

Men Without Hats, Intro/Walk On Water

here is the water
the one that rushes
from our hearts into the sea
endlessly hoping to be
here is the water
the one that rushes from our
minds into the street
endlessly hoping to meet

they said we could walk on water
they said we should knock on wood
we did none of these things and they said we could sing
so we sang about falling in love
they said that we were getting smarter
they said that we were something new
we were none of these things and they said we could sing
so we sang about twenty and two
we done all the wrong things
and all we done good

they said we were the new beginning
they said we were a brand new start
we were none of these thing and they said we could sing
so we sang about the state of the art
they said we were the second coming
they said we were a different breed
we were none of these things and they said we could sing
so we sang about the birds and the bees
bunch of do nothing that were down on your knees

can you walk on water
but can you walk on - W A T E R (oh no)
can you walk on - W A T E R
oh can you walk on water

they said we could walk on water
they said we should knock on wood
we did none of these things and they said we could sing
so we sang about falling in love
they say that we say we say something
they say that we say something new
we say some of these things and they say we can sing
so we sang about a hundred and two
but if nobody listens well nothing comes true
when you walk on water
when you walk on - W A T E R (oh no)
can you walk on - W A T E R
oh can you walk on water
can you walk on - W A T E R (oh no)
can you walk on - W A T E R
oh can you walk on water
we never walked on - W A T E R
so tell me something smarter W A T E R

matadors monkeys, a million balloons
as we walk through the sea to the sand
knowing full well that we're perfectly tuned
as we skip through our hearts hand in hand

well jenny the older
whose music we heard
will we all meet again at the end of the world

no sense in fooling

we're covered in dreams
having too much fun flying to land
floating waste high in tendrils of green
we're so small but we feel oh so grand

well jenny the older
whose music we heard
will we all meet again at the end of the world

end of the world

well jenny the older
whose music we heard
will we all meet again at the end of the world

the end of the world
on tuesday
the end of the world
pop goes the world
the end of the world
pop goes the world

on tuesday
the end of the world
the real world
pop goes the world
on tuesday