

Eager, Million Dollars

With empty pockets full of laughter
I set my eyes on bars of gold
Went to the market of hereafter
Where truths are bought and lies are sold
It would hurt to hear that I was after
Half a million dollars every year
If I ever traded truth for laughter
I'd forgotten why I was put here
I gave up looking for some meaning
Within the vault of old cliches
And pocket change could buy no healing
For all the broken hearts I'd trade
It would hurt to hear that I was after
Half a million dollars every year
So if I ever traded truth for laughter
I'd forgotten why You put me here
Sitting in a hotel room in London
There's a million reasons I should care
I'm waiting for the night life to begin
So I won't remember why I was put here
It would hurt to hear that I was after
Half a million dollars every year
Choosing to replace the truth for laughter
I'd forgotten why You brought me here