

Man Man

"Life Fantastic"

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And I'll trip a lie, fandango
My legs are sheer elastic
It's how you envelope me
I'm like a corpse in plastic

You find while at a picnic
When you're just there to kick it
Now you have to call the police
And report somethin' wicked

And the scene, it turns so grisly
And the children, they are crying
You hand them black umbrellas
Tell 'em that the world is dying

It's how you hide your cards
It's how you dress your scars
And let them breathe free
Life,
Fantastic...
Life,
So tragic...
Life,
Fantastic...

And I'll trip a lie fandango
I'll dangle from your elbow
It's how you envelope me
Between chaos and beauty

It's like you're at a picnic
And the wind, it turns so wicked
But you cannot call the police
And report what is happening

And the scene, it turns so naughty
And your mother, she is crying
You take her in your arms
Tell her that the world is dying

Ooh...

Life,
Fantastic...
Life,
So tragic...
Life,
Fantastic.

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