

Treaty Of Paris, Why Am I Still Broke?

Never wanted to be rich or famous
Only wanted to move out of my parents' basement
Make my living doing something that makes people happy.

Seems so easy,
Seems so easy, oh.

Where did all my money go?
If you say I sold my soul
Then you don't know what I know.
Where did all my money go?
If I sold out long ago
Then why am I still broke?

Please allow me to address a few small misconceptions
About my motivations.
I'll tell you the truth
Yes, we're in it for the money.
Otherwise we'd never get from one place to another, yeah.
That's what I used to think. Yeah.
Before I knew anything about anything, oh.

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We hold our lightning jars up high and wait for thunderstorms
To rain down fireflies
Our hope is all we bring back in our jars
Empty though they seem to be
But still we sing, oh yeah.
That's what I learned to think. Yeah.
That what this business did to me, oh