

Life Thru a Lens

Robbie Williams

Wake up on Sunday morning
Everything feels so boring
Is that where it ends
Live your life through a lens
Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black
She shouldn't wear this, he shouldn't wear that
Pleasure and leisure, make mine a double measure with friends
Fashion tardis down at Quo Vadis
Who laughs the longest who drives the hardest
Pleasure and leisure, make mine a double measure with friends
Just because I ain't double barreled
Don't mean I haven't traveled well
Can't you tell!
Oh no it's quite appalling
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 through a lens
And now your 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 check'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 barreled
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 through 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 through a lens
And now your boyfriend's suspicious
So go home and wash the dishes
And wash them well so he can't tell

Songwriters

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