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 GodAnd 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 somewhereRead 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 beforeAnd 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 somewhereAnd 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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