

Dirty Money

Born Cages

I used to live the dream
Dirty money would flock to me
But now I'm left to wash society
And the limousines that used to drive me around I used to fight the night
The dice was loaded for me
A Jesus Christ, a light in the sky and a key
But now it's dark and I can barely see the ground If I could turn back time
I would make my honor mine
Wouldn't sell it for a car, a girl, two girls or even nine
But now I'm left with nothing
Not a dollar or a little something
Not a little bit of pride, of hope, or faith in mankind I used to feel, and I used to dream of what I could be
It gave me fuel to want to work on me
But I got dragged into the material world So now I'm cynical
I can't feel anything at all
I'm just another king without a crown
Waiting for his kingdom come to put him down If I could turn back time
I would make my honor mine
Wouldn't sell it for a car, a girl, two girls or even nine The lions feed their souls on the sun
And take the throne in the coliseum If I could turn back time
I would make my honor mine
Wouldn't sell it for a car, a girl, two girls or even nine
But now I'm left with nothing
Not a dollar or a little something
Not a little bit of pride, of hope, or faith in mankind

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