

## Strung Out "Crossroads"

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I find myself here once again  
under clouds of indecision  
reflections looking right through me  
I can't believe the lies we tell ourselves  
the music used to be everything  
the music used to heal  
but business soon becomes reality  
and nothing left inside is real  
dysfunction's all that we see true  
allow my best to see this through  
got nothing left to give you  
now I gotta find a better way

turned against each other  
with the games we all like to play  
looking straight ahead  
It's hard to see things eye to eye  
not at all what it used to be  
something that I can't deny  
and now I leave it up to you  
allow my best to see this through  
got nothing left to give you  
now I gotta find a better way  
before I lose another part of me

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