

We Want To

New Young Pony Club

Oh ee oh
Am I just about to lose my mind?
It was fun for five minutes
But I preferred it when I had less time
And I'm sick of sensation
It's a stroke of luck you can plug me in
If I stink of frustration
It's the perfume of excess I think

Oh ee oh
It was purple but the season's changed
Now the 'clob' is complacent
And the smiles have all been prearranged
Let's go out and get baconed
In the complex crush of the fake and floored
But we think that we hate it
We hate it more when we just stay bored

We want to
I don't want to do any of this
Without you
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh
We want to
I don't want to do any of this
Without you
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

Oh ee oh
I invented life of open doors
And 'rejade' is gold plated
And the shamrock friends I can't afford
And I'm sick of sensation
It's a stroke of luck you can plug me in
If I stink of frustration
It's the perfume of excess I think

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Without you
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh
We want to
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Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to
I don't want to do any of this
Without you
Ahhhhhhhhh
We want to
I don't want to do any of this
Without you
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to
I don't want to do any of this
Without you

Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to

We want to

I don't want to do any of this

Without you

Ahhhhhhhhh

We want to

Ahhhhhhhhh