

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 somewhere

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