

Art Brut, I Will Survive

I can get by without electricity
So you don't need to lend me money
I'm out most of the day
And it's not long until I get paid

And you're cold, hungry, put on a coat
My bread is stale you can tell it's not toast
You're always welcome to crash on my floor
There's no key or lock on the door

I know what it looks like
I can tell you're not impressed
I don't know what I'm doing
But it's feeling like success

A pile of clothes just been laundered
Drying damp in a bag in the corner
I'd love some tea but you won't find a cup
I've been using this saucepan to avoid washing up

And you're cold, hungry, put on a coat
My bread is stale you can tell it's not toast
You're always welcome to crash on my floor
There's no key or lock on the door

I don't know what I'm doing
But it's feeling like success
Life is what you make it
And I've made mine a mess

Sunlight comes in a few hours a day
But only I see it cause no one's awake
On the floor strangers starting to surface
Ashtrays and coffee cups sharing a purpose

I'm young and nothing can harm me
I sold all my records to pay for a party
I'm still drunk but that's alright
I've been staying out every night

You're always welcome to crash on my floor
There's no key or lock on the door
I've been avoiding my grown-up problems
As I have no idea how to solve them!

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