

# 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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