

Well I made up my excuses
Before I reach the door
And I signed my name on the flatline as Banquo oversaw
But how did he know?
How did he...

Sorry, but I'm not buying what you're selling
I got an image in my brain that just not helping
And now we come undone
All grown-up and never young
And the whys and wherefores still stay unaffected

Well, I hate to be a nuisance
And hate to be a bore
And I hate to say I told you so
But I hate you even more
So, I told you so
I told you so
I told you so
I told you

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