

# Jam

## Toad the Wet Sprocket

One more time he says good night  
Turns out the door and off the light  
Cursing low as if she didn't knowOne more time he'd comfort her  
As if a word could break through her  
She's so quiet and he's so sick of itToo long, too late this time  
Too far, too great in my mindOne more time a run around  
Nothing meant by anyone  
Fine with them, such a quite dinSays he wants to leave a while  
She just sits and tries to smile  
That's okay, it was boring anywayToo long, too late this time  
Too far, too great in my mindSays she needs a worshiper  
Someone who'll do anything at all for her  
Wishful thinkerHe don't need this schizo bull  
Each one misses by so far  
They don't see it come, but who ever doesToo long, too late this time  
Too far, too great in my mind  
Too long, too late this time  
Too far, too great in my mind

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