

## **Budapest**

### **"Life Gets In The Way"**

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Deep asleep as I awaken by a murder cry, a phone ring  
Stumble around the room to find my feet  
An anxious office man, asking why I never paid on time  
Again  
No excuse, I've better things to do

I've got so much more to give  
But it all comes down to this,

Life gets in the way, Life gets in the way  
Life gets in the way of what I want to say  
I need a reason why, I need a stronger high  
I need to find a way to make me want to stay

Driving round again  
A traffic island, all the exits blocked again  
Except the one, and I know where it goes  
Stare at the playground wall  
Tell me what the circles' for, cos I don't know  
Maybe I'm the only one who don't know

I've got so much more to give,  
But it all comes down to this,

Life gets in the way, Life gets in the way  
Life gets in the way of what I want to say  
I need a reason why, I need a stronger high  
I need to find a means to stretch me at the seams.

A river running down an estuary for streams.  
A lightning bolt to light the bedside table lamp.  
Picasso on a wall in a home for the blind.  
A hurricane to dry the washing on the line.  
A tanker to my door, so I can fill my car.  
I need to find a way to make me want to stay.  
Why should I stay? Why should I stay?  
Why should I stay? Why should I stay?  
Why should I stay? Why should I stay?  
Why should I stay?  
I've got so much more to say.

