

Youth Group "What Is A Life?"

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I've lived in this town for 13 years, I've been around.
You see that window in that tower? That was mine.
Under that fluorescent light
I made cold calls through the night to places
Deep in suburbs I will never go.
And then in Chinatown I'd get something and hang
around.
How does that busker know each day from the rest?
See that man who just brushed past me? Well I know
him,
But don't ask me about him. I wonder, is he still with his
wife?
What is a life?
The ferries pull up in the evening warmth.
I used to give out papers here
As they rushed on their way home.
The streets are full of plaques.
Just where that park is used to be
A den of sailors, Jesus Christ!
What is a life?
Of all the jobs I've had,
I can't say they've turned out bad,
It's just funny to think that that was me.
A waiter on his break, he smokes a cigarette a
Nd takes a long look at a repaired paring knife.

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