

## **Gilbert O'sullivan**

### **"No More"**

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Tried to see you yesterday  
I had so many things I wanted to say  
Yet when knocked your mother answered the door  
Said I can see you no more

Why? I asked her politely  
You're not her type, she said, you're too carefree  
So take your bunch of wild petunias and go  
We don't want ya here no more

Now, why does it always have to be me?  
Who gets picked upon just like three  
Daisies in a jam jar looking bored  
Or three Spanish bullfighters that have just been gored

Why don't you try helping me  
By telling your mother how charming I can be  
And maybe the next time that I knock on your door  
She won't send me away, no more

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