

Who Wants the World

The Strangers

Came down on a Monday
Somewhere in the Midlands
Tasted man, tasted flea,
Couldn't tell the difference

Asked around on Tuesday
Got nothing from a tree
The guide had said
"What talks is red"
That's all there is to see

Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
(Please allow me to re-arrange your face sometimes
I'd really like to get to know you better)
Not me, not me, not me, not me

Looked around on Wednesday
Took in all the sights
The Promised Land they'd left to man
Been ruined overnight

Peering through the port-holes
With teardrops in their eyes
The ship they took for one last look
At thursday's setting sun-rise

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