

# The Sundays, More

Burning questions  
We are told they've gone out  
Time you learned your lesson  
We all know that  
Tell me boys are you out there?  
The flesh is weak & the mind slow  
By now, you could say there's a problem

And it rained down on me  
And it seemed to get into me  
It poured down over me  
I'm wet through  
But I still want more

Peace, love now what?  
Don't go telling me you've had them  
O delighted, we all know  
We won't be alive any more and  
By now you could say there's a problem

And it rained down on me  
And it seemed to get into me  
I'm soaked to my skin  
I'm wet through  
I really ought to be in  
Will you let me have a sign?  
And somebody ought to reply

We'll take anything at all  
Understand me?

Fun times we have known  
That's what we're like  
We've just taken them all  
And I still don't remember how I got home  
Don't tell me where we're going  
Now I know we won't be alive any more