

Lowest Of The Low "Life Imitates Art"

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Hey, sad and blue, what are you gonna do?
Blow yourself away or tie up your own left shoe?
And walk out the door, ready to roar
Check your guns at the door
There's a man that you should see
A generation X Bukowski who knows about life

The life imitating art

Well, I saw him today hanging out at the old Railway
Chasing ghosts and drinking armour, a price he's
always had to pay
And we all felt pretty stunned, watching him hitch out
on highway One
A guitar against his elbow, knowing more than they'll
ever know

Know about life, the life imitating art
Ah, you hear about life, life imitating art

Pills and crowns and nervous breakdowns
Why so few will "crawl with you"
I can't remember who first said this but, "Ignorance is
bliss!"

When I go on patrol, drinking Tequila Gold
Broken hearts and burning bridges, a lumber-jacket for
the cold
And a kiss from you, hand in glove
Do you feel like making love?
There's a blanket out in the garage, a ghetto-blaster
full of stars

And I'm glad we've got nowhere to go
We can listen all night to the rain against my window
And think about life, the life imitating art
And drink to the life, the life imitating art

All you needed was a little defence
A Poly-gram of common sense
Vincent Van Gogh with a gun at his temple
Oh yeah, that's what that meant

The twisted punch-line says

They'll understand you when you're dead
You say that you're not angry, just "savagely
disappointed"

And I just want you to know, when you feel like letting
go
There're a thousand souls like me taking shelter in your
coat

To hear about life, the life imitating art
Ah, to hear about life, the life imitating art
Should be collecting royalties for the life,
You're part of the royalty of life, the life imitating art

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