

Phil Collins, Just Another Story

Father comes home 'cos his money's run out -
seems a little loose tonight, he starts to shout.

Dinner's not on the table, seems mother's not able,
she's staring at the TV.

You can smell it on his breath, feel it in his touch,
he never meant to hit her hard, but he's like that when he's had too much.

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
it's just another story 'bout going too far.

Well the kid's at school, she's getting good grades,
but the peer pressure's starting now - too bad, she had it made.

Seems there's always someone trying to push you to do something, you know, ain't the way they do
it's hard to see
the things you taught her, how to be, it's like you told her nothing, selective memory.

Come on try it, it's just a smoke, ain't gonna kill you, so she takes a toke -
fade to grey.

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
it's just another story 'bout going too far.

Well the guys at work seemed OK, they'd buy you a drink, get you laid, what's wrong with that?

Why'd they have more money than you, expensive cars, expensive clothes, d'you ever think of what

At night they're out, shakin' people down, when they're walking together seems they own the town.

But hey, who's gonna talk, you are their alibi, don't turn around, don't ask questions, just walk -

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
it's just another story 'bout going too far.