The World (And All Its Problems) (Album Version)

John Wesley Harding

I was holding up a cigarette
And trying to find my mouth
Trying hard to look so cool
Like any other ticket toutPeople sipping on each other's blood
They're all out for the count
Talking turkey all around me
What are they all on about?
I don't know, shut up and listenI'm walking out it's past midnight
So I stay in the light
Some guy's breathing on my shoulder
He's just trying to start a fightHe says, "What was that you called me?"
And something says I might
Just try to reason with him
Where's the beaten track tonight?It's the world and all its problems
The world and all its problems
The world and all its problems, yeah
All its problemsJesus, Gandhi's on a limb
Out where good guys don't go
Telling all these parables
That everybody knowsAnd no one wants to hear them
'Cause he tells them all so slow
You can catch him on the news
When he becomes a superheroIt's the world and all its problems
The world and all its problems
The world and all its problems, yeah
All its problemsI'm sitting on your sofa thinking
How things rhyme
How I wish you'd plug the dansette in
And turn it up just one more time
Turn it up, turn it up, turn it upEverybody wants all the truth
But it's easier to lie
Me, I love this girl called Ruth
We had to say goodbyeI loved her so much sometimes
That it made me wanna die
And I'd hate her so much sometimes
And we knew the reason whyIt's the world and all its problems
The world and all its problems
The world and all its problems, yeahIt's the world and all its problems
The world and all its problems

The world and all its problems, yeah
All its problemsIt's the world, yeah

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