This Is the Life

Mudhoney

I built forty million miles of strip-malls
And I painted the sky with aerosol
Plugged the hole in your pockets with credit cards
And clouded your eyes with sitcomsI put the "con" in "convenience," and I string you along
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrongOwwwwwI make tiny, starving fingers sew your comfy running shoes
And I make more money than any man could ever use
Been called a cool mother fucker, but I'm not that mean
You see I'd gladly leave the dregs of the earth to the meekDon't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrongOwwwwww
WhooThis is the life
This is the life
This is the life
This is the lifeThis is the life
This is the life
This is the life
For me
For me
For me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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