

Why Change?

I want to become a new man
But not sure I'm getting much closer
I ring up the gym
To book myself in
Then find myself sat on the sofa

I'm doing my best to make changes
By eating more salad and veg
But my head soon gets turned
As I find myself charmed
By the smells that come wafting from Greggs

I'm trying **so** hard to stop drinking
Sup diet cokes night after night
But it makes my hands shake
And that keeps me awake
So I nip down the pub for a pint

I really want to stop smoking
Because lung cancer's one of my fears
Though I cough and I gag
I still have a fag
Cos I'm hooked and I have been for years

I think that perhaps I'll stop swearing
It's the easiest thing to give up
But I can't find my smokes
It's gone past a joke
Oh sod it, I don't give a fu..

Perhaps it is time to stop gambling
It's a terrible waste of a life
And I still feel the scars
Of selling my car
But I'm glad the debt lost me my wife!

So what is the point of transforming
To just becomes miserable as sin?
Need takeaway grub
Then I'm off to the pub
Where I'm comfortable in my own skin