

# 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

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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

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