

# C'est La Vie

[Axxis](#)

An old man sat in the dark alley  
Holding out his trembling hand  
His dark eyes looked through a blanket  
Wrapped in junk - out in the cold  
Late at night we passed that alley  
On our way down to the zoo  
Life goes on without pity  
On the streets of New York city  
Is there a healing for a world almost dead?  
Is there a healing for a world ravin' mad?  
C'est la vie  
Someone knocked somebody out  
Drew a gun to take a life  
In that game - a vicious circle  
Losers die - winners survive  
C'est la vie  
Is there a healing for a world almost dead?  
Is there a healing for a world ravin' mad?  
C'est la vie  
C'est la vie

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