

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