

The World

John Wesley Harding

I was holding up a cigarette and trying to find my mouth
Tyring hard to look so cool like any other ticket tout
People sipping on each other's blood, they're all out for the c
ount
Talking turkey all around me, what are they all on about?

It's the world and all it's problems
The world and all it's problems
The world and all it's problems

I'm walking out it's past midnight, so I stay in the light
Please stop breathing on my shoulder, he's just trying to start
a fight
He says "what was that you called me? " and something says I mi
ght
Just try to reason with him, where's the beaten track tonight?

It's the world and all it's problems
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Jesus gandhi's on a limb out where good guys don't go
Telling all these parables that everybody knows
And no-one wants to hear them cos he tells them all so slow
You can catch him on the news when he becomes a superhero

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I'm sitting on your sofa
Thinking about how things rhyme
How I wish you'd plug the dansette in
And turn it up just one more time
One more time

Everybody wants all the truth but it's easier to lie
Me I love this girl called ruth, we had to say goodbye
I loved her so much sometimes that it made me wanna die
And I'd hate her so much sometimes and we knew the reason why

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