

She Wants So Many Things

Graham Parker

She wants so many things you can't give to her
She wants so many things you don't have much
She wants so many things you can't deliver to her
She wants so many things all at once

Like a brick wall that'll keep her from crumbling
And a camouflage jacket to hide from herself in
And a system of worship like a powerful magnet
That'll draw in the heathens pick them up in a dragnet
And pull them underwater till they all go stagnant

She wants so many things beamed in on a satellite
Served up on a silver tray a wasp and parasite

She wants so many things where you gonna find them all
She wants so many things get up and run
She wants so many things you're at her beck and call
You're the puppet she pulls the strings just for fun

Like a blue ocean that's devoid of fishes
Cause they're all on her table prepared into dishes
Like an army of lieutenants all standing to attention
And a book about you where YOU don't get a mention
With her hand on a Bible she's right in your face
She's a living example of God's bad taste
And with him for an ally she can't be a heretic
But her heart's from a laboratory spun from a synthetic

She wants so many things brought without question
The Gardens of Babylon hanging and festooned
A ship In the desert your soul on a plate
She can't wait any longer don't make her wait

She wants so many things you can't negotiate
She wants so many things you feel the crunch
She wants so many things don't make her reiterate
She wants so many things all at once

A collection of clowns who were dragged up in public school
Who dream up the rhythms that she dances in the disco to
They all surround her and yes her to death
With their hands on their mouths to hide their bad breath
And she lives in a fortress at the back of a project
And she'll let you in soon but not now and not yet
And she likes to see you immersed in greed
Confusing what you want with what you need

She wants so many things split up into atoms
She owns the crown jewels but you can't get at 'em
doo dooo doos

She wants so many things you can't keep up with her
She wants so many things at the same time
She wants so many things you can't keep it up her
She wants so many things you'll never find

Like three million shoes and a closet full of whips

And two dozen hats and then everyone fits
And the kind of acceptance that needs a lobotomy
That'll help you accept every single contradictory
Statement that hits you like a force nine gale
And makes you go pale every time that you fail
To bring home the bacon and bring in the goods
Get the musk from the deer and the shell from the turtle
And the gold from the fools and the shells from the sea
She says load them in a caravan bring them to me

She wants so many things brought to her feet
Cover every inch of the world in concrete
You better do it it's only your fate
She can't wait any longer don't make her wait

She wants so many things you can't give to her
She wants so many things you don't have much
She wants so many things you can't deliver to her
Everything's attached to strings you can't touch
She wants so many things