

## Dead Presidents

Jesus On Extasy

Hey Mr. Franklin it's good to have you with me.  
Let's go for a walk.  
I know I killed my ideals, but that is just my deal,  
You shouldn't judge too hard.  
Today, I realized me life has changed.  
And I have to cope with myself.

I sold my soul,  
Sold my soul,

Just for money to earn.  
I sold my soul, but I got so many lessons to learn.  
And those dead presidents were never my friends.  
I'll never be happy in the end.

Hey Mr. Bankman , take care of my account please,  
I got lots on it.  
But isn't it ironic, that all I ever dreamed of,  
Becomes my nightmare now.  
And I don't have the strength to carry on.  
But now it's too late to go back.