

You Got The World

Graham Parker

As you wash your hair and bathe in Perrier
As you hit the bank machine at night
Drinking money for tomorrow's flight
As you count your loss or bet on a black horse
Sit behind the wheel of a black Porsche
Use your leather organiser with your name embossed
The night is thick with frost It chills your heart

You got the world Right where you want it
Where do you want Where do you want the world?
You got the girl Right where you want her
But where do you want Where do you want the girl?

I pulled up at your door And turned the key once more
Took a calculator from my pocket
Checked a picture of us in a locket
I knew you were not in An alarm began to ring
Punched a number on a cordless phone
Made an offer on a Dockland's condominium home
Somewhere with no soul That won't remind me