

Hardcore Superstar, Dear Old Fame

And I travelled around to educate myself
Stand up straight I'm easy to persuade
It's all so numb, I can't feel no more
Miss you my friend, pinch me again
The present time isn't like past times
Neon lights instead of laughing crimes
I struggled so hard and took it quite far
But all that shows on my hands are scars
Stand up straight, no need to look in my eyes
Still miss you my friend, don't hurt me again
Dear old fame damn don't you pretend

It's all so numb, I can't feel no more
Stretch my tolerance
Act like a man it's all bullshit when it comes to the end
Dear old Stockholm
Made a place in my mind
Stretch my tolerance
Act like a man it's all bullshit when it comes to the end
Dear old Stockholm
Can't you feel the loving that I send?
Fame, all the money
It's all bullshit when it comes to the end
Dear old Stockholm
Made a place in my mind
Violent ground and amusement sound
Mutual partners, weaknesses to be found