

Here come the cavalry  
They rode a million miles to make a man of me  
They'll figure out if I am God or chemistry  
Which will it be, love?

Then in walks the matriarch  
That cigarette is sexy in the dark  
The demon dogs around her howl and bark  
And then she turns and says to me

Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, it's a big bad world  
So you better find something to believe in, whoa, oh  
People gonna love, people gonna lie  
People gonna leave ya, whoa, oh

Enter the concubine  
She's got a dozen dirty ways to be divine  
She make the mischief and the molecules align  
Static and wine, love

Then in walks the diplomat  
He's got a belly full of grease and gristle fat  
A wicked rabbit underneath his hat  
And then he turns and says to me

Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, it's a big bad world  
So you better find something to believe in, whoa, oh  
People gonna love, people gonna lie  
People gonna leave ya, whoa, oh

It's a big bad world  
So you better find something to believe in, whoa, oh  
People gonna run, people gonna hide  
People gonna need ya, whoa, oh

So draw and quarter me, I think I'd rather be  
That kind of martyr than barter a better part of me  
'Cause I'm quick with the wit and, and I shoot from the hip  
Keep them entertained, ready, fire, aim, listen it's a

Big bad world  
So you better find something to believe in, whoa, oh  
People gonna love, people gonna lie  
People gonna leave ya, whoa, oh

It's a big bad world  
So you better find something to believe in, whoa, oh, yeah  
People gonna run, people gonna hide  
People gonna need ya, whoa, oh

Here come the cavalry  
They rode a million miles to make a man of me