

Midnight Oil, One Too Many Times

She was the golden summer wine
And now she black and blue resigned
He took advantage like the spider, helpless
One too many times

You had to go ahead and sing
You had to steal that diamond ring
Upon the headstone so inscribed, they cried
One too many times

We are so human, wee so small
Wee always coming back for more
A second helping third and fourth, it gone
One too many times
One too many times