

Much Too Much

Allan Rayman

I like to be on my own
Oh, I can sense where the hell you go
I forget my place in my home
She goes to tears thinking I am not hers when I'm gone
Oh, when I'm gone
Well, she has a place on the road

I think I said too much again
I loved you much too much to think of us as friends
You think I brush you off like you make no difference
Can't do the damn thing, yeah yeah
You start again

She likes to be all on her own
[?] when she tears through town
Shes all weighed down
Well, he goes a fix thinking she is respect his home
He drinks on his own

Well, don't get Cobain, don't get too carried away
I think I've said too much again
You like me better this way
And I know I'm bad
Baby, you good, do you bad
Love is a thing of the past
Funny how none of them last
Still, you think about it way too much
And I talk about you way too much
Killing me slow, drinking way too much
And you put the weight on me way too much

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