

The Who, Too Much Of Anything

I think these hands have felt a lot,
I don't know, what have I touched,
I think these eyes have seen a lot,
I don't know, maybe they've seen too much.

I think this brain has thought a lot,
Searching, trying to find the crutch,
I think this heart has bled once too often,
This time it's bled a bit too much.

Too much of anything, too much for me,
Too much of everything gets too much for me.

I can't remember before '49,
But I know that '48 was there,
My ears let in what I should speak out,
Hmmm, there's something in the air.

Ooh, I've overloaded on my way,
Bye, bye, bye, bye, you better keep in touch.
Think your ears hear a whole lot of music,
And like me they've caught a bit too much.

Too much of anything, is too much for me,
Too much of everything gets too much for me.

I think these hands have felt a lot,
I don't know, what have I touched,
I think these eyes have seen a lot,
I don't know, maybe they've seen too much.

I think this brain has thought a lot,
Oh, searching, trying to find the crutch,
I think these ears hear a whole lot of music,
And like me they've heard a bit too much.

Too much of anything, is too much for me,
Too much of everything gets too much for me.