

# Worry Too Much

## Buddy Miller

It's the demolition derby  
It's the sport of the hunt  
Proud tribe in full war-dance  
It's the slow smile that the bully gives the runtIt's the force of inertia  
It's the lack of constraint  
It's the children out playing in the rock garden  
All dolled up in black hats and war paintAnd sometimes it feels like bars of steel  
I cannot bend with my hands  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too much  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too muchIt's these sandpaper eyes  
It's the way they rub the luster from what is seen  
It's the way we tell ourselves that all these things  
Are normal till we can't remember what we meanIt's the flicker of our flames  
It's the friction born of living  
It's the way we beat a hot retreat  
And heave our smoking guns into the riverOoh, sometimes it feels like bars of steel  
I cannot bend with my hands  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too much  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too muchHey, hey yeahIt's the quick-step march of history  
The vanity of nations  
It's the way there'll be no muffled drums  
To mark the passage of my generationIt's the children of my children  
It's the lambs born in innocence  
It's wondering if the good I know  
Will last to be seen by the eyes of the little onesOoh, sometimes it feels like bars of steel  
I cannot bend with my hands  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too much  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too muchOoh, I worry too much  
Somebody told me that I worry too much  
Ooh, I worry too much  
Somebody tell me that I worry too muchHey, hey yeah  
Somebody told me that I worry too much

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