

Heather Small

"Fortune 500"

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Taking in the party
He put me down for awhile
100 watts of ambition
Springing off his smile
His lips hooked set to kiss me
But he closed up like a fist
He's got a fortune in charm
And makes a gift out of empty arms
But I was sold, I was sold, no one had to convince me
Bending over backwards
I watched the light burn out
His excuses fell like diamonds
Brilliant, cutting, lost and found
He's got a fortune in charm
And makes a gift out of empty arms
But I was sold, I was sold, no one had to convince me
(I don't believe it)
(believe it)

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