

Phil Collins "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

Just another story about going too far
Just another story about 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
And the things you taught her, how to be, it's like you
told her nothing
Selective memory

Come on just try it, it's only a smoke
Ain't gonna kill you, so she takes a toke
Fade to gray

Just another story about going too far
Just another story about going too far

Well, the guys at work seemed okay
They'd buy you a drink and get you laid, what's wrong
with that?
Why'd they have more money than you
Expensive cars and expensive clothes, do 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 about going too far
It's just another story about going too far

Just another story about going too far
Just another story about going too far

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