

A Wilhelm Scream

"I Wipe My Ass With Showbiz"

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Live like a legend and die like an asshole.
You dance with the man, shake his hand, shine his shoes.
The revolution rock hits sound like shit through your iPod.
"Put fists up like like I got, now gimme the loot."
How I tried to buy my soul back, but the devil bent me over for it.
Got me curled up in the shower scratching the letters that read:
Dear mother, I sold my soul for management.
Fog blasts will not mask a stage act unnatural.
Those timed jumps cause merch bumps, now guests list the suits.
And past the smoke hands the backdrop, crowd screams holy mackerel.
Verse-chorus, verse-chorus, a solo, then boom.
How I tried to buy my soul back, but the devil bent me over for it.
Got you curled up in the shower scratching letters that read:
Dear mother, I sold my soul for management.

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