

# Our World Our Times

Alannah Myles

Little tramp comin' up the strip with a hundred dollar smile  
Sparks flyin' off her fingertips, drive the young cop wild  
Some nights are wound so tight like a storm about to break  
Better stand in your doorway when everything starts to shake

You get restless like a cat waking up at midnight,  
Hungry, never quite satisfied

This is our world and these are our times  
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Little brother like a street god with a drop dead attitude  
Say he's looking like a shadow now, runnin' low on green and food  
Some lives are wound up tight like a wave about to crash  
Hard times seem to multiply while the joy runs out so fast

You get restless like a kid crawling out of a bad dream  
Hungry, never quite satisfied

Make way for the son of a rebel wired to a bottle of flame  
He's got two black eyes and a purple heart and a bone hangin' on a chain  
These times are like dynamite, a head-on with history  
Some fool's bound to burn it all down, don't care about you and me

He'll get desperate like a child in the eye of a nightmare  
Hungry, never quite satisfied