

# The Who, Too Much Of Anything

I think these hands have felt a lot,  
I don't know, what have I touched,  
I think these eyes have seen a lot,  
I don't know, maybe they've seen too much.

I think this brain has thought a lot,  
Searching, trying to find the crutch,  
I think this heart has bled once too often,  
This time it's bled a bit too much.

Too much of anything, too much for me,  
Too much of everything gets too much for me.

I can't remember before '49,  
But I know that '48 was there,  
My ears let in what I should speak out,  
Hmmm, there's something in the air.

Ooh, I've overloaded on my way,  
Bye, bye, bye, bye, you better keep in touch.  
Think your ears hear a whole lot of music,  
And like me they've caught a bit too much.

Too much of anything, is too much for me,  
Too much of everything gets too much for me.

I think these hands have felt a lot,  
I don't know, what have I touched,  
I think these eyes have seen a lot,  
I don't know, maybe they've seen too much.

I think this brain has thought a lot,  
Oh, searching, trying to find the crutch,  
I think these ears hear a whole lot of music,  
And like me they've heard a bit too much.

Too much of anything, is too much for me,  
Too much of everything gets too much for me.