

# 2 Far

Stevie Stone

You've gone too far, I'm on my way  
You can tell the concierge to bring around my car  
You've gone too far  
You said too much, things you shouldn't say  
You can keep your violins, your sins, your care, your touch  
You said too much  
Get off the ground now baby  
Just shut your mouth and maybe  
This can all be done, I won't tell anyone  
You showed them all, things they shouldn't see  
You have lost the sense, the permanence, the flair, the ball  
You showed them all  
Well now I know you take everything  
Your car, your cash, your shoes, your flash  
You so and so, well now I know  
And I even think it's funny  
And don't say you're sorry, bunny  
You can keep the wings, just let me get my things  
You go too far, I'm on my way  
You can tell the concierge to bring around my car  
You go too far, you go too far

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