

Waste of Breath

Subhumans

You paint your leather jacket but it comes off in the rain
And the more you cut your hair the more it grows again
The badges you pin on yourself fall off or start to rust
And the more they take the piss the less people you can trust

It's the story of your life
And the end of it's your death
And every word that's in between
Is just a waste of breath

You don't know who you might have been or who you now should be
Or what you ought to write on walls or why you wanna be free
And then you start to panic cos the inspiration's there
But your not sure how to use it anyway and no one seems to care

You're the classic all-round failure who never seems to win
You'd like to write a book but you're not sure how to begin
It's the story of your life
And the end of it's your death
And every word that's in between is just a waste of breath