

O.C. Supertones, Little Man

Keep both my eyes transfixed on the prize
A high-rise to the blue skies my piece of the pie
There's a hole in my heart that I know how to fill
That's to light my cigarettes with a hundred dollar bill
It's all about cash flow the California dream
To make the grade you gotta make the green
My friend I'm the champion I've no time for losers
Never ask for nothin 'cause beggars can't be choosers

Lookin' our for number ones's a full time occupation
I'll give to me myself and I my own salvation
Some people try to tell me God can save me from my sin
But God can take a number and I'll pencil Him in
Busy oh so busy I got no time to search
My Sunday's are all booked I've got no time for church
That's for those poor souls, dry as a stone
God bless this child 'cause this child's got His own.

Oh, let my pride fall down I'm a little man

He who gets the most toys and dies is the winner
I'm livin' the high life with lobster tail dinners
My Lexus, my yacht, my gold chains and rings
These are a few of my favorite things
But most of all I keep my billfold the closest to my heart
House decorated with million dollar works of art
Roll with the Bigwigs they think I'm the man
But then I stop and look and think about how big I really am

Mammon is an unforgiving God, I cast him away
I live my life to God, not to get paid
Money can't save your soul, don't think I can
I look to God and I feel like a little man.