

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine "The Life And Soul Of The Party Dies"

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The decorations are drab
It's dirty and it smells
You don't have to be mad to work here
But it helps

The temptation to fail
Would make a boots bunny cry
You need the patience of a snail
Just to get by

Today the police came
And paid a visit to the slums
Exchanging rock 'n' roll concert tickets
For guns

If you supply the wool
They can make you a star
But if the ashtrays are full
You might have to sell the car

When you don't wanna be
The life and soul of the party anymore
And the birthday cake
Was baked to make you cry

When you don't wanna dance to the rock 'n' roll
That your radio's for
You wanna call it a day
Crawl away and die, so do I

There's a place you sometimes go
When you can't face your own shadow
They've got an old jukebox
Supposed to keep you entertained
But all the records suck
They wind you up, they drive you insane

This funeral director geezer
Comes not to bury Caesar
I only come to praise you
Because I feel the same too

Maybe we should hit the coast hard
To the scene of a saucy postcard
Or to Paris for a wilting flower
To get an eyeful of the tower
Because there's a sadness in those eyes
As the life and soul of the party dies

No, you don't wanna be
The life and soul of the party anymore
And the birthday cake
Was baked to make you cry

No you don't wanna dance to the rock 'n' roll
That your radio's for
You wanna call it a day
Crawl away and die, so do I

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