The Beautiful South "Life Vs. The Lifeless"

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When was the last time you felt so happy
You had to give yourself a good pinch
When did you ever fail one of life's highs
Without using stepladder or winch
That's why the lifeless crave the past
'Cause when they're flogged, stoned, lynched
They can watch the living fizzle out to nought
Without even moving one inch

That's what keeps you alive
The thought of undeserved death
That's why cynics deep-sea dive
Just to watch someone healthy lose breath
That's what really makes you tick
When the fearless are stopped in their tracks
Optimism looks up counts the stars
Pessimism looks down and counts cracks

That Monday morning moaners club That meet every week on park bench At least they've earned their grumble stripes When they fought tooth and nail in the trench If you ever sat down in one place too long They'd need a fork-lift truck and a wrench Indecision drip feeds modesty But apathy fails even to quench That's what keeps you alive The thought of undeserved death That's why cynics deep-sea dive Just to watch someone healthy lose breath That's what really makes you tick When the fearless are stopped in their tracks Optimism looks up counts the stars Pessimism looks down and counts cracks

And even when it's every man for himself You still like to stick with the bunch You'd rather tag along at the back of the crowd To risk anything on a hunch

That's what keeps you alive

The thought of undeserved death
That's why cynics deep-sea dive
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