

Gang Of Four, What We All Want

This wheel spins letting me off
It's not the lack of trying
Can't put my finger on it

You can't help being hard up
Can't trust the gods we trusted
Don't think that's any insurance

Could I be happy with something else
I need something to fill my time
Could I be happy with something else
I need someone to fill my time

This wheel spins letting me off
These doubts and nagging worries
Nothing to work towards

This demon on my back
Preaches the razors cut
The hope that does not fade

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What we want's not what we get