

# Chance for Living

G.B.H.

All the girls wanna' look so pretty,  
all the boys wanna' be so cute.  
With the holes in their jeans,  
say they wanna' learn to shoot. You don't need no judge and jury,  
just vibrate to the sound of fury.  
You only get only get one chance for living,  
you get too many times to die.  
Choose your medicine wisely now,  
once you get up, just stay high. All the haves ignore the have-nots,  
those with can't see without.  
Where reality is King, and you know the fault,  
it can house a volcano of doubt. Everyone's always talking,  
and no-one seems to be giving.  
Well the sowing of the seed, should compensate,  
for suffering the pain of living.

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