

# Information Overload

Living Colour

Sometimes I feel  
Like my mind will explode  
Sometimes I feel  
Like I've got no control  
Sometimes I wish  
I had a heart made of steel  
Sometimes I wish  
I couldn't feel

Information overload  
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They say the future...it's on a microchip  
Don't you know we're all on a sinking ship  
Only ten percent control all the rest  
Only ten percent decide what is best

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I don't want to live like this

Still ain't no cure for the summertime blues  
I'd like to shake these blues but I'm still paying dues  
My blues so deep you might think they're black  
My blues so deep there ain't no turning back

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