

Don Henley

"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 passes, 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 passes, 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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