

## We Want To

## New Young Pony Club

Oh ee oh  
Am I just about to lose my mind?  
It was fun for five minutes  
But I preferred it when I had less time  
And I'm sick of sensation  
It's a stroke of luck you can plug me in  
If I stink of frustration  
It's the perfume of excess I think

Oh ee oh  
It was purple but the season's changed  
Now the 'clob' is complacent  
And the smiles have all been prearranged  
Let's go out and get baconed  
In the complex crush of the fake and floored  
But we think that we hate it  
We hate it more when we just stay bored

We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh  
We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

Oh ee oh  
I invented life of open doors  
And 'rejade' is gold plated  
And the shamrock friends I can't afford  
And I'm sick of sensation  
It's a stroke of luck you can plug me in  
If I stink of frustration  
It's the perfume of excess I think

We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh  
We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ahhhhhhhhh  
We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you  
Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to  
I don't want to do any of this  
Without you

Ah-ah-uh-ah-hhh

We want to

We want to

I don't want to do any of this

Without you

Ahhhhhhhhh

We want to

Ahhhhhhhhh