

# Single Millionaires

**Brighten**

There's a man on the corner with his hands holding tightly to his hat so it won't blow away.

With a girl, with her hands in her pockets holding tightly to her money so she won't blow it today.

It's all the same, everyday.

When he gets home from work, there's his children already in bed without seeing his face today.

And the girl, with empty pockets, spent her money, she might as well just throw her wallet in the fireplace.

Cause she is the L and he is the O for us, Liars Out there,  
And she is the V and he is the E for the Violence in Everyone.  
And we might spell you, we're nothing like you.

And when his kids grow up old and have children of their own they swear they'll never wear the same size hat their father wears.

And the girl, now a woman, says she's happy, and thanks god for jewelry and single millionaires.

Cause she is H and he is the O for us, Humble Orphans,  
And she is the P and he is the E for Potential in Everyone,  
And we might spell you, we're nothing like you.