

Strange living with a name
They get the best of me
But I'm gon' walk away

I don't complaint, I got much to gain
So they keep testing me
And I keep feeding their face

But they could go off and hit the road
And what would I care?
I like going nowhere

I got the reigns, courage I was made of
And they got the fake love
So I know I must show

It's my show, I must go
With my soul not my hand
Where I stand it's my role, it's my soul

Pearls, necklaces and girls
And all the pretty thing
I ain't seeking to have

It's safe to say
If I don't get this out of me
I might quite easily end up dead

Mad cross my T's, try to dot my eyes
But that's blinding me
I ain't living that way

I roll my sleeves
And make me a better man of me
I might easily just give up on the show

Yes, my show, I must go
With my soul not my hand
Where I stand it's my role, it's my soul

I must show, it's my show, I must go
With my soul by my hand
Where I stand it's my role, it's my soul

It's my show, it's my show