

Living on the Streets

Fun Lovin' Criminals

The summer is hot, but the nights are cool.
The bipolar slugger is comin' out in you.
You're belly is tight, from not enough love.
And you're having serious doubts about the
man above.

Well I'm not beggin', sure not pretendin',
I'm makin' moves that you don't even know
about. Be condescendin', no happy endin',
its mind bendin' that you don't even know about...

Livin' on the streets, sayin' I'll live large
tomorrow. Its just a life you can't believe,
its just a life you cannot borrow.

Four and a half years an a gallon of scum,
how many times you dream that you were
the one now you're sittin' on the curb,
starin' dead in the lights, it's hard to
struggle when there's nothin' to fight

Well, I'm not beggin', sure not pretendin',
I'm makin' moves, money, you don't even
know about. Be condescendin', no happy
endin', its mind bendin' that you don't even
know about.

Livin' on the streets, sayin' I'll live large
tomorrow. Its just a life you can't believe,
its just a life you cannot borrow.