

# Golden Boys (Romain Tranchart Club Edit)

Res

Why are you selling dreams of who you wish you could be  
A prince in all of the magazines  
They'd have no words for the man I've seen  
Talk real fast 'fore they see your face And would they love you if they knew all the things we know  
We've got these images  
We need them to be true  
Not ready to believe we're no more insecure than you [Chorus]  
But then there're girls like me who sit appauled by what we've seen  
We know the truth about you  
Now you're the prince of all the magazines  
That is a dangerous thing But would they love you if they knew all the things that we know  
Those Golden Boys  
All a fraud don't believe their show  
Would they love you if they knew all the things that we know Golden Boy life ain't a video Place you in these  
robes and tell you you're the greatest man  
And you believe and play your cards  
Got dealt a winning hand  
Don't you get tired of the show  
The kissin' ass of all the people that you want to know When I was young I thought you had it won  
I saw you on T.V. you made life look fun  
But then years go by and people grow  
I realize it's all a freak show [Chorus] Girls like me don't need no bubblin' mindstate thrown in my face  
The way you goin' ain't gonna be no stroll in the sunshine  
Can't turn it back now baby you gone and past that line  
So give it on up now  
What you gonna do [Chorus]

Songwriters

McKinney, Martin "Doc" / White, Santi Published by

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