

To Hell With The World

David Ford

Tight faces scream from their bright magazines
With their fingernails clamped to the page
With a look of the born to be painfully ordinary gods
of a desperate age

There's no story to tell, but there's a spokesperson
yelling
At a volume to drown out your voice
Saying "justice be done, there's a change gonna come,
But in secret and you won't get a choice."

So to hell with the world, I still love you my girl,
You've been crazy to stay by my side
So let's stand and let's sing, 'cause there are
beautiful things
If you know the places they hide

And the band's playing tunes that mean nothing to you,
But you can dance better with the devil you know.
All along I was taught to keep my head above the water,
But I might just prefer it below
Yeah, and maybe the greatest of heroes
They inhabit the stories that nobody hears,
And maybe the songs that could've brought you to life
Were not allowed to get close to your ears.

So to hell with the world, I still love you my girl,
You've been crazy to stay by my side,
So we'll stand and we'll sing, 'cause there are
beautiful things
If you know the places they hide

And they'll hide from you darling, they will
Far away from the changing regimes,
There's a light, there's a right, tonight isn't as dark
as it seems
So when victory comes at too heavy a price,
Well there's honour in choosing defeat
Like the boy who was given the keys to the world
And decided to sleep on the street

So to hell with the world, oh, I still love you my
girl,
You've been crazy to stay by my side,
So let's stand and let's sing, for there are beautiful
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If you know the places they hide...