

Living For Yesterday

Jamie Webster

Things on the scene
You need to conform to
Don't know what they mean
But your friends they applaud you
Out of the light
When the smile's off your face
Your head falls into a different place

A smoke and a line
Another Peroni
He must be alright cause he's wearing Missoni
Posing and snarling
Nothing true to say...
Living for yesterday

Spend your monthly wage in a week
Cause it just don't last
And change in your bank account
Is a thing of the past
From the cocaine runners
In those shady parts of town
To the stone cold stunners
Seeking porches and crowns
And the thrill of knowing how to get down

Tell me what is happenin'
Is it me or does it all feel strange?
The book is there for reading
But they're lookin' at a different page

Dreaming dreams of the easy life
I guess it can't be tamed
No cause to be concerned
Cause they're just products of the game
Spare a thought for the working man
Has he got a say?
It's a life that you can't picture
So you find another way
Anything to pay
For the games you play
Living for yesterday

There's somethin' to be said
About the air of grace in
Which they seem to stand so proud
Because inside there's a fear of losing
Which they'd never speak out loud
If it's the flittering eyes
Or a 3'er disguise
To which you hold your conversation
You'll make no steps around here
But you'll get your accreditation

Like passing phases
They'll fade and drift away
And they'll have spunked their wages
And still be telling you it's all okay

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