Fatal fascination for the seedy part of town Walk down the street and your head spins round Don't be seen alone without your friends at night Take a gun or a knife to the low life

Don't have to be born into this society
Pay for love but the hate comes free
Bring enough money for the rest of your life
Don't bring your wife to the low life

Bringing us there to the degredation Always keep your back to the wall No rewards for your infatuation Low life No life at all

Yeah, low life, low life

In here to long to be afraid anymore You can't reach the bed so you sleep on the floor You get so stoned you think you could fly But you won't get high on the low life

Low life, low life Low life, low life Low life, low life Low life, low life