

What The World Does

Powerman 5000

You can't make it
You won't break it
Right
Tied up, ripped up, stitched up style
Torn from the head to toe
Lied to, cried to, you tried to live
But you're dead and you're good to go
There's always now but the now is gone
And tomorrow is just a dream
'Cause all that you see and all that you touch
Is all that you'll ever be, no
You can't make it, you can't fake it
You can't take what the world does to you
You can't make it, you won't break it
You can't take what the world does
Stand up, sit down, and turn around
Let's see what you're really made of
Take off your face and stay awhile
I'll turn your guts to mud
The sky is blue and the stars are bright
And the grass is always green
But all that you see and all that you touch
Is never what it seems
You can't make it, you can't fake it
You can't take what the world does to you
You can't make it, you won't break it
You can't take what the world does
You can't make it, you can't fake it
You can't take what the world does to you
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