Sometimes I'm hurtin' and I'm burdened when I'm gazin' inside Cause I ain't concerned with other persons, the foundation in p ride ${\bf r}$

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 in vading

I try to front, like I'm Mr. Compassionate and my ratings are h igh

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 curta in

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 I'll be on 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!