

# World Of Strange Design

Rosanne Cash

Well you're not from around here  
You're probably not our kind  
It's hot from March to Christmas  
And other things you'll find Won't fit your old ideas  
Their line is shifting sands,  
You walk across a ghostly bridge  
To a crumbling promise land [Chorus]  
If Jesus came from Mississippi  
If tears began to rise  
I guess I'll start at the beginning  
The world of strange design Well I'd like to have the ocean  
But I'd settle for the rain  
Humbly as for true love  
There was such a price to pay This room was filled with trouble  
And sacraments deceived  
And I'm with you, we're in the shade  
Of his weeping willow tree If Jesus came from Mississippi  
If tears began to rise  
I'll have to go back to the beginning  
In this world of strange design We talk about your drinking  
But not about your thirst  
You set off through the mine field  
Like you were round in first So open up their window  
And hand the baby through  
Point up towards the ghostly bridge  
And she'll know what to do If Jesus came from Mississippi  
If tears began to rise  
They'll have to go back to the beginning  
In this world of strange design

Songwriters

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