

Phil Bensen

"Just Another Story"

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Father comes home 'cos his money's run out -
Seems a little loose tonight, he starts to shout.

Dinner's not on the table, seems mother's not able,
She's staring at the TV.

You can smell it on his breath, feel it in his touch,
He never meant to hit her hard, but he's like that when
he's had too much.

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
It's just another story 'bout going too far.

Well the kid's at school, she's getting good grades,
But the peer pressure's starting now - too bad, she had
it made.

Seems there's always someone trying to push you to
do something, you know, ain't the way they told you to -
It's hard to see
The things you taught her, how to be, it's like you told
her nothing, selective memory.

Come on try it, it's just a smoke, ain't gonna kill you, so
she takes a toke -
Fade to grey.

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
It's just another story 'bout going too far.

Well the guys at work seemed OK, they'd buy you a
drink, get you laid, what's wrong with that?

Why'd they have more money than you, expensive
cars, expensive clothes, d'you ever think of what they
do?

At night they're out, shakin' people down, when they're
walking together seems they own the town.

But hey, who's gonna talk, you are their alibi, don't turn

around, don't ask questions, just walk -

It's just another story 'bout going too far,
It's just another story 'bout going too far.

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