

Can't Be Sure

The Sundays

Give me a story and get me a bed
Give me possessions
Oh, love luck and money they go to my head
Like wildfire It's good to have something to live for you'll find
Live for tomorrow
Live for a job and a perfect behind
High time Aah
England my country the home of the free
Such miserable weather
But England's as happy as England can be
Why cry And did you know desire's a terrible thing
The worst that I could find
And did you know desire's a terrible thing
But I rely on mine A-ah
England my country the home of the free
Such miserable weather
But England's as happy as England can be
Why cry And did you know desire's a terrible thing
The worst that I could find
And did you know desire's a terrible thing
But I rely on mine Did you know desires a terrible thing
It makes the world go blind
But if desire, desires a terrible thing
You know that I really don't mind And it's my life
And it's my life
And though I can't be sure what I want any more
It will come to me later Well, it's my life
And it's my life
And though I can't be sure if I want any more
It will come to me later, ah
Yeah

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