

Aslan, Pretty Thing

All these people hanging round
Waiting for the world to change
All this, all this pressure coming down
Life is not such a pretty thing
All these people hanging round
Waiting for the world to change
All this pressure coming down
Life is not a pretty thing
Standing in the pouring rain
Lonely eyes and soaking skin
Wishing it was yesterday
I say life is not a pretty thing
But I'm trying hard to make it work
Losing all my faith in God
Shaking hands shaking heads
Why..... please tell me why
Is all this sorrow and suffering
Still going on
All they ever wanted was a chance to live
Sometimes I just wonder
How can they still forgive, how can they still forgive
All these people running scared
Seen so many times before
Life is something to be shared
Life is not a pretty thing yes
I can't see the sense in this
Where has all the feeling gone
The feelings gone
Wishing it was yesterday
Where has all the feeling
Where has all the feeling gone
Why..... please tell me why
Is all this sorrow and suffering
Still going on
All they ever wanted was a chance to live
Sometimes I just wonder
How can they still forgive
Well I woke up this morning with a pain in my head
Tried to work it out but I went back to bed
This ain't the way that it's supposed to be
This is not the day, no
This is not me
And half your life is wasted the rest does not exist
They're writing to papers
They're making out lists
Searching for reasons why everything's a mess
Why we sit and take it is anybody's guess
And oh, life is not a pretty thing
Life is not pretty, pretty
Life is not pretty
Life is not a pretty thing
Pretty thing
Life has no meaning
Pretty
When you're shaking hands breaking heads