

Just Jack "Life Stories"

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This is for every life story, every detail
Ex-dotcom millionaires with shitty jobs in retail
Every ingrown toenail, pile of junk mail
Drivin' test drive fail, vain search for the Holy Grail

Every move you make, every breath you take
Every twelve inch record your dumped girlfriend
decided to break
And all the under achievin' geezers getting more lean
and peezer
On melon Bacardi Breezers and skinny plastic cached
reefers

And every impotent porn star
And the girls with the red lights on, doin' tricks for Mars
bars
And all the ravers wishin' they were back in '89
'Cause everythin' was so much better the first time
Jack, jack, jack, jack your body

And all the bastards lookin' for change in the station
Every money grabbin' musical collaboration
And every last member of the X generation
Addicted to the Internet drugs and masturbation

Forget me, this is all about you
Forget us, this is all about you
Forget we, this is all about you
We're just the siphon, the sounds come through

Forget me, this is all about you
Forget us, this is all about you
Forget me, this is all about you
We're just the siphon, the sounds come through

This is for every life story, every chapter
Every memory stored and photograph captured
'Cause even the most mundane things
Can shine forth like a beacon
Make your palms sweaty and knees weaken

Well, there is an awful lot of false gods speakin'

We're scratchin' in the dark for somethin' true to
believe in
Just keep breathin' and hope that in the long run
That's a real hand you're tightly squeezin'

This is for everybody who got cussed down in the
playground
And every bad boy who shitted when his mates weren't
around
And all the bedroom DJ's perfecting their skills
And every girl with a complex and a handful of
slimming pills

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Forget we, this is all about you
We're just the siphon, the sounds come through
All about you, all about you, all about you

This is for every life story
Every intertwined tale of guts and glory
'Course some of them are nice and bright and corny
And some of them will shake your hand less warmly
Outlook still stormy

Every sweepin' saga from the here now to the hereafter
Tall tales around the campfire, tragedies of fallen
empire
And everythin' that will and won't transpire
Sometimes it's just too diabolical

Carryin' our stories like DNA in hair follicles
Luggin' chronicles like baggage handlers
I'm not stickin' around, I'm shippin' out with the
ramblers
Collectin' chapters of fractures and raptures

High on a cactus with a bunch of backpackers
Toastin' backwards with a shot of Cachacas
But that's another story and I'll tell it if you let me
But in the meantime just remember to forget me

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All about you, all about you
All about you, sounds come through
All about you, all about you
All about you, sounds come through

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