

Just Jack, Lost

Picture this 2.30 on the hottest night in June
He awakes for no reason and checks his watch by the moon
And his mouth feels as dry as his eyes as he struggles to rise
And stops to contemplate his wife's thighs as he does up his flies
He finds his slippers where he left them under the chair behind the 2 cups and an old copy of marie
He switches the on the coffee machine that of course works like a dream
catches sight of his reflection in the silver surface sheen
And It's a face he knows well although it should look less abused
With all these moisturisers and the skin products he's used
As he moves through the kitchen, his homage to brushed steel
Across the new pine flooring that's plastic but looks real
Past the plasma with the widescreen and the cinema surround sound
And he stops on his favourite spot by the window and looks down
On the orange lit street at the edge of the private car park
Where his Audi TT is waiting safely in the dark

Keeping it all inside of you
Something will have to give
And if you could you'll take it back
But you lose your way in the way you live

Now he can hear wind chimes tinkling out on the balcony
And his phone beeping out a text message in the same key
He checks it and it's Jill who used to be his secretary
Before they started an affair and things began to get really scary
Now his wife Mary is getting weary of his lies
Like she's read the whole sordid story in his eyes
It doesn't help that Jill's now saying that she's 2 weeks late
His mental state is really starting to deteriorate

He never knew how he got so out of his depth
Or why he's broken more than all these promises kept
And it's been ages since he slept
Properly, his sleeps now broken by these dreams of extra-marital activity
Trying to recapture the rapture that he used to get from his material possessions
And endless retail therapy sessions
Shoulda listened to what his dad said before he died
The best things in life are the ones you can't buy son

Keeping it all inside of you
Something will have to give
Wish you could buy a ticket back
But you lose your way in the way you live

He used to feel so safe up here in his shrine to Ikea
Away from the shouts and the louts and the girls with the over-painted pouts
And the queers and the dykes and the kids in their box-fresh Nikes
Delivering rocks to the house across the street on rusty mountain bikes

Aah aah
Aah aah aaahh

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