Suicide Machines, Too Many Words

When is there too much talk, too many words
About the same old things
The same things you've heard
A thousand times before
I can't listen no more
It's just the way of things
It's the way we think

We gotta find some new ideas to express the way we feel We gotta stand our ground Start to give, re-assess the way we live

We're not the first and won't be the last to spend too much time living in the past It seems we work all day and accomplish nothing Where to go from here, 'cause I can't sit around and just blow off another year It seems we're growing old, and still doing nothing

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Don't know what's going through your mind Got the will, but just not enough time I'd like to think I've been a good friend to you Got a choice to make 'Cause I can't go through life living with this hate It seems we're growing old, still missing something

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