This World Dreams Of

Cowboy Junkies

Try to find the reference
It makes no difference to me.
Draw your own conclusion,
Add to my confusion if you please.
The time for concessions
And midnight confessions is long gone.
I'll sit here in the silence
And wait for all the violence to engulf me.[Chorus]
I hate to take the easy way out, now people,
But options are closing down fast.
More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.Vengeance has been tasted
Hatred cultivated
Its an old game.
Everyone gets fatter,
People choose what matters
There's no shame.[Chorus]Simple as a folktale,
Deadly as a stairwell
It surrounds you.
Stupid men and bastards
Always bite their masters
They will get you.[Chorus]This world dreams of

Songwriters
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