Living For The Depression

Flipper

We're living for life to be the way we feel
Not living for life, but the death appeal
Who wants a cancerous boring end
When you can die from misery and following the trend?
I say "who cares anyway? who listens to what I say? "
This song rhymes and we play it in timeAnd if you wanna live in super market isles
And take your vacation by flying for miles
Take a day off and live in the lies
While others work and capitalize
I say "who cares anyway? who listens to what I say? "
This song rhymes and we play it in timeWe're living like cockroaches in this place
Sprayed with insecticide that leaves no trace
And if we could crawl on you at night
You could be sure we'd love to bite
I say "who cares anyway? who listens to what I say? "
This song rhymes and we play it in timeI'm not living life to be
A really cheap fucker like you
Copout

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