

Grinspoon

"Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck"

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Nothing breeds more contempt for this world than the
memories now formed
Every moment, a new seed is grown to no reason the
trouble unfolds
For the trials of today, I'm no jury, really don't care,
how you feel
The pleasant notion of miraculous change, drifts into
multiple jeers

Jeers

You want the good life
You break your back
You snap your fingers
You snap your neck

Seconds drip through my hands, washed of moments
unborn
All the spaces between bleed, a tribute to a sacrament
never exposed
A message to the forces, I've no pity, don't know how
thankful to feel
Expectations of our daily bread, gives me the hunger
to steal

You want the good life
You break your back
You snap your fingers
You snap your neck

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You break your back
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Want the good life
Break your back
Snap your fingers
You snap your neck

You want the good life
You break your back

You snap your fingers
You snap your neck

You want the good life
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Snap your fingers, snap your neck
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