

Spin Doctors, If Wishes Were Horses

The streets are lined with gold
The cheese is full of mold
Oh, come into the fold with me
Global domination
While it sparks my imagination
It kills the vegetation
Ant it's not my cup of tea
The stairs are high and winding
My brother is divining
The empire is declining
But the wine is old
It's never sweet enough
And a little too tough
And they play a bit too rough
And they talk a little bit too cold
Say there's another color
Just say it on a bet
You know it's true
Though you haven't heard it yet
They're playing it for keeps
Like pieces on a board
You know it's true
Though you haven't heard before
Welcome to the decline
It's going just fine
It's good for the wine
And it's good for the forces
You can run but you can't hide
And beggars would ride
If they had the horses
If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride
If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride
If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride
If wishes were horses
Oh, beggars would ride
Beggars would ride
The carousel is burning
The model's eyes are yearning
The tables aren't turning
But the lunch is free
And it's never cheap enough
And it's always the same stuff
And they forever call your bluff
And forever get their fee
Say there's another color.....
There is no limitation
Set upon this nation
What is our station
And relationship?
What about the pollution
And the constitution?
What is the purpose
Of this burning branch I grip?
If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride.....