

Lonely Age

Big Scary

Money is the key to the world
But you ain't got any locks
No doors to open and enjoy your wealth
Friday night to feel alive
Move so fast the holes are plugged
With any luck you'll sleep the weekend off

Little things tick in your mind
Looking forward to reward
Your phone, your hair, your lunch and what to watch
You can't find it in your heart
Maybe check the classifieds
Just something to ignite your arse's fire

With all that's good
With all that's here
It's also not in reach
You're tethered to a chair

Feel so cut out

A lost and little lonely age
Our lost and little lonely age
A lost and little lonely day

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