

She never had an education  
She uses life as her vocation  
Standing on ledges clinging to the edges  
The world's a hard place to land on

She has this one way conversation  
Trying to avoid a confrontation  
Memories of the kind she's rather leave behind  
The worlds' a hard place to land on

Life can be lonely can be very sad  
Life can be something you wish you never had

She never had any affection  
So she relates well to rejection  
No stories wait discovery  
Dreams have passed recovery  
The worlds a hard place to land on

She just sleeps all day  
In her squalid little slum  
And takes little white pills  
To make her body feel numb  
And it's dark and dirty  
And there's nothing left to eat  
And in her heart there's a feeling of defeat  
Smells of bus and fornication  
And a bottle of cheat scent  
Should she stick around  
If this is all that life meant

Life can be lonely can be very sad  
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Open the door wally, open the door