Too Much Information

Over It

Wanted to know what you're thinking.
Say there's some hypothetical way to pretend its time that remains
to rewind or start this again.
Too much to hide, never saying what we mean,
Always paint the shadowy scene making sure the list goes
on and on and on...Wanted to know what you're thinkin'
Wanted too much information you withhold.
Wanted to know what you're thinkin'
But there's always too much information.Pull the blinds and hide from the sun,
Cause he'll never leave us alone till were exposed for what we've become.
Bury the truth with a promise of a new one, A crusade for something truer
Than this talk of how we'll never quite belong.Never belong. Never ever belong.
Wanted to know what you're thinking.
I Want every wall in the world to crumble and dissolve but there's always
Too much information.

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