(He's Got The) Whole World (In His Hands)

Mike Doughty

Yes I Wondered who the fuck you were Fat clown in an evening gown Show up late And burn the bank down Jump up like harem scarem Don't like the shoes, but I'll wear 'em Yes I Spoofed a spoof Sensitive, yet bulletproof Say yes to the grand champine Pay the rent, keep the dishes clean I got stuck in black tar Going to Vienna, just around the streetcar Mr. Miscellaneous I trust you will combust Goth girls holler in the bright cafes I call it corn, you call it maize Sleeping in the back of a car My guitars, très bizarre Properties en masse Messing with the monkeys behind the glass He's got the whole world In his hands The tribulations and the Whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands Throw out The data that you advocated Rebuke the school that you graduated Enthralling, whole calling She's the best and you're appalling Not sly, you're blatant You're so late Not late, you're latent The proof is on the audio tape Caught your friend running down the fire escape I go Bangkok to Antioch Elevator music like jazz or jazz-rock Not wallow, dip like a swallow Scary chariot like Apollo No fence, no filter Blow off the broad, yet jump just jilt her Not plump, she's plumpish

Frumpish, bumpish, lumpish, jumpish Space filler, shirt shiller Bomb the seas and the whole flotilla He's got the whole world In his hands The tribulations and the Whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands You know he did it with the whole whole World world in his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole whole World world in his hands He got the whole world In his hands You know he does He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world In his hands He's got the whole world

In his hands