

Dear Old Fame

Hardcore Superstar

And I travelled around to educate myself
Stand up straight I'm easy to persuade
It's all so numb, I can't feel no more
Miss you my friend, pinch me again
The present time isn't like past times
Neon lights instead of laughing crimes

I struggled so hard and took it quite far
But all that shows on my hands are scars
Stand up straight, no need to look in my eyes

Still miss you my friend, don't hurt me again
Dear old fame damn don't you pretend
It's all so numb, I can't feel no more

Stretch my tolerance
Act like a man, it's all bullshit when it comes to the
end

Dear old Stockholm
Can't you feel the loving thet I send?
Fame, all the money
It's all bullshit when it comes to the end
Dear old Stockholm
Made a place in my mind

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Violent ground and amusement sound
Mutual partners, weaknesses to be found
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