Fortune 500

Heatmiser

Taking in the party
He put me down for awhile
100 watts of ambition
Springing off his smile
His lips hooked set to kiss me
But he closed up like a fist
He's got a fortune in charm
And makes a gift out of empty arms
But I was sold, I was sold, no one had to convince me
Bendng over backwards
I watched the light burn out
His excuses fell like diamonds
Brilliant, cutting, lost and found
He's got a fortune in charm
And makes a gift outof empty arms
But I was sold, I was sold, no one had to convince me
(I don't believe it)
(believe it)

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