

Trip Lee

"Apathy"

Visit "[Apathy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sometimes I'm hurtin' and I'm burdened when I'm
gazin' inside
Cause I ain't concerned with other persons, the
foundation in pride
Feel like a fake and a lie
It's the comforts of my Lord cause I be raisin' Him high
Until the day that I die, I surely struggle with this apathy
invading
I try to front, like I missed the compassion and my
ratings are high
And meanwhile these folks is hurtin' everyplace, I
should cry
But I lose sight like bullets grazin' my eyes, what
should I do now?
When I drive through my city, and I see these folks'
hurtin'
Yea, I'm certain that I care till' I'm home and close the
curtain
It's like they ain't even there, man my heart is so
disturbin'
I should be prayin' for em, findin' ways that I can serve
em
The bottom line, Lord I'm praying that beyond the grind
Pursuing service, never out of sight, out of mind
Preaching truth and trying to model my Lord till He's
back and them knees hit the floor
I'm waitin!

Visit [Trip Lee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.