

Farmer's Boys, Funky Combine, John

Life is dull, I don't do much
Just sit at home, stay out of touch
Read a book or write a line
Tell my mum I'm doing fine
Flatmate just thinks I'm a jerk
But then he's young and out of work
Getting thin I don't eat much
Nearly always out to lunch

Had enough, I'm going out
I know a place that's not too loud
Drink myself insensible
And laugh if I'm still capable
When the evening has to end
The laughing stops, I'm home again
Another chance has passed me by
Hang my head and start to cry

Life is dull, I'm hard to please
Just sit at home, feel ill at ease
Day outside is dull and grey
Always is on Saturday
Even in my darkest hour
Just before the dawn is breaking
Just before the storm's erupting
Just when I thought it was safe too