

# I Keep On Coming Back for More

Paul Kelly

Won't somebody help me please  
I'm afflicted with a bad disease  
No doctor can help me, neither can the nurse  
And the cure I crave is just making me worse

I keep on coming back for more

Every morning I wake up with a promise to keep  
Then that old sun begins to creep  
In my mind a whisper turns to a roar  
And here I am again now, baby, knocking at your door

I keep on coming back for more  
I keep on coming back for more

All my friends keep shaking their heads  
You don't care for me, you never did  
I'm so tangled up inside your spell  
And the gates of your heaven now, baby, lead straight to hell

I keep on coming back for more  
I keep on coming back for more

I know, I know, I know what I should not and what I should  
But baby, baby, baby, it feels so good  
Like a sick dog licking at his spew  
I keep on turning back to you  
At first my mind's a preacher, then it's turning tricks  
Like a drunk to a bottle, baby, like a junkie to a fix

I keep on coming back for more  
I keep on coming back for more