

Three times alone this week I was supposed to be a rock star.  
"I only beat you when I'm drunk, you're only pretty when you're crying.  
" We are supposed to be the ones to set the air afire.  
Three times alone this week I was made into a liar.  
Whether (or not) I found the gold, I never told.  
Richer: I, Brilliant White.  
I.  
I wear shoes that move men from desert to riches.  
Show me what you got girl and scratch it because it itches.  
Call me chameleon and extinguish my fire.  
Three times alone this week I was supposed to be a liar.  
  
Maybe not.  
Why the stare? Would I lie about that which I'm scared?  
What did I say to you?  
Step into a pot of gold, rejoice in fire that which soon burns cold.  
What did I say to you?  
I can't deny the throat, the love, sincerity.  
I can't deny it.  
"I've got to keep my P.M.A."