

Holy Mother, Shoot The News

Gotta bet your reputations on it
I don't ever wanna die alone

Headlines, deadlines
Gotta shoot the news
Gonna make the news
I just came from boredom town
Like a hand-me-down
From a foreign ground

I know, you know
Competitions high but so am I
I'm at the right place
Right time
Gotta have the right look
The right line
Stick it to me now

You love the game
The falling rain
You're soakin' wet
You feel the pain

Gotta bet your reputation on it
I don't ever want to die alone
I don't wanna bet the dirty money
Buy myself a soul

Yea, I know, same old dance
With the same old lines
Try to think about
Who you've been seeing
Mamma's girl with daddy's lies

Alright, so you're uptight
And you made a little money
But it don't seem right
But with the right look
Right lines
You'll make it to the
Penthouse in no time
Stick it to me now

You love the game
The falling rain
You're soakin' wet
You love the game

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Your boss, he says the stakes are low
Domestic wave, your chic's a ho