Survive It

Ghostpoet

I'm 44 years old and life ain't golden.
Like Gil Scott said when you got no cash,
Got no cheque book, got no credit card.
Life is pretty hard.
I'm sure you can see that I'm plus under-rated, plus bare knock-backs.
Been shown the door cause they talking 'bout cut backs.
And you think what next, left or the right or
Key in the door but the door won't open and heartbeat frozen.
Look to the heavens, but nobody's coming and the pie's in the oven.
So you stop mind wandering and back to the present,
It's a dinner for one with the dimmer lights on.
And you're tryna get atmosphere
Like she was here, but she's long gone.
Like Rocky Balboa and Adrian.
Teardrops while you sip on the Evian.

No no no no no no
I ain't got the license to kill like double 'O
I just wanna live life and survive it

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I gotta move man but it's hard when you're glued in place.
I so desperately wanna leave this pace.
In a steamy hot bath I just hide my face,
The world looks different underwater.
I coulda had a son or a daughter.
When I had the chance to a trip to Majorca.
Life is a funny thing with the twists and turns
And in the bad times it just breaks and burns.
But as you get older you just live and learn
And shrug your shoulders and be the bigger man.
But, I remember nights in December
Fairy lights and torn up wrapping paper and happy times,
Now it's happy slaps and how big's your gat and all that crap.
Oh Mac allow that...
I know there's reason to part but I'll get through
If I just remember that..

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I know
Times are hard
You're against the wall, and
Your head is down, but
I think
You'll get there soon
Just have a little faith mate
It'll turn out great

Yeah, it's all mapped out, like one of them Satnav's
You need to get over there, then down to here,
Go down the road and left at the roundabout.
Head out the window, so much to shout about.
Unnaturally buzzing, allow pessimism.
Burn in the flames like a phoenix has risen, well I hope so.
That's the plan in the end, get a nice house a few true friends.
A wife I can cry with laugh and create with
Kids so beautiful they're truly a blessing,
But I'm just guessing just speculating.
Thinking out loud you know all that's what I do
And I don't know much but I know what is right.
Don't mock my grit, skin, I'm trying my best
But I'm only a man doing what I can.
I'll go forth, with these words in my hand, in my hand.

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