

# This World Dreams Of

Cowboy Junkies

Try to find the reference  
It makes no difference to me.  
Draw your own conclusions,  
Add to my confusion if you please.  
The time for concessions  
And midnight confessions is long gone.  
I'll sit here in the silence  
And wait for all the violence to engulf me.

I hate to take the easy way out, now people,  
But options are closing down fast.  
More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

Vengeance has been tasted,  
Hatred cultivated,  
Its an old game.  
Everyone gets fatter,  
People choose what matters,  
There's no shame.

I hate to take the easy way out, now people,  
But options are closing down fast.  
More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

Simple as a folk tale,  
Deadly as a stairwell,  
It surrounds you.  
Stupid men and bastards  
Always bite their masters.  
They will get you.

I hate to take the easy way out, now people,  
But options are closing down fast.  
More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

This world dreams of