

Howard Jones "Law Of The Jungle"

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Law of the jungle only the fit survive.
Better make your life your own, do the survival jive.
There are no answers, words are Cul-de-sac
And the pity with actions... difficult turning back

Don't give a thought about those lucky dice
paranoid thoughts of worldly vice
The big thumb it never rests on you
Anything you want lies here for you...
Takes a bit of time, means a bit of work
Heart will give the sign it'll make me look.

Ain't got a clue why I'm here at all
So while I'm here I'm gonna have it all
Science men won't explain a thing
In this prison my soul must sing.

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