

# The Reunion Show, Too Much

Maybe i should have more patience  
A paradox posing as a problem  
A wash in this sea of nonsense  
Spun around and right back again  
I want too much  
I tell you  
I want too much  
Complicate you  
I want too much  
Rearrange you  
Everyday the sun shines brighter  
everywhere time keeps dividing  
Tell me when can I go to a park and ride around  
With my dream girl  
All work no play  
Nothing to say  
Sooner or later  
Can it be true the words that you tell?  
Take it or leave  
Time goes by  
Not getting any younger  
Whine, whine, whine...  
Maybe I should log my feeling  
Take a pill and swallow this conscience  
But this robot has his grip and he might never change  
I want too much