

This Is the Life

Amy Macdonald

Oh, the wind whistles down the cold dark street tonight
And the people they were dancing to the music vibe
And the boys chase the girls with the curls in their hair
While the shy tormented youth sit way over there
And the songs they get louder each one better than before
And you're singing the songs thinking this is the life
And you wake up in the morning and your head feels twice the size
Where you gonna go? Where you gonna go?
Where you gonna sleep tonight? And you're singing the songs thinking this is the life
And you wake up in the morning and your head feels twice the size
Where you gonna go? Where you gonna go?
Where you gonna sleep tonight? Where you gonna sleep tonight? So you're heading down the road in your taxi
for four
And you're waiting outside Jimmy's front door
But nobody's in and nobody's home 'til four
So you're sitting there with nothing to do
Talking about Robert Riger and his motley crew
And where you're gonna go?
And where you're gonna sleep tonight? And you're singing the songs thinking this is the life
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