

Powderfinger, Over My Head

A combination of the two worst ideas that you might have
Well don't complain when you just concede, there's nothing left for you

It's sad to think that it's all gone over my head
I like to think it was easy not to have said
It's sad to think it all went over my head
I liked to think it was easy not to have said

Look up, there's another place where you might just have come from
Hold me down there is nothing to say I've been spent around here

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