

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, World Ain't Go

Turn your lights down low  
Take your skeletons out of the closet  
We can dance to Life with the Dead  
And answer every little voice in your head  
Let me give my heart away  
With a little bit of luck it'll break every day  
Share me your pains so I may relieve them  
Tell me your visions and I will believe them

I am a candle burning on the dark side of the moon  
I am an anvil borne aloft your helium balloon  
We're a crooked little bloom  
Full of moon perfume  
Ambrosia in a cup of clay  
The World ain't gone crazy baby  
It was born that way

She will offer no defense  
Her embrace is a casual indifference  
From a seed to a stem to a bloom  
We're a warm little light in a cold dark room  
Let me give my heart away  
With a little bit of luck it'll break every day  
Give me a smile, shed me a tear  
We have everything to lose and nothing to fear

Oh, yes!  
I guess it's true, I must confess  
That somewhere not so deep inside  
The gods and the devils run a roller coaster ride  
Where the wrongs and the rights and the darks and the lights  
All collide and coalesce  
I don't need an answer  
I don't care to guess