

Alphaville, Soulman

(Lyrics: Otto von Bismark/music: Gold)

Smiling faces when you're no.1, it's on, can you relate
The people that you meet are the people that you love to hate walk this way, talk this way, suckers
To me it's a job, the case is sublime, you get yours, i get mine - call me a prostitute
Digging the inner so you don't get under, no, my name ain't alexander the great but came and i sav
And now the house is haunted cause i can talk this shit
I'm in the game, even when they're kicking it, a hustler
Hitting the big time with mental stamina, with karma spread from the south of france. to l.a.- to indo
I was born, growing up, i finished my cup, said good luck, dad- with a back up from the giddy up-- b
I tolled a while but not in vain, whiskey, women, joy and pain i had to get away and start my own oc
Ain't no sellout, im the shit, there ain't no substitute you get yours and i get mine, call me a prostitut