

written by Whitfield Crane and Eric Philips

Too many times I've seen your kind  
Washed upon the shore  
Too many times you locked me out  
Johnny knockin, knocking at your door  
You're looking past the mirror  
Yes you've reached the other side  
You're striving for the pinnacle  
But you're holding on too tight  
And when you hold the ticket  
For your one way ride  
You wonder where you're going  
And you can't hide  
Too bad, too bad, Johnny  
What you gonna do  
Too bad, too bad, Johnny  
Now your time is through  
So many highs and lows right now  
What are we to do  
You know we're trying so damn hard  
Johnny just to try and talk to you  
You're swimming in an ocean  
It's so black and cold  
I feel you got the notion  
And it's eating at your soul  
And when you hold the ticket  
For your one way ride  
You wonder where you're going  
And you can't hide  
Too bad, too bad, Johnny  
What you gonna do  
Too bad, too bad, Johnny  
Now your time is through  
She said, she knew the answer  
He was falling - falling faster  
Round and round and round - no where to go  
Someone had to help the boy  
He said no, no, no  
So many mixed emotions  
And they're driving you insane  
A grip on some reality  
Silence quiet on your window pain  
You're looking past the mirror  
Yes you've reached the other side  
You're striving for the pinnacle  
But you're holding on too tight