

Sarah Brightman "What More Do I Need (Saturday Night)"

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Once I hated this city,
Now it can't get me down.
Slushy, humid and gritty,
What a pretty town.

What, thought I, could be duller,
More depressing, less gay.
Now my favourite colour
Is grey.
A wall of rain as it turns to sleet,
The lack of sun on a one-way street,
I love the grime all the time.
And what more do I need?
My window pane has a lovely view:
An inch of sky and a fly or two.
Why, I can see half a tree.
And what more do I need?
The dusk is thick and it's galling;
It simply can't be excused.
In winter even the falling snow looks
Used.
My window pane may not give much light,
But I see you, so the view is bright.
If I can love you, I'll pay the dirt no heed!
With your love, what more do I need?
Someone shouting for quiet,
Someone starting a brawl,
Down the block there's a riot,
And I'll buy it all!
Listen, now I'm ecstatic,
Hold me close and be still.
Hear the lovely pneumatic
Drill!
A subway train thunders through the Bronx,
A taxi horn on the corner honks.
But I adore ev'ry roar.
And what more do I need?
I hear a crane making street repairs,
A two-ton child running wild upstairs.
Steam pipes bang, sirens clang,
And what more do I need?
The neighbours yell in the summer,

The landlord yells in the fall,
So loud I can't hear the plumber
Pound the wall.
An aeroplane roars across the bay,
But I can hear you as clear as day:
You said you love me
Above the sound and speed.
With your love,
What more do I need?

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