

The Conells

"What do You Want?"

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The room we're in's the only friend this evening.
If I wasn't in here I'd be leaving.
It's a room for viewing and a stage for dance.
So a dollar can buy cheap romance,
But its so on and so on for Sue

The midget's stare can't compare to the rich man's.
Fools, they kneel at the wave of her hand.
She's like a queen, when she's standing there.
Legs are long beneath her flowing hair,
She's pregnant and barely she shows it.

What do you want?
A mind untangled is a mind set free.
What do you want?
A laugh in a mirror, a cry for me.
What do you want?

The song has ended, she leaves the stage.
Clapping rings loud and clear.
It isn't music that has brought us here.
Go on and ask us, say.
Say

What do you want?
A mind untangled is a mind set free.
What do you want?
Some can fake it, and some can not.
What do you want, do you want, to leave him?

Hand jive, hand jive.
She said hand jive, hand jive.
Hand jive, hand jive.

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