

# The Man That Knew Too Much

Silverchair

There was a man that knew too much  
With a panic attic mind but a chance to numb  
His golden touch to ignore the will of time  
Had me struck down open to the fact  
I was standing in a line with a broken occupation on my back

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away  
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day  
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey  
It's not enough to say that this is my love

He had the anti midas touch  
Temporary state of mind  
But a chance to die enhances growth  
Now I'm trembling all the time  
Stumble round making faces on the scene  
Scene what what  
Stumble round make your faces on your own

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away  
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day  
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey  
It's not enough to say that this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird  
That sings your cellar song  
She got a paper run  
You're compensated

Can we all gather round on the scene  
Can we all move around on our own  
Are ya a mover shaker all alone

Time is not a moment we're letting slip away  
There's nothing left to say it's changing every day  
The way I'm thinking in different shades of grey  
It's not enough to say  
Time is not a moment we're letting slip away  
There's nothing left to say but this is my love

I'm not your mocking bird  
That sings your cellar song  
She got a paper run to write your letters wrong