

Low Life

Roland Orzabal

Low life, it's real
It's Friday night and you've got no steel
You can cry all you like
But the truth still hurts and the hurt still bites
And it all comes down to a very low high

No give, no take
You can't rely on a state of grace
You can cry all you like
But the pressure's on when the vein gets tight
And it's all because of the cynical times

Low life, low life

No aim, no goal
No guiding light that can take control
You can cry all you like
But you still don't speak to a world outside
And it's all because of the sun in your eyes

Low life, low life

You can have it all but not at all fill that hole
You can make this deal go underground
All the saints are praying hard for your soul
You can buy some wheels and run them down

No aim, no goal
No guiding light that can take control
And it all comes down to a very low life

Low life, low life