

Utopia, Too Much Water

Too much, it's too much, too much
Got too much water under the bridge
Got too much, too much, got too much
Got too much water under the bridge
I got to think of something, think of something
I got to think of something
We got to hang together, we got to hang together
We got to hang together, or hang separately
Maybe we got time to burn
I got a yen to hear myself talk
But I don't want to make that kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
And maybe you've got nothing left to learn
You put me in a state of shock
But do you want to make that kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
And let it all run out
You know why we got to hang together
Number one ain't always number one
Instant karma's always coming back
And I don't want to make that kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
Tell ya mamma nature's on the run
Bad karma's running in the back
But do we want to make that kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
And let it all run out
You know why we got to get together
We got no more time to burn
We got to crawl before we can walk
So if you wanna make a new kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
And I got a few things I'd like to learn
I get tired of hearing myself squawk
And I wanna make a new kind of history
Put your hand on the rock
And let it all run out
You know why we got to hang together