

LIFE'S RUFF

For the touch of a hand, girl; for the blink of an eye
for a kiss of the cold kind, people have died.
Being crazy with anger, kind of starving for lust,
moving as if you were moved, it's yourself you can't trust.
Your brain's turning in circles and you don't get the point.
For a touch of a hand, girl, for a reason beyond...

When I think back on my yesterdays,
it seems now I'm lost and went astray.
'Don't know how to call this mess, I guess they call it life.
I thought life would mean to learn a lot
More ideas being found than dreams being lost.
I don't know a name for this, I guess t'was just a lie.

Bridge:
But each open door, even each step, leads to the next.
No final word's describing this quite perfectly.

Refrain:
Life's ruff. It's a crazy competition and you're running out of time.
Lies suck. but I'm never really sure, which way is mine, all mine.
Life's ruff
When you're close enough to wander, but you're too far off to touch.
Life's ruff. You know, life's ruff.

Some people live to count their victims,
some people live to lick their wounds.
While other's don't care for no one but their beloved self.
So here I am before my mirror, here I am before my judge.
I don't know, how to call this man, I guess this is myself.

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