

# Pour Le Monde

## Crowded House

He imagines the world  
As the angel is sending  
Like the ghost of a man  
Who is tied up to the chair And he tries to believe  
That his life has a meaning  
With his hand on his heart  
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre And I wake up blind  
Like my dreams were too bright  
And I lost my regard  
For the good things that I had  
And the radio was sad When you listen for good  
In a hope that comes to nothing  
Cause the liars moved in  
And they believe their own dark medicine You act so nonchalant  
But he is not a dog  
Perform for you in the stadium  
For the world, not for the war And he wont hesitate  
Though it might lead to heartache  
In the night, Club Indigo  
For the world, not for the war  
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre When you listen for good  
In a hope that comes to nothing  
Cause the liars have moved in  
And they believe their own dark medicine  
Believing its good  
Behind their jaded eyes, a dilemma Hes the best you ever had  
Hes so low, you'll never know  
Hes the best, you'll never know  
Hes so low, you'll never know Hes so low, you'll never know  
Hes the best

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