

# Monty Are I, Metropolis

Wake up in this sad city, underemployed and hopes to be with diamonds in her ears.  
The people all around her say,  
"Good luck with that. Can't even pay this month's rent, it nears."  
Girl, I'm worried for you.  
But it's not like her to worry.  
But she needs to follow the need to swallow pride to get to where she wants,  
pride to get to where she is.  
And they say she's losing the path she's choosing.  
Don't count her out, she'll seize the day.  
Now she's making good money.  
Dreams aren't as far as they had seemed.  
People now, they see.  
And she keeps on running to--she's still finding her way.  
She falls and rises.  
But it's not like her to worry.  
Through sweat and blood she'll see.  
You can't break this faith from me, this faith that will not be raped.  
And it fuels my life's ambition. COME. CRU\$H. KILL. DREAM\$.  
Try quickly, cause I'll shove it back in your face,  
and I'll show you what I'm made of.  
And you can't make it.  
Take the dreams that you're running towards.  
Stop your screaming.  
Run until you're not alone.  
You are not alone. You can't have...