

Oysterhead, Owner Of The World

He use to own the world
He use to be the one
Like hundred hungry dogs in heat
On 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 use to be the Owner of the World
Now he's just another man
Who use to be the Owner of the World
Down an empty highway
Pass sycamores and oaks
Then stop for seven hours
The things he made us do
The owner of the world
Liked always taking more
Standing on the beach
Or walking out the door
He use to be the Owner of the World
Now he's just another man
Who use to be the Owner of the World