Who Wants the World

The Stranglers

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
Not me
Not me
Not me
Not me
(tell me to rearrange your face
Sometime I'd really like to get
To know you better)

Looked around on Wednesday
Took in all the sights
The promised land they'd left to man
Been ruined over night
Peering through thr portholes
Teardrops in their eyes
The ship they took one last look
At Thursday setting sunrise

Who wants the world
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Not me
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Who wants the world

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