

You Don't Exist

Chumbawamba

Take a seat, have a cigarette
We're here to help you to forget
To snap you shut like a castanet

Tell me where it all went wrong
Why don't you write the kind of songs
For people to sing along?

I used to play
The violin
Now I spend my days just
Listening in

You have no friends
You won't be missed
I'm here to tell you that you don't exist
You have no friends
You won't be missed
I'm here to tell you that you don't exist

There's just one door out of here
You can save your career
Or you can
'Disappear'

Our Glorious Leader would advise
Some kind of compromise
Anything else would be unwise

I used to play
The tambourine
Now I spend my days just
Listening in

You have no friends
You won't be missed
I'm here to tell you that you don't exist
You have no friends
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I'm here to tell you that you don't exist