

## **Leatherface**

# **"In The Real World"**

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Another day another sorry state  
Will we never learn that there's more things in life than  
we can imagine  
We whistled to the wind and drink a lot of gin  
Defer the satisfactions of tomorrow for the pleasures  
of today  
What has life come to when all the pleasant things are  
bad for you  
And in the real world it's all the good things that kill you  
And in the real world what are you chanting for  
The stench of incense is the only risk he ever takes  
In terms of endearment in terms of romance  
In terms of ready made pre-packed plastic bags  
Oh what has life come to when all the pleasant things  
are bad for you  
And in the real world it's all the good things that kill you  
James Bond and Oliver Reed were never good singers  
In the real world we have no dollars in the real world  
We have no dollars in the real world we have no dollars  
In the real world we have no dollars in the real world

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