

What Do You Want

The Saints

What do you Want
Breaking my back under a cruel sun
hoping this day will soon be done
buzzards circle metaphorically
on a stormy sea
like grinning corpses
I`m thinking
What do you want from me
Yeah, what do you want from me
Rumors have me running around
to places I don`t usually go
Rumors have me living in
a cardboard box in shanty town.
What do you want from me....
Questions have been asked
once or twice
but I forget the answer every time
It all seems so distant now
but in an instant I`m right back beside you.
Still thinking,
What do you want from me.....