

# Poor Old Lu, Crowded

There are a million things  
That want the best of me  
Now my head is spinning  
And back and forth I weave  
It all looks the same to me  
Is it good or bad?  
But I read that the truth shall set me free

So make a sound in me  
What I need to hear  
Is muddled with uncertainty,  
Mediocrity, and lack of sleep

There are a thousand things  
That try to turn my head  
And my blinking eyes  
Are they easily led  
It all feels the same to me  
Is it good or bad?  
It all feels the same to me  
But I read that the free are free indeed

So make a sound in me  
What I need to hear  
Is muddled with uncertainty,  
Mediocrity, and lack of sleep  
So speak into my ear  
What I want to hear  
Is married to simplicity,  
The King of Kings, and less of me

So come on down  
I have much to, much to say  
Be quiet now  
And just you stay

So make a sound in me  
What I need to hear  
Is muddled with uncertainty,  
Mediocrity, and lack of sleep  
So speak into my ear  
What I want to hear  
Is married to simplicity,  
The King of Kings, and less of me