

# I Want You

Cher

Guilty undertaker sighs  
Lonesome organ grinder cries  
Silver saxophone says  
That I should wait for you  
The crack bells and the washed out horns  
Blowing into my face with scorn  
That's not the way  
I wasn't born to lose you

I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey I want you

Drunken politicians leap upon the street  
While mothers weep  
And saviors were fast asleep  
They wait for you  
I wait for them to read your looks  
While drinking from my broken cup  
And ask me to open up the gate for you

I want you, I want you  
I want you so bad  
Honey I want you

I turn to the queen of spades  
And talk to my chambermaid  
She knows 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 like to be  
But it doesn't matter

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Now you're dancing child  
With his Chinese suit  
He spoke to me and I took his flute  
I know I wasn't very cute to him was I  
But I did it because you like  
Because you took him for a ride  
Because the time was on his side  
And because

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