## Poets Of The Fall, More

Yeah decency she done left our home On her rollerskates So I guess she's pretty far gone Left me with my greed To answer for my own For how could a deadened sense Tell right from wrong

Thanks for nothing I ain't feeling the magic Kinda' comic how I got tragic Mirror, mirror on the wall What do you give someone who has it all

More just to be sure I got what I wanted so naturally I want more What I paid for entertain me now All I want is more 'cos I like it Too good to left it go keep it coming 'Cos I want more 'cos I'm not sure What I really wanted it's - so I want to say - I want more

Yeah modesty her rule now overthrown Packed her teddybear, so as not to go alone Left me with my pride to live beneath a stone For how could an amputee ever pick a bone

Tell me something isn't this a bit drastic My smiles are turning to plastic Mirror, mirror on the wall What's the secret for staying droll

More just to be sure I got what I wanted so naturally I want more What I paid for entertain me now All I want is more 'cos I like it Too good to left it go keep it coming 'Cos I want more 'cos I'm not sure What I really wanted it's - so I want to say - I want more

You know it isn't particularly funny Killjoy walks in just when it's turning sunny Killjoy lives like It's all about the money, It's all about the money It's all about the money, It's all about the money

You know it isn't particularly funny Killjoy walks in just when it's turning sunny Killjoy lives like It's all about the money, It's all about the money It's all about the money, It's all about the money

I want more just to be sure I got what I wanted so naturally I want more What I paid for entertain me now All I want is more 'cos I like it Too good to left it go keep it coming 'Cos I want more 'cos i'm not sure What I really wanted it's - so want to say - I want more

You know it isn't particularly funny Killjoy walks in just when it's turning sunny Killjoy lives like It's all about the money, It's all about the money It's all about the money, It's all about the money

Poets Of The Fall - More w Teksciory.pl