## A

## "Less Than Pure"

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We're going to go downtown
I hear this great new place has opened up
And when we get there
I don't know It's taken ages
Don't you know

How long how long
Will this go on
How long how long
Time drags on
How long I find I
can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find Not a cab ride to the door As you wonder in your doubtful mind Is it really worth all that and more

We seem to be a little lost or something I'm not really sure about the choice we're making The toil it's taking on

How long how long
Will this go on
How long how long
The time drags on
How long
I find I can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find Like an illness with no cure And our heads are getting wearier And our hearts are less than pure Less than pure

How long I find I can't go on much longer now

And the place in question's hard to find Not a cab ride to the door And our heads are getting wearier

## And our hearts are less than pure

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