

# Another World, Another Day

## Soul Asylum

Folks tell jokes in clouds of smoke  
Making sure life won't decay  
Fancy flags fly in your face  
Fall polluting in my space  
Pounds of sounds from shotgun rounds  
Music of the hit parade  
No your fathers, fathers, fathers

He's got nothing left to say  
On the day you walked away  
Another world, another day

Lyrics provided by  
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