

Subhumans, Everyday Life

Everyday life, everyday life
Something somewhere, just ain't right

It's half past eight and I'm here again
I'd go for a walk but it's pissing down with rain
And if I went for a walk I'd get my head kicked in
Cos looking like a punk is some fucking sin

All this boredom, all this drink
All the times I've tried to think
So I jump on a bus and go somewhere else
And I sit in a pub and I talk to myself

So sod the apathy, sod the ideas
I'm only restricted by my fears
Give me a chance and I'll tell you what's wrong
Or give me a pen and I'll write another song