

# This Is the Life

Mudhoney

I built forty million miles of strip-malls  
And I painted the sky with aerosol  
Plugged the hole in your pockets with credit cards  
And clouded your eyes with sitcoms

I put the "con" in "convenience," and I string you along  
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong  
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong  
Owwwww

I make tiny, starving fingers sew your comfy running shoes  
And I make more money than any man could ever use  
Been called a cool mother fucker, but I'm not that mean  
You see I'd gladly leave the dregs of the earth to the meek

Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong  
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong  
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong  
Don't worry your head 'cause there ain't nothing wrong

Owwwww  
Whoo

This is the life  
This is the life  
This is the life  
This is the life

This is the life  
This is the life  
This is the life  
For me  
For me  
For me