

## **The Sundays**

### **"So Much"**

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Dream and fantasize  
Slave to your desire, you'll buy anything  
Curse and criticize  
Middle aged and at your door and they're selling you  
the Son of God

And it's so hard to ignore  
You want so much and then you want some more  
Somehow your appetite grows  
You'd just love what you can't possess, you know it's  
out there somewhere

Read and memorize  
Make a wish come true and you can telephone free  
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose  
In a face that you compose but it cuts you like never  
before

And it's so hard to ignore  
You want so much and then you want some more  
Somehow your appetite grows  
You'd just love what you can't possess, you know it's  
out there somewhere

And it's so hard to ignore  
You'd really love so much and then you'd go spoil  
yourself with more  
Strange how your appetite's grown  
Till you're just lying in a corner upstairs, lookin' out  
there somewhere

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