

Metric

"London Half Life"

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Middle-aged, do the low-rise on the waist
London half-life
Middle-aged, you're the low-riser
Little over myself today

And if you're compromised
Drive your car through the rain
And if you've been beaten
Drive your car through the rain
'Til you wash off the buzz
Don't pull over 'til you're sure

One that wanted the floor, one that won't know the
street
One that wanted to land, on the hearth with his feet up
Whoa, watch out
You're only better off than half your life
Otherwise wasted
Otherwise wasted
House of cards, you fall hard

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