

Vapors

"Live at the Marquee"

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Same thing happens every day can't explain it any way
Sun comes up day goes by, sun goes down and that's
when I
come alive to the fact that I've really got no control
I'm alive twenty five but I've still got no control
of me, control of you, control of the hole that the post
come through
One stop here two stops there
One big scream and I'm back in my chair
I'm alive to the fact that I've really got no control
I'm alive twenty five but I've still got no control

And I talk too much, and I wont let go
I relax too much in the afterglow
But I'm alive at the Marquee
Live at the Marquee

And it's just another country but the change their times
and sides
like the farcical feet of a marching band
So we're all getting cynical
Their smiles may fade but we don't care anymore we're
a boys brigade
And we talk too much, and we wont let go
We relax too much in the afterglow
But we're alive at the Marquee
Live at the Marquee

So we all die of cancer
For a few dead flowers outside or a day in the life of a
fruit machine
and we're all playing asteroids, there's a score on the
screen
Not a soul in the worlds gonna beat, but it won't stop
me

And I talk too much, and I wont let go
I relax too much in the afterglow
But I'm alive at the Marquee
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