

Brighten **"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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