

Much More

Barbra Streisand

I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream
Where the water is icy cold
Then go to town in a golden gown
And have my fortune told Just once, just once
Just once before I am old
I'd like to be not evil
But a little worldly wise
To be the kind of girl designed
To be kissed upon the eyes I'd like to dance till two o'clock
Or maybe dance till dawn
Or if the band could stand it
Just go on and on and on Just once, just once
Before the chance is gone
I'd like to waste a week or two
And never do a chore
To wear my hair unfastened
So it billows to the floor To do the things, I've dreamed about
But never done before
Perhaps I'm bad or wild or mad
With lots of grief in store But I want much more
Than keepin' house
Much more, much more, much more

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