

One World

Dire Straits

Can't get no sleeves for my records
Can't get no laces for my shoes
Can't get no fancy notes on my blue guitar
I can't get no antidote for blues, oh yeah, blues I can't find the reasons for your actions
Or I don't much like the reasoning you use
Somehow your motives are impure or somehow I can't find the cure
Can't find no antidote for blues, oh yeah, blues They say it's mostly vanity that writes the plays we act
They tell me that's what everybody knows
There's no such thing as sanity and that's the sanest fact
That's the way the story goes, oh yeah, aw yeah, ooh Can't get remedy on my TV
It's nothing but the same old news
But they can't find a way to be one world in harmony
Can't get no antidote for blues, oh yeah, blues Blues, oh yeah, blues

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