

# Grant Lee Buffalo, It's The Life

If the life you have created  
Has buried you with luxuries out-dated  
And you ask what is the purpose  
Too weak to claw your way up to the surface

You resent all of your trophies  
They belittle human spirit like a timepiece  
That is ticking in your breast pocket  
And so you long to reach in and stop it

Then your heart it will be broken  
And every sour word that you have spoken  
About everybody else  
Will return to act upon yourself

If the life you have created  
Is founded on jealousy and hatred  
It's too late to ask questions  
For you're much too old to take any suggestions

It's the life you have created  
It's the life you have created  
It's the life  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It's the life you have created  
It is the life you have created  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It is the life  
It is the life