

# The Overload

Talking Heads

A terrible signal  
Too weak to even recognize  
A gentle collapsing  
The removal of the insides

I'm touched by your pleas  
I value these moments  
We're older than we realize  
In someone's eyes

A frequent returning  
And leaving unnoticed  
A condition of mercy  
A change in the weather

A view to remember  
The center is missing  
They question how the future lies  
In someone's eyes

A gentle collapsing  
Of every surface  
We travel on the quiet road  
The overload