

Clawfinger, 15 Minutes Of Fame

Any way the wind seems to blow is where you always end up turning your nose,
well I suppose you wanna go where the incrowd goes & know everything the in crowd knows,
saying everything right, you keep you image tight with everyone you meet and greet
but the truth of it all is that it's easy to fall if you can't stand on your own fucking feet

You're so busy kissing everyone's ass you haven't noticed that your nose is brown,
well you're the clown of the town but you think you're
going up well I can promise you you're going down,
so stop wasting your time becos you're way out of line, it's all imaginary fame,
you're not wearing a crown & the only place you'll ever be famous in is in your own brain

fifteen minutes of being famous
A whole lifetime of being aimless
fifteen minutes of being famous You're on your way to fame
A whole lifetime of being aimless you've made yourself a name

Someone always has to lose his seat so that somebody else can win,
and I really don't think that you're smart enough to understand which seat you're in,
you can't win If you're not strong enough
to stand for something cos' someone else will stand on you,
no matter what you do all you're ever gonna be is just another ass that they can screw

fifteen minutes of being famous You're on your way to fame
A whole lifetime of being aimless you've made yourself a name
fifteen minutes of being famous the spotlight is aimed at you
A whole lifetime of being aimless and then it's somebody new