

Beborn Beton, Stanger

Many different faces, many bodies walking by
Beautiful and smooth and so young when they die
Soon they will be forgotten and won't ever be seen again
Sometimes you keep them in your mind

Some may be appealing and some other may be not
There are so many they vary from unacceptable to hot
You'll never get to know them, you never will recall their names
You call it sad, but you don't mind

Some are straight and settled in the daylight
Smear face when the rain pours down
I remember the words of the stranger:
"Live fast and you die with a sound"

So that's the story that's the way it has to be
Unless you change your fulsome attitude release your vanity
For we are only mortal and on the day the curtain falls
You'll see me laughing all the time