

# The Sundays, So Much

dream and fantasize  
Slave to your desire, you'll buy anything  
Curse and criticize  
middle-aged and at your door  
and they're selling you the son of God

it's so hard to ignore  
You want so much and then you want some more  
somehow your appetite grows  
you'd just love what you can't possess  
you know it's out there somewhere

read and memorize  
make a wish come true  
and you can telephone free  
eyes and ears and mouth and nose  
in a face that you compose  
but it cuts you like never before

it's so hard to ignore  
You want so much and then you want some more  
somehow your appetite grows  
you'd just love what you can't possess  
you know it's out there  
somewhere

it's so hard to ignore  
You'd really love so much  
and then you'd go spoil yourself with more  
strange how your appetite's grown  
till you're just lying in a corner upstairs  
looking out there  
somewhere