

## Pour Le Monde

Crowded House

He imagines the world  
As the angel ascending  
Like the ghost of a man  
Who is tied up to the chair

And he tries to believe  
That his life has a meaning  
With his hand on his heart  
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre

And I wake up blind  
Like my dreams were too bright  
And I lost my regard  
For the good things that I had  
And the radio was sad

When you listen for good  
In a hope that comes to nothing  
'Cos the liars have moved in  
And they believe their own  
Dark medicine

They act so nonchalant  
But he is not a dog  
Perform for you in the stadium  
For the world, not for the war

And he won't hesitate  
Though it might lead to heartache  
In the night club indigo  
For the world, not for the war  
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre

When you listen for good  
In a hope that comes to nothing  
'Cos the liars have moved in  
And they brew their own  
Dark medicine  
Believing it's good  
Behind their jaded eyes,  
A dilemma

He's the best  
You ever had  
He's so low  
You'll never know