

Police

"Low Life"

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Words and music by Sting

Fatal fascination for the seedy part of town

Walk down the street and your head spins round

Don't be seen alone without your friends at night

Take a gun or a knife to the low life

Don't have to be born into this society

Pay for love but the hate comes free

Bring enough money for the rest of your life

Don't bring your wife to the low life

Bringing us there to their vocation [? should be: the
degradation]

Always keep your back to the wall

No rewards for your infatuation

Low life

No life at all

Yeah, low life, low life

In here too long to be afraid anymore

You can't reach the bed so you sleep on the floor

You get so stoned you think you could fly

But you won't get high on the low life

Low life....

(ad lib vocals to fade)

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