

Owner Of The World

Oysterhead

He used to own the world
He used to be the one
Like a hundred hungry dogs in heat
Or cinnabar and rum

Ground and sift and washed it
Dried it in the sun
But his heart just wouldn't buy it
And his feet began to run

He used to be the owner of the world
He used to be the owner of the world
He used to be the owner of the world
Now he's just another man
Who used to be the owner of the world

Down an empty highway
Past sycamores and oaks
Then stopped for seven hours
The things he made us do

The owner of the world
Like always taking more
Standing on the beach
Or walking out the door

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Who used to be the owner of the world

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