

Deep in that cranial psycho vault
The thought you are to be sans fault
It ain't meant to happen on our own
The consequence of diligence
Without Him will show all the dents
That's why our eyes are always on the throne

What's wrong with me, what's wrong with you
How many times we've fallen through
The thin dev-ice of foolish thinking
All along our pride is sinking

The smoothness of another day
Convince me that I'm on my way
At 3 P.M. it all falls flat
I realize I ain't all dat

Stumble foot foot stumble
As your ideals start to crumble
Stumble soot foot fumble
Just another chance to be humble
Stumble foot foot stumble
As your ideals start to crumble

The consequence of diligence
Without Him will show all the dents
You point out others' sins overt
Under the carpet, sweep your dirt