

# I Want You

## Ali Campbell

The guilty undertaker sighs  
The lonesome organ grinder cries  
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you  
The cracked bells and the washed-out horns  
Blow into my face with scorn  
But it's not that way  
I wasn't born to lose you  
I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey, I want you  
The drunken politician leaps  
Upon the street where mothers weep  
And the saviors who are fast asleep  
They wait for you  
And I wait for them to interrupt  
Me drinkin' from my broken cup  
And ask for me to  
Open up the gates for you  
I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey, I want you  
Now all my fathers, they've gone down  
True love they've been without it  
But all their daughters put me down  
'Cause I don't think about it  
Well, I return to the queen of spades  
And talk there with my chambermaid  
She knows that I'm not afraid  
To look at her  
She is good to me  
And there's nothing that she doesn't see  
She knows where I'd like to be  
it doesn't matter  
I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey, I want you  
Now your dancing child with his chinese suit  
He spoke to me, I took his flute  
No, I wasn't very cute to him now  
Was i?  
But I did though, because he lied  
Because he took you for a ride  
And because time was on his side

And because I  
I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey, I want you

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