

## Life Vs. The Lifeless

### The Beautiful South

When was the last time you felt so happy  
You had to give yourself a good pinch  
When did you ever fail one of life's highs  
Without using stepladder or winch  
That's why the lifeless crave the past  
'Cause when they're flogged, stoned, lynched  
They can watch the living fizzle out to nought  
Without even moving one inch

That's what keeps you alive  
The thought of undeserved death  
That's why cynics deep-sea dive  
Just to watch someone healthy lose breath  
That's what really makes you tick  
When the fearless are stopped in their tracks  
Optimism looks up counts the stars  
Pessimism looks down and counts cracks

That Monday morning moaners club  
That meet every week on park bench  
At least they've earned their grumble stripes  
When they fought tooth and nail in the trench  
If you ever sat down in one place too long  
They'd need a fork-lift truck and a wrench  
Indecision drip feeds modesty  
But apathy fails even to quench  
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And even when it's every man for himself  
You still like to stick with the bunch  
You'd rather tag along at the back of the crowd  
To risk anything on a hunch

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