

# 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