Room To Live

The Fall

Some people want stars in eyes
Some people want eyes in stars
They've been like that for years
They've been like that for years
I suspect they're just if if if
I just want room to live

There's a new club in town
Plenty of space to posy around
It's a copy of the Peppermint Lounge
(I'll stick around the center always
Even if it is run down.)
Some people wanna be joining the club
Thinks to be on the clientele is big.*
I just want room to live

Foreigners and Experts go in
And through my place
Turn my home into a museum
Like the murder squad
They scan the room
For the well of inspiration
They don't tolerate ordinary folk
and folk look at me strange
But I'll give them this at least:
They pay for what they eat
Visitors and peripherers never give
I just want room to live

Some people think happy is way to live
Some men want to cram up to women
I've been down that street before
It just makes meat out of the soul
There's a D.H.S.S. Volvo estate
Right outside my door
With a Moody Blues cassette on the dashboard
There's no hate to the point I give
I just want room to live

Violence is just waiting for its due

Some people want money around
You can tell, they're the ones that never buy a round
And some men want reporters with no wig
And some people cannot hold their drink
They've got to tell you what they think
And some men want reporters with no wig
I just want room to live

Lyrics submitted by ty wilson.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/