

## Over It "Too Much Information"

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Wanted to know what you're thinking.  
Say there's some hypothetical way to pretend its time  
that remains  
to rewind or start this again.  
Too much to hide, never saying what we mean,  
Always paint the shadowy scene making sure the list  
goes  
on and on and on...

Wanted to know what you're thinkin'  
Wanted too much information you withhold.  
Wanted to know what you're thinkin'  
But there's always too much information.

Pull the blinds and hide from the sun,  
Cause he'll never leave us alone till were exposed for  
what we've become.  
Bury the truth with a promise of a new one, A crusade  
for something truer  
Than this talk of how we'll never quite belong.

Never belong. Never ever belong.  
Wanted to know what you're thinking.  
I Want every wall in the world to crumble and dissolve  
but there's always  
Too much information.

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