

The Sundays "More"

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Burning questions we are told they've gone out
Time you learned your lesson we all know that
Tell me boys are you out there?
The flesh is weak and the mind slow

By now, you could say there's a problem
And it rained down on me, and it seemed to get into
me
And it poured down over me and I'm wettin', wettin'
through
But I still want more

Peace love now what?
Don't go telling me you've had them
Oh, delighted
We all know we won't be alive any more

By now you could say there's a problem
And it rained down on me, and it seemed to get into
me
And I'm soaked to my skin and I'm wettin', wettin'
through
I really ought to be in, will you let me have a sign?

And somebody ought to reply, and we'll take anything
at all
Understand me, fun times we have known
That's what we're like, we've just taken them all
And I still don't remember how I got home
Don't tell me where we're going, now I know we won't
be alive any more
More, more, more, more, more

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