

I Want You

The Hollies

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonely organ grinder cries
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But it's not that way
I wasn't born to lose you
I want you, I want you
Oh so bad
Baby, I want you

Once a politician leaves
Upon the street where mothers weep
The saviours who are fast asleep
They wait for you
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin from my broken cup
And askin me to open up the gate for you

Woh baby I want you
I want you
I want you
Oh, so bad
Baby I want you

Now all my fathers, they've gone down
True love they've been without it
But all their daughters put me down
'Cause I don't think about it

Baby I want you
Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit
He spoke to me, I took his flute
No, I wasn't very cute to him now was I

I did it because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I want you, baby I want you

I want you