

Just Jack, Life Stories

This is for every life story

Every detail

Ex-dot com millionaires

With shitty jobs in retail

Every ingrown toenail

Pile of junk mail

Driving test drive fail

Vain search for the Holy Grail

Every move you make

Every breath you take

Every 12in record your dumb(dumped?) girlfriend decided to break

And all the underachieving geezers getting more lean and peezer on melon Bacardi Breezers and

And every impotent porn star

And the girls with the red lights doing tricks for Mars bars

And all the ravers that wish they were back in '89

Jack jack jack jack your body

Because everything was so much better the first time

And all the bastards looking for change in the station

Every money grabbing musical collaboration

And every last member of the X generation

Addicted to the Internet drugs and masturbation

Forget me this is all about you

Forget us this is all about you

Forget we this is all about you

We are just the siphon the sounds come through

Forget me this is all about you

Forget us this is all about you

Forget we this is all about you

We are just the siphon the sounds come through

This is for every life story

Every chapter

Every memory stored

And photograph captured

Cause even the most mundane things can shine forth like a beacon

Make your palms sweaty and knees' weaken

Well there is an awful lot of false gods speaking

We're scratching in the dark for something true to believe in

Just keep breathing

And hope that in the long run

That's a real hand you're tightly squeezing

This is for everybod' who got cussed down in the playground

And every bad boy who shitted when his mates weren't around

And all the bedroom DJ's perfecting their skills

And every girl with a complex and a handful of slimming pills

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This is for every life story

Every intertwined tale of guts and glory

' Course some of them are nice and bright and corny

And some of them will shake your hand less warmly

Outlook still stormy

Every sweeping saga from the here now to the here after

Tall tales around the campfire
Tragedies of fallen empires
And everything that will and won't transpire
Sometimes it's just too dire
Bollackal
Carrying our stories like DNA in hair follicles
Lugging chronicles like baggage handlers
I'm not sticking around
I'm shipping out with the ramblers
Collecting chapters of fractures and raptures
High on a cactus with a bunch of backpackers
Toasting backwards? with a shot of Cacha'a?
But that's another story
And I'll tell it if you let me
But in the meantime just remember to forget me

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