

More

Poets of the Fall

Yeah decency, she done left our home
On her rollerskates, so I guess she's pretty far gone
Left me with my greed, to answer for my own
For how could a deadened sense tell right from wrong

So thanks for nothing I ain't feeling the magic
Kinda comic how I got tragic
Mirror mirror on the wall
What do you give someone ho has it all

More, just to be sure
I got what I wanted, so naturally I want more
What I paid for, entertain me now
All I want is more, cos I like it
Too good to let it go, keep it coming
Cos I want more, cos I'm not sure
What I really wanted, so all I want is more

Yeah modesty, her rule now overthrown
Packed her teddybear, so as not to go alone
Left me with my pride to live beneath a stone
For how could an amputee ever pick a bone

So tell me something, isn't this a bit drastic
My smiles are turning to plastic
Mirror mirror on the wall
What's the secret for staying droll

You know it isn't particularly funny
Killjoy walks in just when it's turning sunny
Killjoy lives like it's all about the money
All about the money, all about the money
All about the money, all about the money