

# 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