

Murray McLauchlan, Desire

Desire, but you can't have what you want...
And you want it so bad
Desire is burning you out
You want it all right in your hand
Desire you haven't ever got enough
Of the right stuff, the right stuff

Desire
Sets you on fire
Makes you a liar
And a soul for hire

Desire is a bomb that ticks
Kill you like a Bruce Lee kick
Desire, you'd deal your soul
Smell the sulphur
Listen to the clock tick
Desire, you play too rough
To get the right stuff, the right stuff

Desire
Sets you on fire
Makes you a liar
And a soul for hire

Desire, it's like worms in your brain
Come tricklin' out your nose
Desire, kill your rivals
Burn their house, clothes
Anything goes
Desire, it's better than love
It's the right stuff, the right stuff

Desire
Sets you on fire
Makes you a liar
And a soul for hire