

Conway Deborah, I'm Not Satisfied

Deborah Conway

I'm bigger than a rumour

I'm quicker than a cancer

And I'm not satisfied

I'm the nick on your chin

I'm the dent in your ear

And I'm not satisfied

There's nothing I need, nothing I want from you

Still I'm not satisfied

I'm easy as gin

I'm as gentle as sleep

But I'm not satisfied

I'm hard like a ball

I am tight as a wire

But I'm not satisfied

There's something I need, something I want from you still

I'm not satisfied

I'm lost in your eyes

I'm found in your place

I'm outside your door but you're inside my space

I'm the stain on your sheets that you'll never erase

I'm stretched thin as paint that I threw in your face

Is there something you need or something you want

From the nothing I got from you

Still you're not satisfied

You're not satisfied

I'm not satisfied