

# Toad The Wet Sprocket, Jam

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  
Shes 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  
Thats 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...