

Shivaree, 2 Far

You've gone too far
I'm on my way
You can tell the concierge
To bring around my car
You've gone too far

You said too much
Things you shouldn't say
You can keep your violins
Your sins, your care, your touch
You said too much

Get off the ground now baby
Just shut your mouth and maybe
This can all be done
I won't tell anyone

You showed them all
Things they shouldn't see

You lost the sense
The permanence, the flair, the ball
You showed them all

Well now I know
You take everything
Your car, your cash
Your shoes, your flash
You so and so
Well now I know

And I even think it's funny
Don't say you're sorry, bunny
You can keep the wings
Just let me get my things

You go too far