

Overdue

(Hed) P.E.

It's not what you're thinking
It's so much worse

I don't think you're listening
You can hear them waiting
There must be some interference
Perhaps some slight of hand
No I don't think you're listening
No I don't think you can

It's so so overdue
We're all fresh out of patience
These thorns are all year long
No other way to say this
It's so so overdue
We're all fresh out of patience
These thorns are all year long
No other way to say this

A dream you can't remember
'Til something reminds
The kind of pain that lasts forever
So nice that we learn to like it
We learn how to forget
'Til something reminds
That kind of pain that lasts forever
So nice, so caught up in time

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It's so much worse

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