

Dawn Pm**"Filthy Rich I Don't Wanna Be"**Visit ["Filthy Rich I Don't Wanna Be"](http://MotoLyrics.com/Filthy_Rich_I_Don't_Wanna_Be) on MotoLyrics.com

4:07) (A. Cordes/T.Nakamura) "Firefly" performed by Teruo Nakamura and The Rising Sun used under license from #1 Harrison St. Productions Inc. MCA Music Publishers, A Division of MCA Inc. (ASCAP)/Mayumi Music (BMI)

Uh, yeah, That's alright. (Chorus) I don't wanna be like you,
filthy rich... I don't wanna be like you, filthy rich... I don't
wanna be like you, filthy rich... I don't wanna be like
you, filthy
rich... If you tried to explain, I wouldn't understand.
Even if you
twist my arm, I don't know. I'm falling through five
different
frames of distortion. Knowing me disturbing its flow...
I'm using
blind, I'm using fault. I'm using all that's within my
reach. What
conducts patterns of electricity that leave me
wandering oblivion's
beach... OK, wait a minute, what's the big deal. I'm not
allowed to
be composed of love. Consider questions of a lonely
man. From
clashes to ashes and greed to dust, OK, fine, where's
the big wall,
it surpasses me. But it's decayed through time.
Consider quotes
from the understand when it takes. To condition your
mind to be
filthy rich... (Chorus) I'm entering never, confusing the
elements.
Pondering all that needs to be done. Shamena life is
performing an
exorcism. To rid me of all my guns. At innocence best
is simply
wild, as intense as it can only crawl... I see my mind, it's
still

descending, at least for now I'm controlling it's fall...
OK, hold
it, why the big smiles. It scrambles warnings and
signals touch...
Consider the passion for a thousand miles, When the
shady strides
become a bit too much... OK, stop where's the big find.
I'm waiting
for someone to tell me the deal. Consider yourself so
wealthy
without ever knowing how it feels to be filthy rich...
(Chorus)
Finding you, fighting you, and pleasing. All that gives
me mine.
It's getting dark and it's time to go. When facts to
feathers
destroy the lines... OK, kool, but what's the big reason.
Tell me
the tricks to having loads of Fliz. Consider the silence
of the
soul. 'Cause filthy rich is just what it is, filthy rich...
(Chorus)

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