

## The Life

Babybird

I got this no good, dead wood, motherfucking itch and i am goin  
g to hell

They got this small pen, fat pig, 2 foot by one and it's beginn  
ing to smell

I got this low-

brow, white trash smoking my tongue and i'm being kissed

Like a kid

They got this hi-

fi, big sound bleeding my ears and i can't get rid

I got the life

I never thought

That i'd be born with

But now i'm itching

For you to scratch me

Like all the records that your needle has worn

I got a six-

pack, big ship no deck kid who couldn't write when he sung

He took a mic in his hand like a prick on a rope and waited the  
re to be swung

They got this big light, white wash spot on his tan and watched  
it burning

His skin

And then the hi-fi, white trash smoking my ear

Got his face kicked in

I got the life

I never thought

That i'd be born with

But now i'm itching

For you to scratch me

Like all the records that your needle has worn

With the screen round my face, covered in light

I will never go blind

I got this cable satellite nibbling my eyes

But i can't switch off my mind

I got this low-brow, white trash licking my skull

And it feels so good

It's got this big pull, half-full little buzz

That i've misunderstood

I got the life

I never thought

That i'd be born with

But now i'm itching

For you to scratch me

Like all the records that your needle has worn