Uncle Bob, Too Many People

I set a play while you sweep the dirt off the floor

It's not right

No one is saying that you haven't heard this before

But I like

And I'm sorry if I ever did you harm

But I missed you

I got a working broken home

Too many people spend all their time alone

Too many people never know when to go home

And if this time we'll run away

I don't know you've got love in your eye

When you just want to start a fight

Someone is saying the war we are waging

Just doesn't feel right

Too many people spend all their time alone

Too many people never know when to go home

And if this time we'll run away

Same old, same old, same old

Same old, same old, same old

Days go by

Oh, I try to be

Same old, same old, same old

Same old, same old

Too many people spend all their time alone

Too many people never know when to go home

And if this time we'll run away