

## Millionaire "Crippled Love"

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Longtime and all i have is this picture in a frame  
captured you, but you're wearing off  
You're still a pure gold lady and i am still a mule  
Love to write but i'm searching for a muse  
i always win ,always lose,  
devotion's not needed and beauty's not required  
and what we had was  
just crippled love  
poison your tears for

your song, your plan, your years

She wipes out thouroughly, leaves bits & pieces here  
no science needed to figure out  
that her aim is present  
lets nothing come in between  
Makes your life seem, like a breeze that passed you by  
a cloud not noticed and you can't denie  
that her ways weren't cunning  
& weren't from beneath the soul

and what we had was  
just crippled love  
poison your tears for  
your scam  
what we had was crippled love  
nothing else but crippled love  
all of my days is not enough  
all of my time is not enough

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