

One more time he says good-night
Turns out the door and off the light
Cursing low as if she didn't know
One more time he'd comfort her
As if a word could break through her
She's so quiet and he's sick of it

Too long, too late this time
Too far, too great in my mind

One more time a run-around
Nothing meant by anyone
Fine with them, such a quite din
Says he wants to leave a while
She just sits and tries to smile
"that's ok, it was boring anyway"

Too long, too late this time
Too far, too great in my mind

Says she needs a worshiper
Someone who'll do anything at all for her
Wishful thinker
He don't need this schizo bull
Each one misses by so far
They don't see it come, but who ever does...