

Shake

Russ Taff

Too many choices competing for
My short attention span
So many voices selling chances
To the Promised Land
I'm tired of great big men
With ego kingdoms in mind
Trying to tell me how to spend
My money and time

Chorus:

All that can shake will shake
All that can quake will quake
To break the fact from the fake
All that can shake will shake

I like it easy
The strain to change
Does not appeal to me
A God to please me
Who'll run the world the way
I think it should be
But you can't package faith
In some shrink-to-fit size
You can't market truth
Wrapped up in happy lies