

World Of Strange Design

Rosanne Cash

Well you're not from around here
You're probably not our kind
It's hot from March to Christmas
And other things you'll find
Won't fit your old ideas
They're a line in shifting sands
You'll walk across a ghostly bridge
To a crumbling promised land

If Jesus came from Mississippi
If tears began to rhyme
I guess I'll start at the beginning
It's a world of strange design

Well I'd like to have the ocean
But I settled for the rain
I humbly asked for true love
There was such a price to pay
This room was filled with trouble
And sacraments deceived
Now I'm a jewel in the shade
Of his weeping willow tree

If Jesus came from Mississippi
If tears began to rhyme
I'll have to go back to the beginning
In this world of strange design

We talk about your drinking
But not about your thirst
You set off through the minefield
Like you were rounding first
So open up a window
And hand the baby through
Point her towards the ghostly bridge
And she'll know what to do

If Jesus came from Mississippi
And if tears began to rhyme
We'll have to start at the beginning
In this world of strange design