

Living Colour, Information Overload

Sometimes I feel
Like my mind will explode
Sometimes I feel
Like I've got no control
Sometimes I wish
I had a heart made of steel
Sometimes I wish
I couldn't feel
Information overload
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They say the future...it's on a microchip
Don't you know we're all on a sinking ship
Only ten percent control all the rest
Only ten percent decide what is best
Information overload
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I don't want to live like this
Still ain't no cure for the summertime blues
I'd like to shake these blues but I'm still paying dues
My blues so deep you might think they're black
My blues so deep there ain't no turning back
Information overload...