

Farmer Boys, For The World To Sing

For the world to sing
This is for the world to sing
So pleased to see you here
Come right inside
To this celebration of
The fact that we're alive
Not much that one can do
To right all the wrongs
All we can offer is
That humble song

Here come the winds of war
The sport of kings
There's nothing much at stake
Just everything
But when you break it down
It's all the same
One gets the Nobel Prize
The other one gets the blame

Can you feel the fall?
Can you feel at all?
This is the world to sing
It all falls down the end begins
Can you feel the fall?
Can you feel at all?
Now this is all and everything
There's nothing else that we can give
For the world to sing

This a dangerous place
Greedy as well
The world's got expensive taste
and it's hungry as Hell
It bites with razor blades
While it - eats you alive
It chews you up and spits you out
Right before your eyes

Can you feel the fall?
Can you feel at all?
This is the world to sing
It all falls down the end begins
Can you feel the fall?
Can you feel at all?
Now this is all and everything
There's nothing else that we can give
For the world to sing

For the world to sing
This is for the world to sing
So pleased to see you here
Come right inside
To this celebration of
The fact that we're alive
Not much that one can do
To right all the wrongs
All we can offer is
That humble song

For the world to sing
Yeah this is for the world to sing