## Oysterhead "Owner Of The World"

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He used to own the world He used to be the one Like a hundred hungry dogs in heat Or cinnabar and rum

Ground and sift and washed it Dried it in the sun But his heart just wouldn't buy it And his feet began to run

He used to be the owner of the world He used to be the owner of the world He used to be the owner of the world Now he's just another man Who used to be the owner of the world

Down an empty highway Past sycamores and oaks Then stopped for seven hours The things he made us do

The owner of the world Like always taking more Standing on the beach Or walking out the door

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