

Alannah Myles

"Our World Our Times"

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Little tramp comin' up the strip
With a hundred dollar smile
Sparks flyin' off her fingertips
Drive the young cop wild

Some nights are wound so tight
Like a storm about to break
Better stand in your doorway
When everything starts to shake

You get restless
Like a cat waking up at midnight
Hungry
Never quite satisfied

This is our world and these are our times
This is our world and these are our times

Little brother like a street god
With a drop dead attitude
Say he's looking like a shadow now
Runnin' low on green and food

Some lives are wound up tight
Like a wave about to crash
Hard times seem to multiply
While the joy runs out so fast

You get restless
Like a kid crawling out of a bad dream
Hungry
Never quite satisfied

This is our world and these are our times
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Make way for the son of a rebel
Wired to a bottle of flame
He's got two black eyes and a purple heart
And a bone hangin' on a chain

These times are like dynamite
A head-on with history
Some fool's bound to burn it all down
Don't care about you and me

He'll get desperate
Like a child in the eye of a nightmare
Hungry
Never quite satisfied

This is our world and these are our times
This is our world and these are our times
This is our world and these are our times
This is our world and these are our times

Our world
Our world, our times, our world our times
Our world, our times, our world our times
Our world, our times

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