

## Millionaire

### "Nothing Left"

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Whyyyyyyy can't i change?  
change into stuff they make up to forget what they  
mean when they talk to themselves.  
It helps them forget that there's bones underneath  
And their soul is a gift.

Whyyyyyyy can't i change?  
Change into a fresh-air with healthy genes,  
Terrible deal, just like a perfect machine.  
Into a rock, outside the flock,  
Instead of a hog trying to be like a dog.

Do they expect to profit from those years  
That they spend on their couches?  
Unbuckle the belt and not bother,  
It's them and everyone else.  
The future is here and past fading fast, enjoying  
comes first and praying comes last  
But there is no time, there is nothing left.

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