

Too Many Questions

Sam Sparro

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 you see

All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me?
But I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imagination

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

All I have is too many questions
Is there something someone forgot to mention to me, yeah?
But I walk on without hesitation to my unknown own destination
With the music like syncopation and explore my own imagination

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

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I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on
I'm walkin' on, I'm walkin' on