

# The Facts Of Life

## Black Box Recorder

Do do do, do do do  
Do do do, do do do

When boys are just eleven  
They begin to grow in height at a fast rate than they have done before  
They develop curiosity and start to fantasize  
About the things they have never thought of doing before  
These dreams are no more harmful than  
The usual thoughts that boys have of becoming football stars or millionaires  
As long as the distinction between fantasy and fiction remains  
It's just a nature walk

It's just the facts of life  
There's no master plan  
Walk me home from school  
I'll let you hold my hand  
You're getting ideas  
And when you sleep at night  
They develop into sweet dreams  
It's just the facts of life

A boy sits by the telephone, wanting to call a girl  
But not daring to because she might say no  
At last he summons up the courage phones  
And discovers someone else has asked her first and she's said yes  
Now's time to deal with the fear of being rejected  
No-one gets through life without being hurt  
At this point the boy who's listening to this song  
Is probably saying it's easier said than done and it's true

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Small-town dating differs from more urban situations  
In particular if there's few places to go  
Adolescents normally gather in a cafe or an arcade  
If they have to almost anywhere will do  
A family car, a disused coalmine  
A rowing boat or a shed  
Experimentation, familiarization  
It's all a nature walk

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And when you sleep at night

They develop into sweet dreams  
It's just the facts of life

It's just the facts of life (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
There's no master plan (Ideas develop into sweet dreams)  
Walk me home from school (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
I'll let you hold my hand (Let you hold my hand)  
You're getting ideas (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
And when you sleep at night (Ideas develop into sweet dreams)  
They develop into sweet dreams (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
It's just the facts of life

It's just the facts of life (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
There's no master plan (Ideas develop into sweet dreams)  
Walk me home from school (Sweet dreams develop into ideas)  
I'll let you hold my hand (Let you hold my hand)