

## Low Life

Sting

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 degradation  
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 too 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

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