

More

Madonna

Once upon a time
I had plenty of nothing which was fine with me
Because I had rhythm, music, love
The sun, the stars and the moon aboveHad the clear blue sky and the deep blue sea
That was when the best things in life were freeThen time went by
And now I got plenty of plenty which is fine with me
'Cause I still got love, I still got rhythm
But look at what I got to go with 'em"Who could ask for anything more?," I hear you query
Who would ask for anything more? Well, let me tell you, dearieGot my diamonds, got my yacht, got a guy I
adore
I'm so happy with what I got, I want moreCount your blessings, one, two, three
I just hate keeping score
Any number is fine with me as long as it's more
As long as it's moreI'm no mathematician, all I know is addition
I find counting a bore
Keep the number mounting, your accountant does the countingMore, moreI got rhythm, music too, just as much
as before
Got my guy and my sky of blue, now, however, I own the view
More is better than nothing, true
But nothing's better than more, more, more
Nothing's better than moreOne is fun, why not two?
And if you like two, you might as well have four
And if you like four, why not a few, why not a slewMore, moreIf you've got a little, why not a lot?
Add and bit and it'll get to be a noodle
Every jot and tittle adds to the pot
Soon you've got the kit as well as the caboodleMore, moreNever say when, never stop at plenty
If it's gonna rain, let it pour
Happy with ten, happier with twenty
If you like a penny, wouldn't you like many much more?Or does that sound too greedy?
That's not greed, no, indeedy
That's just stocking the store
Gotta fill your cupboard, remember Mother HubbardMore, moreEach possession you possess
Helps your spirits to soar
That's what's soothing about excess
Never settle for something lessSomething's better than nothing, yes
But nothing's better than more, more, more
(Except all, all, all)
Except all, all, allExcept once you have it all
(Have it all)

You may find all else above
(All else above)That though things are bliss
There's one thing you miss and that's
More, more, more, more, more
More, more, more

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