

Wildhearts, News Of The World

here's the eighth of the seven wonders, here's the (pay back) without a crime
here's to all the baby-shit so major at the time
from the last of the great pretenders to the new television age
and the few who still remember passion over rage
we changed, we didn't even try
we opened up our mouths (for) telling all those lies to ourselves
and everybody helps

CHORUS:

'cos we're just wanters not needers, hypocrites and cheaters, this is the news of the world
pseudo-heroes masturbating our egos, this is the news of the world
the news of the world...

I could hide in the foreign legion, I could live in the south of France
I could pick a thousand reasons, given half the chance
but the pricks are the whole world over, every sex, every colour of skin
maybe we're just too far gone to shake the mess we're in

we changed, we didn't even try
we opened up our mouths for telling all those lies to ourselves
and everybody helps

CHORUS

take me far away from it all, the news of the world

(what's next?) I got my bills to pay
(what's next?) I need a holiday
(what's next?) I got police upon my back
(what's next?) internal politics
(what's next?) some humans make me sick
the fakes the judges liars greed
the laws that judge the life I lead, the f**ked up shit that I don't need

wanters(x4)

CHORUS

the news of the world(x4)

{plus odd stuff and various laughter}