

Poor Old Lu, Revolve

t promises much
It promises you'll never be cold
The words are such
As to turn you until you are sold
And walk in this rut
And run in the ground where we know
Have the lights gone dim
In the light of this sin?
Am I breathing right?
Am I breathing right?

I'm pushing this out and pulling You in
I've been living in doubt and walking on pins
I'm throwing this out and hoping in
(Where joy and peace begin)
I'm sick of the drought and walking on

The current is strong
To move me and push me aside
And where I belong
Is it lost in the move of the tide
And when I am wrong
And when I am drowning inside
Has the sea rushed in
In the weight of this sin?
Am I breathing right?
Am I breathing right?

I'm pushing this out and pulling You in
(Where joy and peace begin)
I've been living in doubt and walking on pins
I'm throwing this out and hoping in
(Where joy and peace begin)
I'm sick of the drought and walking on

Pick up your feet and pick up your head
(I'm as tired as I can be)
Lift up your voice and sing till the end
(Lord, I need Your strength in me)

I'm pushing this out and pulling You in
(Where joy and peace begin)
I've been living in doubt and walking on pins
I'm throwing this out and hoping in
(Where joy and peace begin)
I'm sick of the drought and walking on