

# 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