

Who Needs Happiness (i'd Rather Have You)

The Mr. T Experience

Sitting around here with nothing to do.
It's wearing me down dear, just thinking of you,
how it's been so long since I held you close,
how things could go wrong when I need you most.
My devotion is an ocean of uneasiness,
distraction, worry, grief and stress.

For love is sadness.
Love is madness.
Love is thinking if I make it through this hell on earth,
it might be worth it.
Who needs happiness?
I'd rather have you.

Roaming these hallways with dreams unfulfilled
why do they always seem so uphill?
A happy existence of peace and goodwill,
me on assistance and you on the pill: is that so wrong?
But no one sees it my way.
"Get a life" is what they say.

Well, I'm all spent, all sentimentally retarded now, you know i
t's true.
I may have shot what life I've got, but I don't want a life, I
just want you.

I just want you to be with me here,
and I don't care much if it's not such a good idea.
If falling short of happy is the best that we can do,
who needs happiness?
I'd rather have you.
Who needs happiness if I can't have you, too?
If it's true that I have to choose between the two,
who needs happiness?
I'd rather have you.