

Silverchair, The Man That Knew Too Much

There was a man that knew too much
With a panic attic mind but a chance to numb
His golden touch to ignore the will of time
Had me struck down open to the fact
I was standing in a line with a broken occupation on my back

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say that this is my love

He had the anti midas touch
Temporary state of mind
But a chance to die enhances growth
Now I'm trembling all the time
Stumble round making faces on the scene
Scene what what
Stumble round make your faces on your own

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say that this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird
That sings your cellar song
She got a paper run
You're compensated

Can we all gather round on the scene
Can we all move around on our own
Are ya a mover shaker all alone

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey
It's not enough to say
Time is not a moment we're letting slip away
There's nothing left to say but this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird
That sings your cellar song
She got a paper run to write your letters wrong