

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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