself short)  
and i know why  
(know why i sell my Savior small)  
but it won't make me cry  
make me cry tonite

the beauty was such  
and immeasurably so  
my eyes were alive and bright  
to the blinding glow

and as i embraced  
to love it more  
i shivered and fell like a leaf  
to the forest floor  
where i was before

and i know why  
(know why i sell myself short)  
and i know why  
(i sell my Savior small)  
but it won't make me cry  
but it won't make me cry  
(why do we stand there?)  
in constant fear  
almost near

as if my only thought  
and my only breath  
i gave and i gave and i gave  
till i'd nothing left  
except consequence

and i know why  
(know why i sell myself short)  
and i know why  
(know why i sell my Savior small)  
have i run to Christ?  
have i?  
(why do we stand there)  
in constant fear  
almost near  
(why do we stand there?)  
without a care  
though so aware