

# The Yardbirds, What Do You Want

(Chris Dreja / Jim McCarty / Jeff Beck / Keith Relf / Paul Samwell-Smith)

I want somebody here to tell me why,  
There's always smoke up in the sky.  
Please don't make me want to cry,  
Detail has not been seen.  
Summer trees should all be green,  
Plain and green as they have been,  
Sun don't ever change the scene,  
Please never let them die.

What do you want?  
What do you want?  
What do you want?  
What do you want?

Sounds which soar above my ears,  
Will naturally precede in years,  
They only cause a flood of tears,  
I want to turn and run.  
Don't need someone to make my fun,  
Only need to see the sun,  
I will not go and cause harm,  
I cannot think that way.

What do you want?  
What do you want?  
What do you want?  
What do you want?

Sit spellbound by a flickering screen,  
Watch the ever changing scenes,  
Listen to the rising screams,  
Of children of today.  
Lock your doors and stay within,  
Upon your face the stupid grins,  
Penalty for unrealised sins,  
Committed on your way.

What do you want?  
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What do you want?

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