

Too Much

The Gone Jackals

Woke up scared in the middle of the night
and jump-sprung bolt upright.
Tried to rise from the sweat of the bed,
but fell back into my head.
The lynch mob had assembled
the sun began to set.
I got too much to remember
and too much to forget. Came up hard in an ugly machine,
my late, late, show's extreme.
Lakes of amber, venoms of red
can't douse these coals I tread. The bridge was lost to vandals
the tide sucked off the dead.
I got too much to remember,
got too much on my head. The smokin' gun of justice
barks off a mindless debt,
I got too much to remember
and too much to forget.

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