

## Can't Be Sure

The Sundays

Give me a story and give me a bed  
Give me possessions  
Oh love, luck and money they go to my head like wildfire  
It's good to have something to live for, you'll find  
Live for tomorrow  
Live for a job and a perfect behind, high time

England my country, the home of the free  
Such miserable weather  
But England's as happy as England can be  
Why cry?

And did you know desire's a terrible thing  
The worst that I can find  
And did you know desire's a terrible thing  
But I rely on mine  
Aa-ah

England my country, the home of the free  
Such miserable weather  
But England's as happy as England can be  
Why cry?

And did you know desire's a terrible thing  
The worst that I can find  
And did you know desire's a terrible thing  
But I rely on mine  
Did you know desire's a terrible thing  
It makes the world go blind  
But if desire, desire's a terrible thing  
You know that I really don't mind

And it's my life  
And it's my life  
And though I can't be sure what I want any more  
It will come to me later  
Well it's my life  
And it's my life  
And though I can't be sure if I want any more  
It will come to me later  
Ye-e-eah