

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)