

There's a chill in the air comin' off the tonight,
Sure am glad I chose my,
Walk alone, I walk alone,
Yeah, I've felt
But I know, in my heart,
One in an alley is better than a vacant lot,
And you'll see, on my,
Lines on a man can find their place.
Baby, I have left so much behind,
Until I passed the same twice
Now I see just what you've to me,
Too much of a good thing.
Can you hold the line,..... call's comin' in,
Might be the one I just got over,
Back and forth and up,
For just a number.
But to scream a good cry,

Could leave me naked in stranger's eyes,
So I'll whisper, a little cry,
Hope this memory'll soon pass by. Ooh.
Baby, I got feelin's old and,
I did not think they'll last this long,
Tell me why your keeps turnin' on,
I say too much of a good thing.
A voice finds little demand,
It turns too shy and to make a stand.
For one last time can't you to me,
Baby don't me go silently
You're too much of a good thing