

Wanted (Or Waiter, There's Some Soup In My Flies)

The Style Council

There's a girl in my office
She keeps on stopping
Right in front of my eyes Though I try and try
I can't hide anymore
Letting my feelings speak for me But when I try to speak
My tongue gets weak
I stay the lonely man I am Why should it be
That my heart's under lock
And I can't find the key? Tell me, why should it seem
That I'm diving inside
Without making a try? (Why oh)
But I only want to be wanted
(Why oh)
(Why oh)
But I only want to be wanted
(Why oh) There's a girl in my dreams
Working nights on my scenes
Till she has me in little bits There's a time and a place
But it moves at a pace
And I can't seem to keep in time There's a word for the way
But no words could I say
So lonely a man I stay Why should it be?
I confess that it's hard
Turning hopes into dreams but Why did I see?
You cocoon yourself nights
Finding soup in your flies I only want to be wanted
I only want to be wanted
I only want to be wanted
I only want to be wanted Why should it be
That my heart's under lock
And I can't find the key? Tell me, why should it seem
That I'm diving inside
Without making a try? (Why oh)
I only want to be wanted
(Why oh)
(Why oh)
I only want to be wanted
(Why oh) (Why oh)
I only want to be wanted

(Why oh)
(Why oh)
I only want to be wanted
(Why oh)(Why oh)
But I only want to be wanted
(Why oh)
(Why oh)
I only want to be wanted
(Why oh)

Songwriters

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