

Cowboy Junkies

"This World Dreams Of"

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Try to find the reference
It makes no difference to me
Draw your own conclusions
Add to my confusion if you please

The time for concessions
Midnight confessions is, is long gone
And I'll sit here in the silence
Wait for all the violence to engulf me

I hate to take the easy way out now people
But options are closing down fast
More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of
Dreams of, dreams of

Vengeance has been tasted, hatred cultivated
It's an old game
Everyone gets fatter people choose what matters
There's no shame

I hate to take the easy way out now people
But options are closing down fast
More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of
Dreams of, dreams of

Simple as a folk tale, deadly as a stairwell
It surrounds you
Stupid men and bastards, always bite their masters
They will get you

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But options are closing down fast
More things are wrought by prayer
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