

## Ghostpoet

### "Survive It"

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Che che-che che che-che check

I...

Yeh yeh yea

Yeah ya ya ya ya yeah

OK, tsk

I'm 44 years old and life ain't golden.

Like Gil Scott said when you got no cash,

Got no cheque book, got no credit card.

Life is pretty hard.

I'm sure you can see that I'm plus under-rated, plus  
bare knock-backs.

Been shown the door cause they talking 'bout cut  
backs.

And you think what next, left or the right or

Key in the door but the door won't open and heartbeat  
frozen.

Look to the heavens, but nobody's coming and the  
pie's in the oven.

So you stop mind wandering and back to the present,

It's a dinner for one with the dimmer lights on.

And you're tryna get atmosphere

Like she was here, but she's long gone.

Like Rocky Balboa and Adrian.

Teardrops while you sip on the Evian.

No no no no no no

I ain't got the license to kill like double 'O

I just wanna live life and survive it

No no no no no no

I ain't got the license to kill like double 'O

I just wanna live life and survive it

I gotta move man but it's hard when you're glued in  
place.

I so desperately wanna leave this pace.

In a steamy hot bath I just hide my face,

The world looks different underwater.

I coulda had a son or a daughter.

When I had the chance to a trip to Majorca.

Life is a funny thing with the twists and turns  
And in the bad times it just breaks and burns.  
But as you get older you just live and learn  
And shrug your shoulders and be the bigger man.  
But, I remember nights in December  
Fairy lights and torn up wrapping paper and happy  
times,  
Now it's happy slaps and how big's your gat and all that  
crap.  
Oh Mac allow that...  
I know there's reason to part but I'll get through  
If I just remember that..

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I know  
Times are hard  
You're against the wall, and  
Your head is down, but  
I think  
You'll get there soon  
Just have a little faith mate  
It'll turn out great

Yeah, it's all mapped out, like one of them Satnav's  
You need to get over there, then down to here,  
Go down the road and left at the roundabout.  
Head out the window, so much to shout about.  
Unnaturally buzzing, allow pessimism.  
Burn in the flames like a phoenix has risen, well I hope  
so.  
That's the plan in the end, get a nice house a few true  
friends.  
A wife I can cry with laugh and create with  
Kids so beautiful they're truly a blessing,  
But I'm just guessing just speculating.  
Thinking out loud you know all that's what I do  
And I don't know much but I know what is right.  
Don't mock my grit, skin, I'm trying my best  
But I'm only a man doing what I can.  
I'll go forth, with these words in my hand, in my hand.

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