

# I Want You

[Ali Campbell](#)

The guilty undertaker sighs  
The lonesome organ grinder cries  
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you  
The cracked bells and the 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 for me to  
Open up the gates 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>