

Saint Deamon

"Anymore"

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Does anyone remember how it used to be? /
Don't turn around 'cause you won't see me cry. /
I hear the sounds of motorways and aeroplanes. /
I'm feeling I've got no more love to give. /

I don't want tomorrow / I don't want the car, /
I don't need your money / anymore. /
I don't need the moonlight, / I don't want the stars, /
I don't need the sunshine / anymore. /
I don't want the hotels, / I don't want the bars, /
I don't need you calling round here no more. /

Does anyone believe in what you say to them? /
Don't turn around, never see me cry. /
I can't believe how you've spent you life since then; /
Wasting time, telling lies and more. /

I don't want tomorrow / I don't want the car, /
I don't need your money / anymore. /
I don't need the moonlight, / I don't want the stars, /
I don't need the sunshine / anymore. /
I don't want the hotels, / I don't want the bars, /
I don't need you calling round here no more. /

Yeah, no more, / no more, / no more. /

I don't want tomorrow / I don't want the car, /
I don't need your money / anymore. /
I don't need the moonlight, / I don't want the stars, /
I don't need the sunshine / anymore. /
I don't want tomorrow / I don't want the car, /
I don't need your money / anymore. /
I don't want the hotels, / I don't want the bars, /
I don't need you calling / anymore. /
I don't need nobody / anymore. /
I don't need nobody / anymore. /
I don't need nobody / anymore...

