

The Ghost of a Saber Tooth Tiger

"The World Was Made for Men"

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When the world gets dizzy
From spinning around
When gravity gets tired
Of holding everything down
When the fabric of time's
Unraveling like twine
When all roads lead to Rome
And they're no words left to rhyme

(Chorus:)

We'll make kites 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
And everything tastes the same
When everyone agrees
And everything has a name
When the fish have turned to frogs
And the ocean is all clouds
I'll remember how you looked
Walking barefoot through the crowd

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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