

More

John Waite

Fell out of the sky sometime in 1952
Through the radiance
Looking for my shoes
Daddy left and momma cried
Had a passport for the blues
I didn't share their hometown point of view
Cause I need more
I need more
Just give me one good reason
What I'm living for
In this uncertain world of circumstance
With one foot in the door
At the house of truth
That's burnt down to the floor
I want more
Yeah
I need more
In my days
Tripping down the turnpike somewhere
Out there near the shore
Looking for some words to live by
In the uncertain moments in the loam
You can almost hear it shine
Is that voice I'm hearing divine
Cause I hear more
I hear more
Just give me one good reason
What I'm living for
In this concrete world of fairy tales
Only innocence is pure
But there must be an answer
Yeah I'm sure
So give me more
Yeah
Give me more in my day
Am I dreaming
Am I somewhere else
When I'm lying in the darkness
Am I really by myself
There must be more
Yeah
More in my days
Am I dreaming
Am I someone else
When I'm dancing in the darkness
Am I dancing by myself
There must be more
Must be more to this
Yeah
Cause I want more
Yeah
And I need more
And I hear more
Yeah
Give me more in my world everyday
Give me more
Yeah

Give me more
Give me more
Of this life