

The Reunion Show, Too Much

Maybe i should have more patience
A paradox posing as a problem
A wash in this sea of nonsense
Spun around and right back again
I want too much
I tell you
I want too much
Complicate you
I want too much
Rearrange you
Everyday the sun shines brighter
everywhere time keeps dividing
Tell me when can I go to a park and ride around
With my dream girl
All work no play
Nothing to say
Sooner or later
Can it be true the words that you tell?
Take it or leave
Time goes by
Not getting any younger
Whine, whine, whine...
Maybe I should log my feeling
Take a pill and swallow this conscience
But this robot has his grip and he might never change
I want too much