

## Bright Ophidia

### "Single Millionaires"

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There's a man on the corner with his hands holding  
tightly to his hat so it won't blow away.  
With a girl, with her hands in her pockets holding  
tightly to her money so she won't blow it today.

It's all the same, everyday.

When he gets home from work, there's his children  
already in bed without seeing his face today.  
And the girl, with empty pockets, spent her money, she  
might as well just throw her wallet in the fireplace.

Cause she is the L and he is the O for us, Liars Out  
there,  
And she is the V and he is the E for the Violence in  
Everyone.  
And we might spell you, we're nothing like you.

And when his kids grow up old and have children of  
their own they swear they'll never wear the same size  
hat their father wears.  
And the girl, now a women, says she's happy, and  
thanks god for jewelry and single millionaires.

Cause she is H and he is the O for us, Humble Orphans,  
And she is the P and he is the E for Potential in  
Everyone,  
And we might spell you, we're nothing like you.

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