

# C'est La vie

## Quietdrive

Stepped off a chair so he could learn to let loose  
Learn to let loose before the pendulum wore off  
In his final sound a gurgle and a cough  
In his final words the pendulum wore off  
Stepped off a building to find some concrete evidence  
Concrete evidence that he'd ever make an impact  
Fiction splattered into  
Fiction splattered into fact, fact  
And his fiction splattered into  
Another sidewalk painting on display  
Stepped off a bridge so he could make a splash  
To make a splash he had to flounder like a fish out of water  
Another lamb that chose the slaughter  
Stepped off a chair so he could learn to let loose  
Learn to let loose before the pendulum wore off  
And his final sound  
Stepped off the platform and he briefly made  
Yeah, he briefly made the news  
It made the news and he made  
The trains run fifteen minutes late, oh  
Oh, what a price to pay  
The trains were fifteen minutes late  
Oh, what a price to pay  
To be the author of your fate  
The trains were fifteen minutes late  
To be the author of your fate  
The trains were fifteen minutes late  
To be the author of your fate  
C'est la vie  
A drooling old bitch and a house full of lies  
C'est la vie  
The little things that kill you, make you glad to be alive  
C'est la vie  
Disease in your genes and ocean levels on the rise  
C'est la vie  
Sing a song of living, before everybody dies

Lyrics provided by

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