

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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