

Treaty Of Paris

"More's The Pity"

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I am everything
I am on the brink of still
It's not all it's true
Sitting on a sprinkler
Take my call and see
The receiver to your ear
When you bridge the leap
It will all become so clear

That there's not only one of me
Just look closely now
Count them all and you'll get three
That one's clever
This one's free
But it's your favourite
I hate more's the pity

I've seen everything
I can only think is true
Check my windowpane
If you can't enjoy the view
I could fall for less
I believe a thing you say
Write it down for me
And it will all come into play

There's not only one of me
Just look closely now
Count them all and you'll get three
That one's clever
This one's free
But it's your favourite
I hate more's the pity

Lined up in a row
Like little dolls
Like bungalows
The reasons look the same
A newer version
Same old game

I am everything
I am on the brink
I'm not anything
I could use a drink

Tell me what you see
You look close but it's not me
I'm not what you need
And I'll never ever be

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