

## Armchair Cynics

### "Sharks"

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There's sharks below the surface,  
Waiting to come and drag me down.  
With copious amounts of pills,  
And amphetamines to combat ourselves.

What used to be the simplest days,  
Became so complicated with cocktails of colourful  
meds.  
Now I'm just another stray dog on the boulevard,  
With the last of the hometown stars.

Don't tell me in your little tone,  
I hate to say I told you so.  
Could you just let it go?

Help me find a way out of this mess.  
I'm sick of all the choices that I made,  
When there was simply nothing left.  
Help me put a distance to my past.  
Scars I have.  
Sharks below the surface.

Talk is getting serious,  
About the future and all my big plans.  
But like love lost in Los Angeles,  
It comes and goes with the latest of trends.

What used to be a lucrative business has just gone to  
shit,  
With the collapse of the meaning itself.  
Now I'm just another stray dog on the boulevard,  
With the last of the boomtown whores.

Don't tell me in your little tone,  
I hate to say I told you so.  
Could you just let it go?

Help me find a way out of this mess.  
I'm sick of all the choices that I made,  
When there was simply nothing left.  
Help me put a distance to my past.

The scars I have,  
I cannot forget.  
Sharks below the surface.

More, more.  
Oh, can you help me get,  
More, more?  
Oh, just a little bit,  
More, more?  
Oh, will you help me get,  
Just a little bit more?

Help me find a way out of this mess.  
I'm sick of all the choices that I made,  
When there was simply nothing left.  
Help me put a distance to my past,  
Scars I have,  
I cannot forget.  
Sharks below the surface.  
Sharks below the surface.  
Sharks below the surface...

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