

## More

John Waite

Fell out of the sky sometime in 1952  
Through the radiance  
Looking for my shoes  
Daddy left and momma cried  
Had a passport for the blues  
I didn't share their hometown point of view  
Cause I need more  
I need more  
Just give me one good reason  
What I'm living for  
In this uncertain world of circumstance  
With one foot in the door  
At the house of truth  
That's burnt down to the floor  
I want more  
Yeah  
I need more  
In my days  
Tripping down the turnpike somewhere  
Out there near the shore  
Looking for some words to live by  
In the uncertain moments in the loam  
You can almost hear it shine  
Is that voice I'm hearing divine  
Cause I hear more  
I hear more  
Just give me one good reason  
What I'm living for  
In this concrete world of fairy tales  
Only innocence is pure  
But there must be an answer  
Yeah I'm sure  
So give me more  
Yeah  
Give me more in my day  
Am I dreaming  
Am I somewhere else  
When I'm lying in the darkness  
Am I really by myself  
There must be more  
Yeah  
More in my days  
Am I dreaming  
Am I someone else  
When I'm dancing in the darkness  
Am I dancing by myself  
There must be more  
Must be more to this  
Yeah  
Cause I want more  
Yeah  
And I need more  
And I hear more  
Yeah  
Give me more in my world everyday  
Give me more  
Yeah

Give me more  
Give me more  
Of this life