

I say: To be living brings me down  
In a way, I'm what you call a pimp

Soap won't wash away your shame  
I'll sell, whatever there's to be sold  
In hell, I'd sell my own poor soul

Where are you going with that mask I found you  
You're running through the world  
Thinking only about tomorrow  
In your dreams, I'll do all the things you say

Your guess, is just as good as mine  
But no, I cannot justify your ways  
Take care, cause hurttable as hell  
I wear, I wear the hardest shell

Daybreak, you're returning  
And I know that you want to play  
When I see the sun going down  
The eyes in my head, see the world spinning around