

Jesus On Extasy, Dead Presidents

Hey Mr. Franklin it's good to have you with me.
Let's go for a walk.
I know I killed my ideals, but that is just my deal,
You shouldn't judge too hard.
Today, I realized me life has changed.
And I have to cope with myself.

I sold my soul,
Sold my soul,

Just for money to earn.
I sold my soul, but I got so many lessons to learn.
And those dead presidents were never my friends.
I'll never be happy in the end.

Hey Mr. Bankman , take care of my account please,
I got lots on it.
But isn't it ironic, that all I ever dreamed of,
Becomes my nightmare now.
And I don't have the strength to carry on.
But now it's too late to go back.