

Six-Pack

Shame

Everything you see
Is free, within this room

And your ex-wife and ex-daughter
Who hate your guts to death
They love you
Within this room

Everything within this room was made just for you
Chattels of deception are only good when they're in use
The outside world is large and it's filled with empty beds
Resort to your delusions and live within your head
Within this room

Within this room

That brand-new type of religion
That you feared too much to try
Will hold you tight
Through the night
In this room

Those bananas and vegetables
That you hated previously
You love 'em
Within this room

And now you've got a six-pack
Now you've got a six-pack
Now you've got a puppy
Now you've got a tan
Now you've got Pamela Anderson reading you a bedtime story
And every scratch card is a fucking winner

Well, you've done time behind bars
And now you're making time in front of them
But you know you'll never leave this room
And this room will never leave you
You're just a creature of bad habit
You've got nothing and no-one to live for
But you've got this room
And guess what?
This room has got you