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
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Forget we this is all about you
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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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