

Wanting Things

Burt Bacharach

Tell me how long must I keep, wanting things
Needing things, when I have so much
There are many girls who have much less than me
Day by day, they make their way
And they find more in life than I can see
Tell me when will I learn to resist, wanting things
Touching things that say, "Do, do not touch"
People that I meet seem to think I am strong
They don't see inside of me
So they don't know I'm weak and often wrong
Tell me, why must I keep, wanting things
Needing things that just can't be mine

Songwriters

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