

## Life Stories

Just Jack

This is for every life story  
Every detail  
Ex-dot com millionaires  
With shitty jobs in retail  
Every ingrown toenail  
Pile of junk mail  
Driving test drive fail  
Vain search for the Holy Grail  
Every move you make  
Every breath you take  
Every 12in record your dumped girlfriend decided to break  
And all the underachieving geezers getting more lean and peezer on melon Bacardi Breezers and skinny plastic cached reefers  
And every impotent porn star  
And the girls with the red lights doing tricks for Mars bars  
And all the ravers that wish they were back in '89

Because everything was so much better the first time  
Jack jack jack jack your body  
And all the bastards looking for change in the station  
Every money grabbing musical collaboration  
And every last member of the X generation  
Addicted to the Internet drugs and masturbation

Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We are just the siphon the sounds come through  
Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We are just the siphon the sounds come through

This is for every life story  
Every chapter  
Every memory stored  
And photograph captured  
Cause even the most mundane things can shine forth like a beacon  
Make your palms sweaty and knees' weaken  
Well there is an awful lot of false gods speaking  
We're scratching in the dark for something true to believe in  
Just keep breathing  
And hope that in the long run  
That's a real hand you're tightly squeezing  
This is for everybod' who got cussed down in the playground  
And every bad boy who shitted when his mates weren't around  
And all the bedroom DJ's perfecting their skills  
And every girl with a complex and a handful of slimming pills

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This is for every life story  
Every intertwined tale of guts and glory  
' Course some of them are nice and bright and corny  
And some of them will shake your hand less warmly  
Outlook still stormy  
Every sweeping saga from the here now to the here after  
Tall tales around the campfire  
Tragedies of fallen empires  
And everything that will and won't transpire  
Sometimes it's just too dire  
Bollackal  
Carrying our stories like DNA in hair follicles  
Lugging chronicles like baggage handlers  
I'm not sticking around  
I'm shipping out with the ramblers  
Collecting chapters of fractures and raptures  
High on a cactus with a bunch of backpackers  
Toasting backwards? with a shot of Cacha'a?  
But that's another story  
And I'll tell it if you let me  
But in the meantime just remember to forget me

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