

Grinspoon, Black Friday (Live)

Nothing breeds more contempt for this world than the memories now formed
Every moment a new seed is grown to no reason the trouble unfolds
For the trials of today, I'm no jury
Really don't care how you feel
The pleasant notion of miraculous change drifts into multiple jeers
Jeers
You want the good life
You break your back
You Snap Your Fingers, You Snap Your Neck
Seconds drip through my hands, washed of moments unborn
All the spaces between bleed, a tribute to a sacrament never exposed
A message to the forces I've no pity, don't know how thankful to feel
Expectations of our daily bread gives me the hunger to steal
You want the good life
You break your back
You Snap Your Fingers, You Snap Your Neck
Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck