**"The Cave"**- Mumford & Sons

 It's empty in the valley of your heart
 The sun, it rises slowly as you walk
 Away from all the fears
 And all the faults you've left behind

The harvest left no food for you to eat
 You cannibal, you meat-eater, you see
 But I have seen the same
 I know the shame in your defeat

*But I will hold on hope
 And I won't let you choke
 On the noose around your neck*

*And I'll find strength in pain
 And I will change my ways
 I'll know my name as it's called again*

‘Cause I have other things to fill my time
 You take what is yours and I'll take mine
 Now let me at the truth
 Which will refresh my broken mind

So tie me to a post and block my ears
 I can see widows and orphans through my tears
 I know my call despite my faults
 And despite my growing fears

*CHORUS*

So come out of your cave walking on your hands
 And see the world hanging upside down
 You can understand dependence
 When you know the maker's land

So make your siren's call
 And sing all you want
 I will not hear what you have to say

‘Cause I need freedom now
 And I need to know how
 To live my life as it's meant to be

*CHORUS*

**“Ants Marching”** – Dave Matthews Band

He wakes up in the morning

Does his teeth bite to eat and he's rolling

Never changes a thing

The week ends the week begins

She thinks, we look at each other

Wondering what the other is thinking

But we never say a thing

These crimes between us grow deeper

*Take these chances*

*Place them in a box until a quieter time*

*Lights down, you up and die*

Goes to visit his mommy

She feeds him well his concerns

He forgets them

And remembers being small

Playing under the table and dreaming

*CHORUS*

Driving in on this highway

All these cars and upon the sidewalk

People in every direction

No words exchanged

No time to exchange

And all the little ants are marching

Red and black antennas waving

They all do it the same

They all do it the same way

Candyman tempting the thoughts of a

Sweet tooth tortured by the weight loss

Program cutting the corners

Loose end, loose end, cut, cut

On the fence, could not to offend

Cut, cut, cut, cut

*CHORUS*

**“Gone Going”** – Black Eyed Peas & Jack Johnson

Johnny wanna be a big star
Get on stage and play the guitar
Make a little money, buy a fancy car
Big old house and an alligator
Just to match with them alligator shoes
He's a rich man so he's no longer singing the blues
He's singing songs about material things
And platinum rings and watches that go bling
But, diamonds don't bling in the dark
He a star now, but he ain't singing from the heart
Sooner or later he's just gonna fall apart
Cause his fans can't relate to his new found art
He ain't doing what he did from the start
And that's putting in some feeling and thought
He decided to live his life shallow
Cash in his love for material, and it’s gone.

*Gone, going.
Gone, everything gone, give a damn.
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing.
Gone people, all awkward with their things...
Gone.*

You see yourself in the mirror
And you feel safe cause it looks familiar
But you afraid to open up your soul
Cause you don't really know, don't really know
Who he is, the person that's deep within
Cause you are content with just being the name-brand man
And you fail to see that its trivial
Insignificant, you addicted to material
I've seen your kind before
You're the type that thinks souls is sold in a store
Packaged up with incense sticks
With them vegetarian meals
To you that's righteous
You're fiction like books
You need to go out to life and look
Cause... what happens when they take your material
You already sold your soul and its...

*CHORUS*

You say that time is money and money is time
So you got mind in your money and your money on your mind
But what about... that crime that you did to get paid
And what about... that bid, you can't take it to your brain
What about those shoes you'll wear today
They'll do no good on the bridges you burnt along the way

All that money that you got…gonna be gone
That gear that you rock…gonna be gone
The house up on the hill…gonna be gone
The gold purse on your grill…gonna be gone
The ice on your wrist…gonna be gone
That nice little Miss…gonna be gone
That whip that you roll…gonna be gone
And what's worst is your soul's already gone

*CHORUS*

**“I Don’t Want To Be:** - Gavin DeGraw

I don't need to be anything other
Than a prison guard's son
I don't need to be anything other
Than a specialist's son
I don't have to be anyone other
Than the birth of two souls in one
Part of where I'm going, is knowing where I'm coming from

*I don't want to be
Anything other than what I've been trying to be lately
All I have to do
Is think of me and I have peace of mind
I'm tired of looking 'round rooms
Wondering what I've got to do
Or who I'm supposed to be
I don't want to be anything other than me*
I'm surrounded by liars everywhere I turn
I'm surrounded by imposters everywhere I turn
I'm surrounded by identity crisis everywhere I turn
Am I the only one who noticed?
I can't be the only one who's learned!

*CHORUS*

Can I have everyone's attention please?
If you're not like this and that, you're gonna have to leave
I came from the mountain
The crust of creation
My whole situation-made from clay to stone
And now I'm telling everybody

*CHORUS*

I don't want to be [x4]