

Vapors, Live At The Marquee

Same thing happens every day
Can't explain it any way
Sun comes up day goes by
Sun goes down and that's when I
Come alive to the fact
That I've really got no control
I'm a live twenty five
But I've still got no control
Of me of you
Control of the hole
That the post comes through
One stop here two stops there
One big scream and I'm back in my chair
I'm alive to the fact that
I've really got no control
I'm a live twenty five
But I've still got no control;
And we talk too much
And we won't let go
We relax too much
In the after glow
But we're alive at the marquee
Live at the Marquee
And it's just another country
But they change there times and sides
Like the farcical feet of a marching band
So we're all getting cynical
Their smiles may fade
But we don't care anymore
We're a boys brigade
So we all die of cancer
For a few flowers outside
Or a day in the life of a fruit machine
And we're all playing asteroids
There's a score on the screen
Not a soul in the worlds gonna beat
But it won't stop me