

Everybody Wants Some More

John Miles

Sitting in your easy chair,
Looking at the wall,
Thinking of the things that might've been.
And as you wish your life away
With dreams of mystic gold,
Imagine all the things you could've seen,
Imagine all the things you could've seen.
Looking out the window,
Staring at the rain,
Wonder if the sun will ever shine.
And if you only realised
That life won't pass you by,
The only thing that's passing is your time,
The only thing that's passing is your time.
Oh No!
Oh No! No!
Go nowhere in your easy chair,
Getting older every day,
And the things you feel
Make your life seem real,
Don't let them slip away.
Don't let them slip away.
Everybody wants some more,
Everybody wants some more
Everybody wants to open the next door.
Everybody's getting meaner,
Everybody else's grass is greener.
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Everybody wants some more
Everybody wants to open the next door.
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Everybody else's grass is greener.
It's easy when you close your eyes,
Your worries disappear,
Problems you must face are far behind.
Things would look much better
From a million miles away,
Looking for a place you'll never find,
Looking for a place you'll never find.
Oh No!
Oh No! No! No!
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