# Low Life

## The Police

Fatal fascination for the seedy part of town
Walk down the street and your head spins round
Don't be seen alone without your friends at night
Take a gun or a knife to the low life
Don't have to be born into this society
Pay for love but the hate comes free
Bring enough money for the rest of your life
Don't bring your wife to the low life
Bringing us there to their vocation [? should be: the degredation]
Always keep your back to the wall
No rewards for your infatuation
Low life
No life at all
Yeah, low life, low life
In here to long to be afraid anymore
You can't reach the bed so you sleep on the floor
You get so stoned you think you could fly
But you won't get high on the low life
Low life....

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