

Too Much, Too Little, Too Late

Jellyfish

Say goodnight, your song is through
Faint refrain we hardly knew
Comes crashin' against the drunken waters of this wake when I h
esitate
Because all I can say is "Too much, too little, too late."

Farewell, you fool
Spare me the punch line please,
I learned it well at Sunday school

Way back when all you loved was the grease paint, not the colle
ction plate
So much for the funny face
Because all I can say is "Too much, too little, too late."

Remember when murder was only killing time
And an axe to grind (to grind, it was) was a bitter gulp of str
ychnine?

What happened to the Musketeers of chesterfields?
Tobacco swords behind smoky shields

Say goodnight (goodnight)
Old song (so long)
You're through (set the needle back and hum a new tune)
Faint refrain (refrain)
Make room (so soon, so soon)
For new (until the hook can pull the bridge into view)

Spare me the vague, not-so-clever couplets
The ones I would have loved when I was you

'Cause now all I can say is "Too much, too little..."
And all I can feel, feels like the heaviest weight
'Cause all I can say is "Too much, too little, too late."