

Too Much Of A Good Thing

Luba

No self control.
No moderation.
You see we're living
In a world of instant
Gratification.
And when that door
Is open wide,
You can't help
But step inside.
Then you say
You can't resist
Just a little piece
Of this and that
And everything.
Well, it make a poor heart sing.
Make you want
To beg for more.
Make you plead,
And ask, and I implore you...
[Chorus]
Give me everything.
Give me all that you've got.
I'm telling you:
Too much of a good thing
Is never enough.
Give me everything.
Give me all that you've got.
I'm telling you:
Too much of a good thing
Is never enough.
I can't control
My inclination.
You see I'm given
To the sin of instant
Gratification.
When your heart
Is open wide,
I can't help
But step inside.
Then I say
I can't resist
Just a little piece
Of bliss,
And a many-splendored thing.
Well, it make a poor heart sing.
Make me want to
Beg for more.
Make me plead,
And ask, and I implore you...
[Chorus]
I've got a thirst, in me,
That never ends.
So fill up my cup
Till it spills over, and over, and over, my head.
[Chorus]