

Silverchair

"Man That Knew Too Much"

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There was a man that knew too much
With a panic attic mind but a
A chance to numb his golden touch, to ignore the will of
time
Had me struck down, open to the fact
I was standing in a line with a broken occupation on my
back

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say, it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say this is my love

He had the anti-Midas touch
Temporary state of mind
But a, a chance to die enhances growth

Now I'm trembling all the time
Stumble round, making faces on the scene
Scene what, what
Stumble round make your faces on your own

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say, it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird
That sings your cellar song
She got a paper run
You're compensated

Can we all gather round on the scene?
Can we all move around on our own?
Are ya a mover shaker all alone?

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say, it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away

There's nothing left to say but this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird

That sings your cellar song

She got her paper run to write your letters wrong

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