

The Sundays, More

Burning questions
We are told they've gone out
Time you learned your lesson
We all know that
Tell me boys are you out there?
The flesh is weak & the mind slow
By now, you could say there's a problem

And it rained down on me
And it seemed to get into me
It poured down over me
I'm wet through
But I still want more

Peace, love now what?
Don't go telling me you've had them
O delighted, we all know
We won't be alive any more and
By now you could say there's a problem

And it rained down on me
And it seemed to get into me
I'm soaked to my skin
I'm wet through
I really ought to be in
Will you let me have a sign?
And somebody ought to reply

We'll take anything at all
Understand me?

Fun times we have known
That's what we're like
We've just taken them all
And I still don't remember how I got home
Don't tell me where we're going
Now I know we won't be alive any more