

Worship

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Shake my head and bow it low
To what it is that comes and goes

Throw up my head in praise
To what it is that fills the days

It seems that life's an endless craze

Filled with frames 'n fads 'n faze 'n lives it everywhere we go.

" " " " "

Through my arms up high in zeal
To show exactly how I feel

Oh appreciate the sky

It brings me joy though it's not mine

I live within its lower lines

I will join it by 'n bye when my last earthly layer peels.

" " " " "

They say that worship is a thing of the past

But it's lasted and lasted and it will last

It's the road that we travel

It's the stuff that we're made of; it doesn't mean gravel

There isn't a trade off

Show this feelin' in a move; without a thing that it could prove

Now the time there are no trends; gestures make the best of friends

Everything more close than kin; Wonderful 'n wonderin';

We're not stiden down no sub; We're not stiden down no sub.

Is this a rape is this a ruse?

Who's these thens 'n who's these yours?

gint no hell or pleasure cruise.

Be no secrets be no clues

Watch out for gossip loot 'n booze

Terrible 'n ticklin' too; Somethin' primal that we lose

Clap your hands 'n stomp your shoes

They say that worship is a thing of the past

But it's lasted and lasted and it will last

It's the road that we travel

It's the stuff that we're made of, it doesn't mean gravel

There isn't a trade off

Show this feelin' in a move, without a thing that it could prove

Now the time there are no trends, gestures make the best of friends

Everything more close than kin, wonderful in wonderin';

We're not staiden down no juke, we're not staiden down no juke.

Is this a rape is this a ruse?

Who's these thens in who's these yours?

gint no hell or pleasure cruise,

Be no secrets be no clues

Watch out for gossip loot 'n boogie

Terrible 'n ticklin' too; Somethin' primal that we loose

Clap your hands 'n stomp your shoes,

(through all that changes - in our lives)