

# Duran Duran, God

God created the world,  
Then created the devil to blame for his mistakes

I closed the door of my hotel room behind me,  
It was like closing a chapter in the book of life.  
Outside thirty floors below I could hear the police  
Using their sirens like wolf whistles to pick up young girls.

On tv oliver north (his fifteen minutes of fame ticking steadily away)  
Was being fuzzy about crucial events which had happened a year earlier  
What a flake...but then who isn't?  
That was regan's defence at least.

The worst thing is how politics begin to lead into your life.  
Back in our innocence we used to simply stick two fingers up to

Politics,  
Say &quot;f\*\*k the queen&quot;, that was about all you had to say anyway,  
And go back to the more important business of making music.

So why was I sitting there feeling angry about -  
Covert operations and illegal aid to the contras?  
I mean I'm not even american (may be we all are a little bit).  
Then I realised it was just the idea that in this particular democracy  
And probably every other one in the world, there is somebody in power  
Who thinks he is more right than all the people who put him there,  
All the people who for once in their lives took an interest.

Outside the wind was howling the &quot;who who's&quot; from sympathy for the  
Round and round the concrete hotel walls and corners.  
That was then, this is...!