

# When Two Worlds Collide

## John Prine & Trisha Yearwood

Shots ring out in Paris, the bells ring out in Rome  
Photo's in the paper, buy you're getting old  
Footsteps in the car park he's the governor of the night  
The omens say crime don't pay but each dog has its price  
When two worlds collide  
The tears well inside  
When two worlds collide  
A boy is found in Naples, body's in a ditch  
Young life counts for nothing when somebody's getting rich  
There's flowers on the table, he sips water she drinks wine  
I don't think that mercy is the language of our time  
When two worlds collide  
The tear drops inside  
When two worlds collide  
You break me up inside  
Backstreet of Chicago a black man plays the gold  
There's a man on every corner says he'd like to buy your soul  
Buddhists in the temple, bullets in the night  
Stepping out of their world, into your world, into mine in the jet black night  
The tears well inside  
When two worlds collide  
You break me up inside  
Two worlds collide

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