

## Roy Harper "Burn The World"

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I. Burn the World  
II. Change It  
III. The Last Laugh  
IV. My Home Is on the Water  
V. Live in Peace  
VI. Walkabout  
VII. Desert Island  
VIII. Burn the World (reprise)  
Billy's on the street  
Grabbing easy meat  
With furious claims  
Somebody's killed  
Anger's spilled  
Vengeance's flames  
Robert's on the beat  
Looking nice and neat  
For a one-sided fight  
In his uniform  
Looking to perform  
With a flashing blue light  
He doesn't care  
Anything's fair  
'Cos he's always right  
As the flames of night  
Burn equal right  
In the wind  
Whispering  
Why don't you  
Burn the world  
Sharon's in a state  
Coming home late  
She's got no escape  
From Billy's brute force  
To intercourse  
In a frenzy of rape  
Both defiled  
By the crowded wild  
As the time bomb of hate  
Modernises demise  
As Robert dies  
In the same hail of lise  
His masters devise

And pretend surprise  
As fiery cries  
Begin to rise  
Whispering  
Why don't you  
Burn the world  
Change it  
Rearrange it  
Derange it  
In the name of burning spirit  
The passenger on the planet  
The guinea pig chasing sunset  
To the last laugh he'll ever get  
Hahahahahahaha  
O no I don't believe it  
The passenger guiding sunset  
To the kill  
To the kill  
Fossilise it (my home)  
To a standstill  
Home is on the water  
The rainbow warrior runs  
Against the fashion passion(s)  
Philosophies of guns  
Where issues are invited  
To front up savage fun  
By the ignorant and spineless  
Out of touch with 'everyone'  
Home  
I wish I had an acre  
Instead of just a slot  
Somewhere that I could take her  
Where the world could mean a lot  
Instead of being cyphers  
In a brave new council block  
With endless empty neighbours  
And an ever bolted lock  
Home  
And soon I'll be taking my leave  
Forever  
Is it better to laugh than to grieve  
When it doesn't matter  
Whether I am evermore  
Or whether I am  
Anymore?  
Home  
Gonna paint my room like a desert island  
With yellow sand and blue lagoon  
Invite you all to come and live there  
One afternoon  
It'll be when no-one's looking

More likely that not  
We'll close the door and turn the sky up  
Find a good spot  
Air fire water earth you were paradise  
I'm sorry about me  
I was under the impression  
That you were free and easy  
Gonna paint my room like a desert island  
With clear skies and rising swell  
Leave the creeps on the jaded horizon  
In Wall Streets of Hell  
I must say goodbye to the blindfold  
And pursue the ideal  
The planet becoming the hostess  
Instead of the meal  
Air fire water earth you were paradise  
I'm sorry about me  
I was under the impression  
That you were free and easy  
To plunder  
Rubbish on the air  
Everywhere  
Blood pressure drives  
Forests fall  
At the beck and call  
Of the cat with nine lives  
The stratosphere  
Can disappear  
And have no effect  
On the red of mars  
Or the nearest stars  
Or anything else  
Except  
The poems in the wind  
Whispering  
Why burn the world?

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