

More

Paul Weller

Madly rushing through the streets
There's no more hours left to give
When nothing comes of nothing
Full of empty thoughts of more

Faut-il aller jusqu'au bout?
Même si je contrôle tout?

All I do is use my time
Dreaming of a place
Where I'd find such happiness
But little came from having more

The more we get, the more we lose
When all is "more", it's more we choose
There's always something else in store
That keeps me running down that road, keeps me running
To an unknown place I think is more

How much higher can I be?
Sailing moonbeams, scaling trees
Pushing upwards to the sky
Picking up what I think's mine

When nothing comes from nothing
Dreaming of a place
Where I'd find such happiness
But little came from having more

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