

# Slam, Bright Lights Fading

Gimme gimme gimme one more chance  
I spent my royalties on call boys  
Just a temporary slip of fate  
I'm on this street  
I can tell just by the way you glance  
You heard the word about my greatness  
But when my money's gone and I'm all alone  
What's a girl to do?

(Chorus)  
So pick me off of the floor  
And put me in your show tonight  
I'm designed to blow your mind  
If you just let me be myself  
So get me off of this road  
And put me in your show tonight  
I was born for the bright spot lights  
Everybody knows

There's no guilt about the things I do  
You've got to take it where you find it  
And I've starved enough and worked hard enough  
The pay's overdue  
Never mind about the state I'm in  
It's just a matter of appearance  
I'm a superstar if you send a car  
And a little cash on the side

(Chorus)  
How's a girl out of luck gonna find herself?  
Call me a tramp and a drunk  
It's just packaging  
Just a part of fame  
(Chorus x2)