

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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