

The Beautiful South, Life Vs. The Lifeless

When was the last time you felt so happy
You had to give yourself a good pinch
When did you ever fail one of life's highs
Without using stepladder or winch
That's why the lifeless crave the past
'Cause when they're flogged, stoned, lynched
They can watch the living fizzle out to nought
Without even moving one inch

That's what keeps you alive
The thought of undeserved death
That's why cynics deep-sea dive
Just to watch someone healthy lose breath
That's what really makes you tick
When the fearless are stopped in their tracks
Optimism looks up counts the stars
Pessimism looks down and counts cracks

That Monday morning moaners club
That meet every week on park bench
At least they've earned their grumble stripes
When they fought tooth and nail in the trench
If you ever sat down in one place too long
They'd need a fork-lift truck and a wrench
Indecision drip feeds modesty
But apathy fails even to quench
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And even when it's every man for himself
You still like to stick with the bunch
You'd rather tag along at the back of the crowd
To risk anything on a hunch

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