

MORE

What about the five day week Or aimless walks on Saturdays What about the Sunday drive Or a pint at night in a pub where people speak Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than mock More that we can say than squawk More that we can hear than pep talk There must be more that we can feel than adequate What about sob sob What's so naff about sob sob Must everything be sweet and white What about the stars in the black of the night There's a whole rake of stuff losing ground We're starting to drown in taffy What about big bold craziness Or fat old lazy days Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than deny More that we can do than drive by What about the shrubbery in that field Filled with butterflies There must be more that we can do than count One to ten and back again Surging on full speed to our tombstones What about the five day week Or aimless walks on Saturdays What about the Sunday drive Or a pint at night in a pub where people speak Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than shout More than clout to throw about The quiet man in the corner almost never gets singled out And he can sing a song so sweet and free Like a bird up in the tree He's not trying to impress He's simply getting something off his chest Ooh baby that's what I like

This song has become such a live favourite; people just love to sing it full voice. Nothing pleases me more than to hear an audience sing, it is such a stirring sound. When I knew that Gerry and this great band were going to play with me, I just had to hear what this song would sound like with them. Writer Irene Luchitti from Australia says that we turned a good song (from my album 3 Minute World) into a great one. I wouldn't know, but you would.