

# So Much

## The Sundays

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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