

2 Far

Shivaree

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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