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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