

The Sundays, Can't Be Sure

Give me a story and give me a bed
Give me possessions
Oh love, luck and money they go to my head like wildfire
It's good to have something to live for, you'll find
Live for tomorrow
Live for a job and a perfect behind, high time

England my country, the home of the free
Such miserable weather
But England's as happy as England can be
Why cry?

And did you know desire's a terrible thing
The worst that I can find
And did you know desire's a terrible thing
But I rely on mine
Aa-ah

England my country, the home of the free
Such miserable weather
But England's as happy as England can be
Why cry?

And did you know desire's a terrible thing
The worst that I can find
And did you know desire's a terrible thing
But I rely on mine
Did you know desire's a terrible thing
It makes the world go blind
But if desire, desire's a terrible thing
You know that I really don't mind

And it's my life
And it's my life
And though I can't be sure what I want any more
It will come to me later
Well it's my life
And it's my life
And though I can't be sure if I want any more
It will come to me later
Ye-e-eah