

# Too Sad To Tell You

## The Brian Jonestown Massacre

Remember when life was fun and you could still hang out?  
And people would buy what you have to sell  
But now you're just knocked and slumped on the floor like 'here  
it goes'

This is the story that you're gonna tell:  
You couldn't see that you had it all  
Was always short but acted so tall  
But now you woke up and you looked in the mirror  
Here it comes  
Maybe you're very small (yeah)

There doesn't have to be a moral to every tale  
Maybe, well, sometimes I just like to sing  
Maybe I ain't got nothin' to sell  
How can you tell?  
Maybe I just stole your magic ring