

Michael Monroe, Life Gets You Dirty

All things happen to me
Half of them I don't even tell you
Cause you'd probably fall asleep
Before I'm even half way through

Wrestled in mud up to my balls
I have overfilled my quota
Been stranded, frozen
Wounded in some Winter Wonderland

How do we fix this mess?
Maybe you couldn't care less

*) LIFE KICKS YOU DOWN
LIFE PICKS YOU UP
LIFE GETS YOU DIRTY

Clean cut clothing
Arrow straight and stayin' sober
You can get to where you're going
If you know just where you've been

How do we fix this mess?
How come I don't feel blessed?

*) Repeat