

Had too much
Having too much of me
Move over for me to try
Soft shaking
Shaking up everything
Been over
Over inside of my
Clean up, cleaning up what you see
Start faking
Making up all of my
Head over
Head up to see my friends
They know it
Know about all the kinds

But don't you mess around
Seen above my secrets
Fit my wide chest
It's the morning
Fill the white mess

Woke up and had too much of it
Start over
Most of us have the time
Beat up and beading up everything
Small voices telling me it's all fine

Don't you mess around seen above me
You've got better sounds
It's the point around seen above me
You like lesser sounds

Start choking on air in me
Keel over to watch the signs explain what I misnamed