

Axxis, C'est La Vie

An old man sat in the dark alley
Holding out his trembling hand
His dark eyes looked through a blanket
Wrapped in junk - out in the cold
Late at night we passed that alley
On our way down to the zoo
Life goes on without pity
On the streets of New York city
Is there a healing for a world almost dead?
Is there a healing for a world ravin' mad?
C'est la vie
Someone knocked somebody out
Drew a gun to take a life
In that game - a vicious circle
Losers die - winners survive
C'est la vie
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