

Brightboy

"Vanity Fair"

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money, money
welcome to my new and improved life
on the dark side
climbing the never ending stairs of gold
just trying to grab and hold

it's all good
my face on the magazine
limelights and everybody's loving me
i made a deal with the so called friends of mine
now i burn art like i burn all the bridges behind

all bridges behind

i'm all over and i've got it going
i will turn my soul into profit
i'm all over and i've got it going
i'll make it happen just the way you want it

money, girls, cars
is what they promised me
got none of them
just this new type of captivity
i went through the wheels of machinery
and now i'm half the man that i used to be

that i used to be

i'm all over and i've got it going
i will turn my soul into profit
i'm all over and i've got it going
i'll make it happen just the way you want it

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