

There was a crack in your smile the day you were born
You're out on the pull and it's making you yawn
Good Samaritans never play their part
Come round, let me put my hands around your heart

Livewire, your life is in the fire
You got everything to play for
1-1, half time
Livewire, the world is yours to hire
We got everything to live for
Don't kick it all the time

Standing in the borough markets selling straws
People just stare at you and gawp
You'd like to say you're wasted,
but it's not the alcohol that's making you feel like a flat spare wheel

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Helicopters hover over the street
There's always somebody else you're dying to meet
And you're always getting older
That's the deepest thought you can commit to paper
As the nights get later

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