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

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