

Robbie Williams, Life Thru A Lens

Wake up on Sunday morning
And everything feels so boring
Is that where it ends
With your life thru a lens

Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black
She shouldn't wear this, he shouldn't wear that
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends
Fashion tardis down at Que Vadis
Who laughs the longest who drives the hardest
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends

Just because I ain't double barrelled
Don't mean I haven't travelled well
Can't you tell!
Oh now it's quite appalling
Your conversation is boring as hell, oh well!

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And now you're boyfriend's suspicious
So go home and wash the dishes
And wash them well so he can't tell

She's looking real drab just out of rehab
I'm talking football she's talking ab fab
Your clothes are very kitch
Just because your daddy is rich
You sound so funny with your voice all plummy
Now your cheque's just bounced better run to your mummy
And you know it's a class act she'll never ask for it back

Just because I ain't double baredled
Don't mean I haven't travelled well
Can't you tell!
Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley
I'll take the bends with our life thru a lens
You're scared of the poor and needy
Is that why you're all inbreedy?
They're just like you, they need love too

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