

## Uncle Tupelo "True To Life"

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I can only sing it loud  
Always try to sing it clear  
What the hell are we all doing here  
Making too much of nothing  
Or creating one unholy mess  
An unfair study in survival, I guess

But it always comes down to  
What to do when it's all around you  
And this tight wire act leaving us here for

Dead to news of the world and liquor piles up ahead  
Dodging those with words of power forever on their  
breath  
When the quality of life gets tripped up and strangled  
like death  
It seems it's getting harder out there  
Especially without time enough to see

True to life is another hangover  
True to life is more and more politics  
True to life is always having to look over your shoulder  
True to life is assembly-line sickness

But it always comes down to  
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And this tight wire act leaving us here for

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breath  
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