

Doesn't Mean Anything

Buzzcocks

You're looking at life through the wrong end by a telescope
You see a [?] on a slippery slope
On the claws of death, in the back of your mind
Everything exists in some shape or form

Because you like to know your feelings
And you like to do your thing
And the whole world that's around you
Doesn't mean anything

Inner-city live, living with tracker dogs
Too much information, running wild, that's what you buy
All you got now is your precious time
You live your life high, wondering "Why?"

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