

Oh, to get ahead in this world,
Takes a lot of kind words,
And ruthless damning actions,
And I hope, I never have to hurt you,
Though I gladly will do, my friend.

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,
Sipping lazy cups of tea,
I won't be brooding in my bedroom,
With the shutters down on me,

And this song is not cathartic,
Because I've done nothing wrong,
It's just a song,
It's just a song.

Ah, you see the more you're trying,
The more I know you're lying,
The more I start to hate the sight of you,
Tell me what you would do?
Pulled by both arms, nearly torn in two.

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,
Sipping lazy cups of tea,
I won't be crying in my bedroom,
With the covers over me,

And this song is not cathartic,
Because I've done nothing wrong,
It's just a song,
It's just a song.

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,
Sipping lazy cups of tea,
I won't be brooding in my bedroom,
With the shutters down on me,

And this song is not cathartic,
Because I've done nothing wrong,
It's just a song,
It's just a song.

It's just a song,
It's just a song.