

## Low Life

Roland Orzabal

Low life, it's real  
It's Friday night and you've got no steel  
You can cry all you like  
But the truth still hurts and the hurt still bites  
And it all comes down to a very low high

No give, no take  
You can't rely on a state of grace  
You can cry all you like  
But the pressure's on when the vein gets tight  
And it's all because of the cynical times

Low life, low life

No aim, no goal  
No guiding light that can take control  
You can cry all you like  
But you still don't speak to a world outside  
And it's all because of the sun in your eyes

Low life, low life

You can have it all but not at all fill that hole  
You can make this deal go underground  
All the saints are praying hard for your soul  
You can buy some wheels and run them down

No aim, no goal  
No guiding light that can take control  
And it all comes down to a very low life

Low life, low life