

7 Foot Midget "To Fame And Fortune"

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Sign away your soul today
Give your dreams up for all of the fame
Wasted talent on a lousy buck

A former aspiring artist
Once admired by all of the kids
Now a sold-out washed-up mindless schmuck

How does it feel to become a product?
A commodity made for mass consumption
Amend your style to increase your paycheck
Well you've lost my respect

Musician turned salesman

No more creativity

No more originality
Those days are gone, compromised by greed
No more surprising novelty
No more ingenuity
Those days are gone, compromised by greed

Give the mob what they wanna hear
Same old songs remade over and over
How does it feel to become a product?
A commodity made for mass consumption
Amend your style to increase your paycheck
Well you've lost my respect

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