

Ghosts

"Over-Analysis"

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Well I don't mean anything
coz it makes no difference
You shake your head again
as I try to make amends
Well I know I've got a gift for over-analysis
I'll try to make it fit but I'll make a mess of it

You say there's nothing to it,
that the news is sometimes wrong
But the stars predict that I'll be tricked oh

Break my bones and string me along
But I still go on 'til I've got nothing left inside
A waste of time or a grand design?
Oh never mind, coz I've got no more pride to swallow
now

I don't mean to make a fuss
But you're meant to be helping us
I'll add the numbers up
but I always get too much

You say there's nothing to it,
that the news is sometimes wrong

But the stars predict that I'll be tricked oh

Break my bones and string me along
But I still go on 'til I've got nothing left inside
A waste of time or a grand design?
Oh never mind, coz I've got no more pride to swallow
And I don't know why I should bother if you see black
and white not colour
Don't you see that I don't care if you don't want me
there?

Will I ever find something better to fill my time?
Well I've never tried
but I'd be so very far behind
I'm gonna draw a line
and try to cross it by January
I'm running out of time

but I've come too many miles and miles
with all these things
that I do
It's all I can do

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