More

The Sundays

Burning questions we are told they've gone out
Time you learned your lesson we all know that
Tell me boys are you out there?
The flesh is weak and the mind slowBy now, you could say there's a problem
And it rained down on me, and it seemed to get into me
And it poured down over me and I'm wettin', wettin' through
But I still want morePeace love now what?
Don't go telling me you've had them
Oh, delighted
We all know we won't be alive any moreBy now you could say there's a problem
And it rained down on me, and it seemed to get into me
And I'm soaked to my skin and I'm wettin', wettin' through
I really ought to be in, will you let me have a sign?And somebody ought to reply, and we'll take anything at all
Understand me, fun times we have known
That's what we're like, we've just taken them all
And I still don't remember how I got home
Don't tell me where we're going, now I know we won't be alive any more
More, more, more, more, more

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