

# Basia Trzetrzelewska, Masquerade

I've got a friend who had a schoolboy dream  
He wanted every luxury that money could bring  
He fancied himself as a King of the castle  
Impressing all the ladies with the size of his car  
But none of them would have it  
They left the morning after  
As a giver of love he was a walking disaster  
Who will ever know of this charade  
Unless you tell us who you really are  
How far will you go  
Down a road that's paved with gold but takes away your soul  
Come to masquerade  
Keep your heart out of sight  
You can be a winner  
A master of disguise  
Then one night he met a beautiful girl  
She was a viable concern, he couldn't help thinking  
But he ran out of small talk and started to panic  
The comedy was turning into something tragic  
Never mix business with pleasure  
You can play them independently but never together  
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