

Henry Fiat's Open Sore

"Crazy World"

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Crazy world
Full of crazy contradictions, like a child.
First you drive me wild, and then you win my heart
With your wicked art.
One minute tender, gentle, then tempermental as a
summer storm.
Just when I believe your heart's getting warmer, you're
cold, and you're cruel.
And I like a fool, try to cope, try to hang on, to hope.

Crazy world
Every day the same old roller coaster ride.
But I've got my pride, I won't give in.
Even though I know I'll never win.
Oh, how I love this crazy world.

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