

Sita, The World Goes Round

Mrs. Johnson's in the kitchen
Cookin' up a TV dinner for the mister
And uptown there's a couple havin' sushi
Served up by their favorite waiter
While a homeless man with a handful of change
Drinks his dinner down on main
The world goes round spinning tot the beat
Of different drums and different dreams
The more we live the more we learn
And that's what makes the planet turn
Yeah, the world goes round
Harvey's at the night own doin' doubles
With a dancer they call sugar
While the Mrs. Sits and home and
Tries to tell herself
What she don't know won't hurt her
In a crowded chapel, miles away the rice is thrown
The vows are made
The world goes round spinning tot the beat
Of different drums and different dreams
The more we live the more we learn
And that's what makes the planet turn
Yeah, the world goes round
Life is a kaleidoscope that changes everyday
Givin' us the colors for the pictures that we paint
We take our chances, make our choices
Shake the hand of fate and then we live it out
The world goes round spinning tot the beat
Of different drums and different dreams
The more we live the more we learn
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