More Than This

Matt Nathanson

"What a spoiled boy I've been
My mouth full, mess, my arms outstretched
I've got palm sweat, I'm smiling like I'm
Competition
Well, maybe I'm yours"

She said, "I know you, you're a salesman's son
And you're pimping pretty junk"
And I said,
"What am I supposed to do
They've built the scenes around you
And I need more than this"

And she said, "what am I supposed to do
Look at what's been come of you
And I need more than this"

"Go on then, hitch me up, baby,
If what I am is not enough
Because I do love the glow you get
When you're told word for word
How to think for yourself

"I'm tired
Of baring my teeth when I smile

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