

Howard Jones, Law Of The Jungle

Law of the jungle only the fit survive.
Better make your life your own, do the survival jive.
There are no answers, words are Cul-de-sac
And the pity with actions... difficult turning back

Don't give a thought about those lucky dice
paranoid thoughts of worldly vice
The big thumb it never rests on you
Anything you want lies here for you...
Takes a bit of time, means a bit of work
Heart will give the sign it'll make me look.

Ain't got a clue why I'm here at all
So while I'm here I'm gonna have it all
Science men won't explain a thing
In this prison my soul must sing.

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