

# John Mellencamp, This May Not Be The End Of The World

Please be quiet, everyone's asleep  
Stella's locked her door and she's requested some peace  
She teaches the English at the American school  
She teaches imaginary numbers and the golden rule  
She says it's hard to worry about the future  
When your past is knocking at your door  
Sweet mistakes and information  
Have been her lovers before

Hello, all you losers  
You've got nothing to fear  
This may not be the end of the world  
But you can see it from here

She runs the motors and the music  
On the carousel ride  
She catches the children on the horses  
As they fall through the rye  
It's hard to see the future  
When your back is bending over your shoes  
It's hard holding on to nothing  
When you've got nothing to lose

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I guess you heard about Ol' PeeWee  
We had to tear his playhouse down  
Then they put him in the electric chair  
We'll have some fun now

When you see her, give her some compliments on her looks  
She'll be wearing a Mardi Gras dress  
Coming after you with words and books  
We've given you the best seats in the house  
So don't be late  
St. Peter is at the door  
And he ain't no man to wait

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