

Olivia Newton-John, Sordid Lives

Now who's to judge who's a saint and who's a sinner
Lord, it's tough enough to trudge from brunch to dinner
We seek the light of truth between our white lies
We sleep away our youth under tattletale skies

Now who's to say who's a sinner and who's a saint
Who's to say who you can love and who you can't
Now it's easy for the pot to call the kettle black
They're just jealous of the hot and lusty sordid lives they led

Ain't it a bitch sortin' out our sordid lives
It's a bitch when you come to realize
got yourself a box of Cracker Jacks
then you get a really shitty prize
It's a bitch sortin' out our sordid lives

Now we struggled comin' down the chute to take our first breath
and we struggle for acceptance from birth to death
But the Lord's too busy tryin' to keep the world on it's feet
He ain't got time to give a damn about what goes on between the sheets

Ain't it a bitch sortin' out our sordid lives
It's a bitch when you come to realize
got yourself a box of Cracker Jacks
then you get a really shitty prize
It's a bitch sortin' out our sorry little sordid lives