

Sean Lennon

"The World Was Made For Men"

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When the world gets dizzy, from spinning around,
Gravity gets tired of holding everything down.
When the foul prick of time's unraveling like twine,
When all roads lead to Rome and there're no words left
to rhyme,

We'll make caves from our bones and make shoes
from our skin,
And we'll try to pretend that this world was made for
men.

Every tree's pressed into money. Everything tastes the
same.
Everyone agrees and everything has a name.
Fish have turned to frogs. The ocean is our cloud.
I remember how you looked walking barefoot through
the crowd.

We'll make caves from our bones and make shoes
from our skin,
And we'll try to pretend that this world was made for
men.

Now nothing's left between us, besides blood and air,
and every last circle has been turned into a square.
There are no cigarettes in the pockets of your vest.
No more hellos or goodbyes, no more secrets to
confess.

We'll make caves from our bones and make shoes
from our skin
And we'll try to pretend that this world was made for
men

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