

London Halflife

Metric

Middle-aged, do the low rise on the waist

London half-life

Middle-aged, you're the low riser

Getting over myself today

And if you're compromised, Drive your car through the rain

And if you've been beaten, Drive your car through the rain

Until you wash off the buzz

Don't pull over 'till you're sure one that wanted the floor

One that won't know the street, one that wanted to land

On the heart with his feet up

Oh watch out, you're only better off with half your life

Otherwise wasted

House of cards, you fall hard

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