

The Style Council, Wanted

There's a girl in my office
She keeps on stopping
Right in front of my eyes
Though I try and try
I can't hide anymore
Letting my feelings speak for me

But when I try to speak
My tongue gets weak
I stay the lonely man I am

Why should it be
That my heart's under lock
And I can't find the key
Tell me, why should it seem
That I'm diving inside without making a try

Why oh, well I only want to be wanted

There's a girl in my dreams
Working nights on my scenes
Till she has me in little bits

There's a time and a place
But it moves at a pace
And I can't seem to keep in time

There's a word for the way
But no words can I say
So a lonely man I stay

Why should it be
I confess that it's hard
turning hopes into dreams but -
Why did I see
You cocoon yourself nights
Finding soup in your flies

Oh, I only to be wanted

Why should it be
That my heart's under lock
And I can't find the key
Tell me, why should it seem
That I'm diving inside without making a try

Why oh, well I only want to be wanted