

Low Life

Sting

Fatal fascination for the seedy part of town
Walk down the street and your head spins round
Don't be seen alone without your friends at night
Take a gun or a knife to the low life

Don't have to be born into this society
Pay for love but the hate comes free
Bring enough money for the rest of your life
Don't bring your wife to the low life

Bringing us there to the degradation
Always keep your back to the wall
No rewards for your infatuation
Low life
No life at all

Yeah, low life, low life

In here too long to be afraid anymore
You can't reach the bed so you sleep on the floor
You get so stoned you think you could fly
But you won't get high on the low life

Low life, low life
Low life, low life
Low life, low life
Low life, low life