

# I Want You

Ralph McTell

The guilty undertaker sighs  
The lonesome organ grinder cries  
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you  
The cracked bells and 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, oh so bad  
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 me to open up the gate for you

I want you, I want you  
I want you, oh so bad  
Honey, I want you

Now all my father's, 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

Well, I return to the queen of spades  
And talk with my chambermaid  
She knows that I'm not afraid to look at her  
She is good to me and there's nothing she doesn't see  
She knows where I'd like to be, but it doesn't matter

I want you, I want you  
I want you, oh so bad  
I want you  
I want you, oh so bad  
Honey, I want you