

# News Of The World

The Wildhearts

Here's the eighth of the seven wonders, here's the without a crime  
here's to all the baby-shit so major at the time  
from the last of the great pretenders to the new television age  
and the few who still remember passion over rage  
we changed, we didn't even try  
we opened up our mouths (for) telling all those lies to ourselves  
and everybody helps

'cos we're just wanters not needers, hypocrites and cheaters, this is the news of the world  
pseudo-heroes masturbating our egos, this is the news of the world  
the news of the world...

I could hide in the foreign legion, I could live in the south of France  
I could pick a thousand reasons, given half the chance  
but the pricks are the whole world over, every sex, every colour of skin  
maybe we're just too far gone to shake the mess we're in

We changed, we didn't even try  
we opened up our mouths for telling all those lies to ourselves  
and everybody helps

Take me far away from it all, the news of the world

(what's next?) I got my bills to pay  
(what's next?) I need a holiday  
(what's next?) I got police upon my back  
(what's next?) internal politics  
(what's next?) some humans make me sick  
the fakes the judges liars greed  
the laws that judge the life I lead, the fucked up shit that I don't need

Wanters (x4x4)

The news of the world (4x)