

# One Too Many Times

Midnight Oil

She was the golden summer wine  
And now she's black and blue resigned  
He took advantage like the spider, helpless  
One too many times

You had to go ahead and sing  
You had to steal that diamond ring  
Upon the headstone so inscribed, they cried  
One too many times

We are so human, we're so small  
We're always coming back for more  
A second helping third and fourth, it's gone  
One too many times  
One too many times