

# Social Life

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1 2 3 4

Nervous you need a drink  
Tired you need a lift  
You feel on the brink  
Maybe you need new tits  
Vulnerable as a ship  
But you're not on the sea  
Can you talk to anyone here?  
No, not really  
And the crowd stays on your back  
And the girls are all so stacked  
And the stress it lines your face  
And you really need a place  
It's just that social life  
It's got you on the run  
That goddamn social life  
It's torture dressed as fun  
It's just that social life  
They got you seein' things  
That goddamn social life  
And now you're chasin' strings  
That goddamn social life  
God-awful art and clothes  
Plenty of money, though  
You guess it must be worth somethin'  
What that would be you don't know  
In your imagination  
There's a face of love  
Someone who'll come along  
Instead of comin' on  
And the forces ebb and flow  
And the money goes and goes  
And something makes you want to throw  
A brick through the window  
It's just that social life  
It's got you on the run  
That goddamn social life  
It's torture dressed as fun  
It's just that social life

They got you chasin' strings  
That goddamn social life  
And now you are seeing things  
That goddamn social life

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