

# Robbie Williams, Life Thru A Lens

Wake up on Sunday morning  
And everything feels so boring  
Is that where it ends  
With your life thru a lens

Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black  
She shouldn't wear this, he shouldn't wear that  
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends  
Fashion tardis down at Que Vadis  
Who laughs the longest who drives the hardest  
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends

Just because I ain't double barrelled  
Don't mean I haven't travelled well  
Can't you tell!  
Oh now it's quite appalling  
Your conversation is boring as hell, oh well!

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With your life thru a lens  
And now you're boyfriend's suspicious  
So go home and wash the dishes  
And wash them well so he can't tell

She's looking real drab just out of rehab  
I'm talking football she's talking ab fab  
Your clothes are very kitch  
Just because your daddy is rich  
You sound so funny with your voice all plummy  
Now your cheque's just bounced better run to your mummy  
And you know it's a class act she'll never ask for it back

Just because I ain't double barelled  
Don't mean I haven't travelled well  
Can't you tell!  
Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley  
I'll take the bends with our life thru a lens  
You're scared of the poor and needy  
Is that why you're all inbreedy?  
They're just like you, they need love too

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