

# Flipper, Living For The Depression

We're living for life to be the way we feel  
Not living for life, but the Death appeal  
Who wants a cancerous boring end  
when you can die from misery and following the trend?  
I say "Who cares anyway? Who listens to what I say?"  
This song rhymes and we play it in time

And if you wanna live in Super Market Isles  
And take your vacation by flying for miles  
Take a day off and live in the lies  
While others work and capitalize  
I say "Who cares anyway? Who listens to what I say?"  
This song rhymes and we play it in time

We're living like cockroaches in this place  
Sprayed with insecticide that leaves no trace  
And if we could crawl on you at night  
You could be sure we'd love to bite  
I say "Who cares anyway? Who listens to what I say?"  
This song rhymes and we play it in time

I'm not living life to be  
A really cheap fucker like you  
Copout