

Booth And The Bad Angel, Life Gets Better

Where'd you steal that song
Picked the bones of ancient ones
Once they're in your house they stay forever
Where'd you learn those moves?

From my anger from the blues
They're the only clues to my intention

How do when know your smiles
From the dolphin not the crocodile

The porpoise of this sickness
Is to get better

I see you shine far away in your new life
Looks to me like you got away

Maybe I'll be passing back this way

Don't tell me life gets better
don't tell me life gets better

What you have left to sell
Now that you moved out of hell
Who in England will want to hear you're happy

Only pain is deep
The rest is just an american dream
You sold your pain a bluesman for a crooner

I see you shine far away in your new life
Looks to me like you got away

Maybe I'll be passing back your way
Just don't tell me life gets better
don't tell me life gets better

Where'd you get that mask

Made it at school in the middle class
Something to show for all my parents' money

What have you left to say

Life's too good

Don't talk that way
I tell you life's not fair

Ah, but life gets better

Life gets bitter
Life gets better
Life gets better
Life gets better
Life gets better