

# James Blunt, I Want You

The guilty undertaker sighs,  
The lonesome organ grinder cries,  
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.  
The cracked bells and washed-out horns  
Blow into my face with scorn,  
But it's not that way,  
I wasn't born to lose you.  
I want you, I want you,  
I want you so bad,  
Honey, I want you.

The drunken politician leaps  
Upon the street where mothers weep  
And the saviors who are fast asleep,  
They wait for you.  
And I wait for them to interrupt  
Me drinkin' from my broken cup  
And ask me to  
Open up the gate for you.  
I want you, I want you,  
I want you so bad,  
Honey, I want you.

Now all my fathers, they've gone down  
True love they've been without it.  
But all their daughters put me down

'Cause I don't think about it.

Well, I return to the Queen of Spades  
And talk with my chambermaid.  
She knows that I'm not afraid  
To look at her.  
She is good to me  
And there's nothing she doesn't see.  
She knows where I'd like to be  
But it doesn't matter.  
I want you, I want you,  
I want you so bad,  
Honey, I want you.

Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,  
He spoke to me, I took his flute.  
No, I wasn't very cute to him,  
Was I?  
But I did it, though, because he lied  
Because he took you for a ride  
And because time was on his side  
And because I . . .  
I want you, I want you,  
I want you so bad,  
Honey, I want you.