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i can take the covers one by one
it's just the planning stage
i'm rolling like the prodigal son
and reunion's all the rage
really hoping time was on my side
but it isn't
no, it isn't
great feats are bittersweet
too many of a good thing
a place for everything compartment style
an hour here is free
hard to justify that every mile
it just won't wait for me
really hoping i could make this work
but i couldn't
no, i couldn't
eight years to disappear
too many of a good thing
worse fears are all but here
too many of a good thing
you're not needing me
but i've got my own thing
a total waste of any precious time
it's not the place to be
a better alternate that plays to my opportunities
i wish that everything would fall in line
but it doesn't
no, it doesn't
and it couldn't
no, it couldn't
so, it doesn't
no, it doesn't
great feats are bittersweet
too many of a good thing
sometime we'll fit it in
too many of a good thing
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