

# Martini

## fulare pad

She was a new mean beauty queen, money, drugs, magazines  
That didn't do nothin', that didn't do nothin'  
They gave her diamonds, shiny boys, city speak every toy  
That didn't do nothin', no, nothin' for her  
You can lead a horse to water but you can't expect it to drink  
Now ain't that somethin'? Now ain't that somethin'?  
Yeah, when the world is at your gate, that won't satiate  
Why are you cryin' if you offer nothin' at all?  
Don't be a fly in my Martini, baby, come on down  
That roof is high and I'm not climbin' tonight  
Come down and I'll give you somethin', hey, to cry about  
Flash cars, booze and bars, trial and a drown in the scars  
It won't do nothing, it won't do nothing  
Even the best frame won't change your wet paintin'  
Into the Mona Lisa, the Mona Lisa  
You've got to dry your eyes baby, I know it's your party

And you cry if you want to, cry if you want to  
Yeah, when the world is at your gate and that don't fill your plate  
Why are you cryin'? You offer nothin' at all  
Don't be a fly in my Martini, baby, come on down  
That roof is high and I'm not climbin' tonight  
Come down and I'll give you somethin', hey, to cry about  
A fly in my Martini, baby, come on down  
That roof is high and I'm not climbin' tonight  
Come down and I'll give you somethin', hey, to cry about  
Don't be a fly in my Martini, baby, come on down  
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