

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 won't 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 it's good
Behind their jaded eyes, a dilemma
He's the best you ever had
He's so low, you'll never know
He's the best, you'll never know
He's so low, you'll never know
He's so low, you'll never know
He's the best

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