

# The Cost of Living Is Killing Me

## The Skints

In this free country,  
Where nothing is free,  
The cost of living is-a killing me  
(Murder murder murder)First thing everybody working and serves in the dirt  
and the worst thing's we're tightening our purse strings,  
All smiles on the surface we're tired and they've cursed us,  
Wild like a lion but confined to the circus  
Sisters and my brothers,  
those who stand above us plan to ruckus,  
50 million sufferers in 33 boroughs,  
taxing us for labour and then claiming that they love us,  
Rage I feel the pain of minimum wage is snakes and ladders,  
But the aim of the game is to  
stay sane (stay sane),  
get paid (get paid),  
and again (and again)  
and again smuggle all my hopes and dreams in the drain  
and my name aint bill murray but I feel I'm living in a groundhog day,  
money money money makes the world okay  
but it's funny because I don't know if I feel that way.  
[chorus]  
[chorus]  
- one fan's better?  
- though i don't want to set up?  
- lieing in a jungle?  
- a pirahna getting wetter?  
struggling to keep from slipping down down down  
and all around they whisper and they sound sound sound  
i'm hit  
i hear you feel me but i know your daily struggle  
cos i watch it from my window and regret  
as i hear the cries of murder murder murder  
lions on a murder murder murder  
[chorus]  
killing me  
killing me  
The cost of living is-a killing me  
(murder murder murder)  
All i really need

is enough to get by  
i never had the want for anything more  
you can call me a fool  
but your way is too cruel  
and i wont be falling in line  
ooo  
smiles on the surface  
we're tired and they've cursed us  
wild like a lion but confined to the circus  
[chorus]

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