

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 fo
od
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' o
n 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