

Keep On Coming Back For More

Paul Kelly

Won't somebody help me please
I'm afflicted with a strange disease
No doctor can help me, neither can the nurse
'Cause the cure I crave is just making me worse
And I keep on coming back for more

Every morning I wake up
With a promise to keep?
Then that old sun begins to creep
In my mind a whisper turns to a roar
And here I am again, baby now, knocking at your door

I keep on coming back for more
I keep on coming back for more

All my friends keep shaking their heads
You don't care for me, you never did
I'm so tangled up inside your spell
And the gates of your heaven now, baby, lead straight to hell

But I keep on coming back for more
I keep on coming back for more

I know, I know, I know what I should not and what I should
But baby, baby, baby sometimes it just feels so good

Like a sick dog licking at his spew
I'm always turning back to you
First my mind's a preacher, then it's turning tricks
Like a drunk to a bottle, baby, like a junkie to a fix

I keep on coming back for more
I keep on coming back for more