Platinum Blonde, Diamonds

I can't stop thinking 'bout you anymore
Seems like I've had this dream before
No sense pretending that I understand
Your love is money in your hands
You never choose to compromise
Baby, baby, I
I saw you walking out the door
And now you've found what you're lookin for
Was it Diamonds after all

We lost our innocence Manhattan style
Two more statistics for the file
Well your love just ain't made for two

Find your strength in numbers baby

Socially you've got the rap down
Sweet talkin' all the boys in town
There's just one thing that you forgot
I'll tell you something
It's lonely at the top