Fake Your Way To The Top

Henry Krieger

Thirteen years of solid gold platters
Rising cost and cocktail chatter
Fat DJ's, stereophonic sound, oh baby
The game of hits goes 'round and aroundBut you can fake your way to the top
'Round and around
Try that part right there, baby
('Round and around)Fake your way to the top
('Round and around)
Now you fell right in there
Didn't you, sweetheart?You can fake your way to the top
('Round and around)
Shit, I knew you'd have it, babyBut it's always real, so real
(Always so real)
When you're comin' downI know what's happenin', I've been around
Makin' my way through every town
I make my livin' off of my sound
And the game of hits goes 'round and around
And around and aroundAnd 'round and around
And 'round and around
'Round and around
And 'round and around
And 'round and around
And 'round and aroundI made it slowly
Worked hard on the road
He's away from his lover
It's a heavy loadTime to bring up the lights, yeah
Now let's see which one of these girls
Goin' home with Jimmy tonight, yeah
I got a nice, warm bed waitin' on yaJimmy, my bed
Alright now, come on now
Who wants to sit on daddy's lap?
Break it downI faked my way to the top
('Round and around)
Oh, yeah, yes, I did
('Round and around)I said, I faked my way to the top
('Round and around)
('Round and around)You know I faked my way to the top
('Round and around)
Yeah, yeah, oh yes, I did

('Round and around)And it's always real, so real
(Oh, it's so real)
Baby, when you're comin' down
I faked my way, yes, I didHelp me, Jesus
(Help me, Jesus)
Help, help, help
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)Help me, Jesus
(Help me, Jesus)
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)(Help me, Jesus)
You the Man
(Help, help, help, help, help, help, help)
Fake my way to the top

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