

Hobos, The

"Too Much Information"

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Always on the run in situations
All the rest might come again tonight
She never tries to act buizzare
She kisses me and steals keys from the car
Stops at the point of too much information

Finally someone stood up and made a speech
Goodmorning sir I gotta be the last of your dreams
And whos got more and whos got less
And whos got all the rest to test tonight
Undressed she jumps to curse the day
She sees all people walk out just the same
Stop at the point of too much information

Now take a deep breath count up to ten and then then
lean against
Those who sit so wont you take a rest a little bit

I get you more so more oh more then I can give
A whole life to live so you can have it all

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