

# I Still Want a Little More

The Milk Carton Kids

Did you ever think the earth would shake for me once more?  
I want to see the sky light up over this city left for poor  
Everybody's screaming; no one here can ask what for

And I just can't shake this feeling  
That we're outta luck and nothing more  
A pound of dust, a holy war  
A photograph, I begged and I swore  
But I still want a little more

Pull the luck out of this county; bucket crown ain't no disguise  
I've left to stop the bleeding with a hope to realize  
My misery is teeming; my heart could be stealing yours

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That we're outta luck and nothing more  
A pound of dust, a holy war  
A photograph, I begged and I swore  
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Well I just can't shake this feeling  
That we're outta luck and nothing more  
A pound of dust, a holy war  
A photograph, I begged and I swore  
But I still want a little more

It's okay to tear the pictures from the frames that hold them still  
Rattle all the cages, gather enemies on Capitol Hill  
Yell at the sky, some kind of ideal bill

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That we're outta luck and nothing more  
A pound of dust, a holy war  
A photograph, I begged and I swore  
But I still want a little more