

I Want You

James Blunt

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonely organ grinder cries
The silver saxophones say
I should refuse youAnd the cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But that not way
I wasn't born to lose youI want you, I want you
I want you so bad
Honey, I want youThe drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep
They wait for youAnd I wait for them to interrupt me
Drinkin' from my broken cup
And ask me
To open up the gate for youI want you, I want you
I want you so bad
Honey, I want youNow all my fathers, they've gone down
True love they've been without it
But all their daughters put me down
Cause I don't think about itWell, I return to the Queen of Spades
Talk with my chambermaid
She knows that I'm not afraid
To look at herShe is good to me
And there's nothing that she doesn't see
She knows where I'd like to be
It doesn't matterCause I want you, I want you
I want you so bad
But I want you, I want you
I want you so bad
Honey, I want you

Songwriters

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