

What Kind of World

Brendan Benson

I'm just tryin' to get something started.
Been so low and so downhearted.
Haven't seen my friends in awhile
and I never laugh and hardly ever smile.
It's a deep-seeded knee-jerk reaction.
Without fail the same course of action.
And it's the truth but it's always sugar-coated.
And the starting gun is never loaded.
I take it too hard, I take it to heart.
What kind of world? What kind of world?
You take me apart before I can start.
What kind of world?
I'm still trying to figure something out.
I shoot 'em down and I shut them out.
All my efforts just ricochet
off these walls that are put in my way.
And every word like a stray bullet.
Put my finger on the trigger and pull it.
I take it too hard, I take it to heart.
What kind of world? What kind of world?
You take me apart before I can start.
What kind of world?
I take it too hard, I take it to heart.
What kind of world? What kind of world?
You take me apart before I can ...
And I've looked without luck for the cure.
It's a condition that responds behavior.
A symbol of appreciation.
It's a thimble full of motivation.
So looked over, so underrated.
Every move proves to be ill fated.
Never stray. Always stay in focus.
When every gesture goes unnoticed.
I take it too hard, I take it to heart.
What kind of world? What kind of world?
You take me apart before I can start.
What kind of world?
I take it too hard, I take it to heart.
What kind of world? What kind of world?

You take me apart before I can start.
What kind of world?

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