Don Gibson "Who Owns This Place?"

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You know there ain't no end to man's desire To steal your water, steal your fire Snakes in the garden, apples on the tree All of this looks easy, none of this is free

You might get lucky, got the world to win Need a little failure to thicken your skin Everybody's talkin', they promise you the moon It's made of paper and you find out pretty soon

Who owns this place? Who owns this place? I'm talkin' to you, now look in my face And tell me who owns this place?

But time pa*ses, things change You might get restless, I might get strange But everything you do says always Who owns this place?

Monkey see, monkey do You're watchin' him and he's watchin' you You think he's funny, he think you're funny too You'd get in there with him if you only knew

Who owns this place? Who owns this place? What makes you think that you're a special case? Who owns this place?

Time pa*ses, things change Shut down the city, fence off the range Make everything into a fancy place Who owns this place?

Push, pull, push, pull, push, pull Push, pull, push, pull, push, pull

You always take, you never give So busy runnin' you've forgotten where you live A million miles, a million malls Pretty soon you'll be bouncin' off the walls

Screamin', "Who owns this place? Who owns this place?" Too much ambition, too little grace Who owns this place?"

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