

## Too Much Water

Utopia

Too much, it's too much, too much  
Got too much water under the bridge  
Got too much, too much, got too much  
Got too much water under the bridge

I got to think of something, think of something  
I got to think of something  
We got to hang together, we got to hang together  
We got to hang together, or hang separately

Maybe we got time to burn  
I got a yen to hear myself talk  
But I don't want to make that kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
And maybe you've got nothing left to learn  
You put me in a state of shock  
But do you want to make that kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
And let it all run out  
You know why we got to hang together

Number one ain't always number one  
Instant karma's always coming back  
And I don't want to make that kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
Tell ya mamma nature's on the run  
Bad karma's running in the back  
But do we want to make that kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
And let it all run out  
You know why we got to get together

We got no more time to burn  
We got to crawl before we can walk  
So if you wanna make a new kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
And I got a few things I'd like to learn  
I get tired of hearing myself squawk  
And I wanna make a new kind of history  
Put your hand on the rock  
And let it all run out  
You know why we got to hang together