

Sophie B. Hawkins, I Want You

guilty undertaker sighs
lonely organ grinder cries
silver saxophones say i,
i should refuse you

cracked bells and washed out horns
blow into my face with scorn
it's not that way
i wasn't born to lose you

i want you
i want you
darling, i want you
so bad

drunken politicians leap
onto the street where mothers weep
and saviors who are fast asleep
they wait for you

and i'll wait for them to interrupt me
drinking from my broken cup
and ask me
to open up the gate for you

i want you
i want you
darling, i want you
so bad

i want you
darling, i want you, oh
oh, i want you
oh, so bad

now all my fathers, they've gone down
true love, they've been without it
and all their daughters, they still put me down
'cause i think about it

i will return to the queen of spades
talk with my chamber maid
she knows that i'm not afraid to look at her
she's good to me
there's nothing she don't see
she knows where i would rather be
but that doesn't matter

your dancing child with his chinese suit
he spoke to me, i stole his flute
no, i wasn't that cute to him
was i?
i did it though because he lied
because he took you for a ride
because time was on his side

because, i want you
darling, i want you
i want you
oh, i want you
i want you
so bad

oh, don't joke with me now, baby

i want you
i want you
let's go home

i want you...