

John Gorka

"Whole Wide World"

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You look away from everyone you meet
You wonder how ... if she were your girl
Would you still be angry at the
Whole Wide World
Whole wide world, whole wide world
There must be something better somewhere in the
whole wide world

Never felt welcome in your own town
Where bottoms sprawl while the minds narrow down
You're saving up so you can make your move
Maybe hit your stride, find your groove
In the world, whole wide world
There must be something better somewhere in the
whole wide world

Recruiter's calling every other day
Promising challenge and bonus pay
Would she go for you, in a uniform
It isn't likely though her father's warning you

So you've got work at the restaurant
But you're still hung up on that debutante
Your so-called friends have moved away to school
They had the grades, the gold and the golden rule
Rule the world, whole wide world
There must be something better
Somewhere in the whole wide world

And even if there isn't there oughta be a whole wide
world

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