

More

Poets of the Fall

Yeah, decency, she done, left our home
On her roller skates, so I guess, she's pretty far gone
Left me with my greed to answer for my own
For how could a deadened sense tell right from wrong
So thanks for nothing I ain't feeling the magic
Kinda comic how I got tragic
Mirror mirror on the wall
What do you give someone who has it all
More, just to be sure
I got what I wanted, so naturally I want more
What I paid for, entertain me now
All I want is more, cos I like it
Too good to let it go, keep it coming
'Cos I want more, 'cos I'm not sure
What I really wanted, so all I want is more
Yeah, modesty, her rule now, overthrown
Packed her teddy bear so as not to go alone
Left me with my pride to live beneath a stone
For how could an amputee ever pick a bone
So tell me something, isn't this a bit drastic
My smiles are turning to plastic
Mirror mirror on the wall
What's the secret for staying droll
You know it isn't particularly funny
Killjoy he walks in just when it's turning sunny
Killjoy lives like it's all about the money
All about the money, all about the money
All about the money, all about the money

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