

# Babybird, The Life

I got this no good, dead wood, motherfucking itch and i am going to hell  
They got this small pen, fat pig, 2 foot by one and it's beginning to smell  
I got this low-brow, white trash smoking my tongue and i'm being kissed  
Like a kid  
They got this hi-fi, big sound bleeding my ears and i can't get rid

I got the life  
I never thought  
That i'd be born with  
But now i'm itching  
For you to scratch me  
Like all the records that your needle has worn

I got a six-pack, big ship no deck kid who couldn't write when he sung  
He took a mic in his hand like a prick on a rope and waited there to be swung  
They got this big light, white wash spot on his tan and watched it burning  
His skin  
And then the hi-fi, white trash smoking my ear  
Got his face kicked in

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I never thought  
That i'd be born with  
But now i'm itching  
For you to scratch me  
Like all the records that your needle has worn

With the screen round my face, covered in light  
I will never go blind  
I got this cable satellite nibbling my eyes  
But i can't switch off my mind  
I got this low-brow, white trash licking my skull  
And it feels so good  
It's got this big pull, half-full little buzz  
That i've misunderstood

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That i'd be born with  
But now i'm itching  
For you to scratch me  
Like all the records that your needle has worn