

# Life Thru A Lens

Robbie Williams

Wake up on Sunday morning  
And everything feels so boring  
Is that where it ends  
With your life thru a lens  
Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black  
She shouldn't wear this, he shouldn't wear that  
Pleasure at leisure, make mine a double measure with friends  
Fashion tardis down at Que Vadis  
Who laughs the longest, who drives the hardest  
Pleasure at leisure, make mine a double measure with friends  
Just because I ain't double barrelled  
Don't mean I haven't traveled well  
Can't you tell, oh, now it's quite appealing  
Your conversation is boring as hell, oh well  
Wake up on Sunday morning  
And everything feels so boring  
Is that where it ends  
With your life thru a lens  
And now you're boyfriend's suspicious  
So go home and wash the dishes  
And wash them well so he can't tell  
She's looking real drab just out of rehab  
I'm talking football she's talking ab fab  
Your clothes are very kitch just because your daddy is rich  
You sound so funny with your voice all plummy  
Now your cheque's just bounced, better run to your mummy  
And you know it's a class act, she'll never ask for it back  
Just because I ain't double bared  
Don't mean I haven't traveled well  
Can't you tell  
Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley  
I'll take the bends with our life thru a lens  
You're scared of the poor and needy  
Is that why you're all inbreedy?  
They're just like you, they need love too  
Wake up on Sunday morning  
And everything feels so boring  
Is that where it ends  
With your life thru a lens  
And now you're boyfriend's suspicious  
So go home and wash the dishes  
And wash them well so he can't tell

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