

## Over-Analysis

### Ghosts

Well I don't mean anything  
coz it makes no difference  
You shake your head again  
as I try to make amends  
Well I know I've got a gift for over-analysis  
I'll try to make it fit but I'll make a mess of it

You say there's nothing to it,  
that the news is sometimes wrong  
But the stars predict that I'll be tricked oh

Break my bones and string me along  
But I still go on 'til I've got nothing left inside  
A waste of time or a grand design?  
Oh never mind, coz I've got no more pride to swallow now

I don't mean to make a fuss  
But you're meant to be helping us  
I'll add the numbers up  
but I always get too much  
[ Lyrics from: [http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/g/ghosts/over\\_analysis.html](http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/g/ghosts/over_analysis.html) ]  
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Break my bones and string me along  
But I still go on 'til I've got nothing left inside  
A waste of time or a grand design?  
Oh never mind, coz I've got no more pride to swallow  
And I don't know why I should bother if you see black and white  
not colour  
Don't you see that I don't care if you don't want me there?

Will I ever find something better to fill my time?  
Well I've never tried  
but I'd be so very far behind  
I'm gonna draw a line  
and try to cross it by January  
I'm running out of time  
but I've come too many miles and miles  
with all these things  
that I do  
It's all I can do