

My Little World

Harry Connick, Jr.

People work their lives
Only to retire
Husbands and wives
Have nothing to aspire to
When they grow old
Nines and fives
Bonds and stocks
No one thrives
On punching clocks
And so it's told
I've panned my gold

My little world is much to me
The flirts, the foreplay
The flaunts
You couldn't give away for free
A world nobody wants
Nothing amazing, new or proud

The life I've chosen to lead
No trace of silver on my cloud
No pedigree, no breed
And even though it's sad
Even though it's beautiful
It can only be mine
It can only be mine

My little world is commonplace
Important people would say
But all the lines upon my face
Are quite a price to pay
For a little world that could only be
A world that belongs to only me
Take it fellas!

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