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Stranglers "Who Wants The World?"

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Came down on a Monday Somewhere in the Midlands Tasted man, tasted flea, Couldn't tell the difference

Asked around on Tuesday Got nothing from a tree The guide had said "What talks is red" That's all there is to see

Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
(Please allow me to re-arrange your face sometimes I'd really like to get to know you better)
Not me, not me, not me

Looked around on Wednesday Took in all the sights The Promised Land they'd left to man Been ruined overnight

Peering through the port-holes With teardrops in their eyes The ship they took for one last look At thursday's setting sun-rise

Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
Who wants the world?
(Please allow me to re-arrange your face sometimes I'd really like to get to know you better)
Not me, not me, not me, not me

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