

Various Artists

"Fake Your Way to the Top"

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[Jimmy:]

Thirteen years of solid gold platters
Rising costs and cocktail chatter
Fat deejays, stereophonic sound, oh baby
The game of hits goes around and around
But you can fake your way to the top
Around and around
(Try that part righ there, baby.)

[Lorrell:]

Round and around

[Jimmy:]

Fake your way to the top

[Deena:]

Round and around

[Jimmy:]

(Yeah, you fell right in there, didn't you, sweetheart?)
You can fake your way to the top

[Effie:]

Round and around

[Jimmy:]

(Shit, I knew you'd have it!)
But it's always real, so real

[Effie/Deena/Lorrell:]

Always so real

[Jimmy:]

When you're comin' down
I know what's happ'nin', I been around
Fakin' my way through every town
I make my livin' off o' me sound
And the game of hits
It does around and around
And around and around

[Effie/Deena/Lorrell:]
Around and around
Around and around

[Jimmy:]
A man gets lonely
Workin' hard on the road
He's away from his woman
It's a heavy load

Time ought bring up the light!
Yeah, lets see which one of these girls
is goin' home with Jimmy tonight!
Yeah, I got a nice warm bed waitin' on ya.
Alright now, come on now, who wants to sit on Daddy's
lap?
Break it down.

I said I faked my way to the top
Oh-oh
You know I faked my way to the top
Yeah-yeah
Oh, yes I did
I faked my way to the top
Oh yeah, oh yes I did...
And it's always real, so real, baby
When you're comin' down
Help me Jesus
Help help help help me, Jesus
Fake my way to the top!

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