

S.O.S.

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Lights out, put yourself to sleep
Flip on the tube and have a drink
Pay no attention to the ending of the world
Because it's cold nights that cut you like a knife
Fuck up your car and kill your wife
You know it's never getting better
So you might as well just fade to black and drown your sorrow
Feed like there's no tomorrow
Too late to change the channel

Now it's not the same old
It's not the same old
It's just the same old thing

Look now it seems you've lost control
You've gone to sleep and sold your soul
And now they're creeping in your window
Unafraid of what you'll do
You believe just what you're told
Is your attention growing cold
You're out of sight
You're out of mind
So what's the difference if you fade black and drown your sorrows
Feed like there's no tomorrow
Too late to change the channel

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It's just the same old thing

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Feed like there's no tomorrow
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It's not the same
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It's not the same
It's not the same
So much to do, so much to say
So much to lose, but it's the price you pay
So much for love, so much for life
Under the knife is where we find ourselves
I don't know
Why do we creep, why do we sleep
Why do we never make a peep
They drop the bomb
We pay the rent
We are the souls of malcontent until we're gone

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