

## Live at the Marquee

The Vapors

Same thing happens every day  
Can't explain it any way  
Sun comes up day goes by  
Sun goes down and that's when I  
Come alive to the fact  
That I've really got no control  
I'm a live twenty fine  
But I've still got no control  
Of me of you  
Control of the hole  
That the post comes through  
One stop here two stops there  
One big scream and I'm back in my chair  
I'm alive to the fact that  
I've really got no control  
I'm a live twenty five  
But I've still got no control;  
And we talk too much  
And we won't let go  
We relax too much  
In the after glow  
But we're alive at the marquee  
Live at the Marquee  
And it's just another country  
But they change there times and sides  
Like the farcical feet of a marching band  
So we're all getting cynical  
Their smiles may fade  
But we don't care anymore  
Were a boys brigade  
So we all die of cancer  
For a few flowers outside  
Or a day in the life of a fruit machine  
And we're all playing asteroids  
There's a score on the screen  
Not a soul in the worlds gonna beat  
But it wont stop me