

# 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