

The Church, Much Too Much

There's a fire in the eastern perimeter
There's an alligator in the stew
And everybody who's going to heaven
Would they kindly stand in this queue

Because there's far too many
And there's much too much
When the news sinks in holding on to our skin
I only want to give you a touch

At the break of day I was breaking
At the fall of night well I fell
Like a fool I wept as the starbeams crept
Illuminating this hell

And there's far too many
And there's much too much
When the news sinks in holding on to our skin
And I only want to give you a touch

Don't ask me if I'm ready
I'm standing with my ticket in hand
When the boss comes back and he looks at this crack
He sure aint gonna understand

And there's far too many
And there's much too much
When the news sinks in holding on to our skin
I only want to give you a touch