

**Sarah Blasko****"What More Do I Need"**

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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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