

Basia Trzetrzelewska, Masquerade

I've got a friend who had a schoolboy dream
He wanted every luxury that money could bring
He fancied himself as a King of the castle
Impressing all the ladies with the size of his car
But none of them would have it
They left the morning after
As a giver of love he was a walking disaster
Who will ever know of this charade
Unless you tell us who you really are
How far will you go
Down a road that's paved with gold but takes away your soul
Come to masquerade
Keep your heart out of sight
You can be a winner
A master of disguise
Then one night he met a beautiful girl
She was a viable concern, he couldn't help thinking
But he ran out of small talk and started to panic
The comedy was turning into something tragic
Never mix business with pleasure
You can play them independently but never together
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