

Clawfinger, Where Are You Now

you do everything right for all the wrong reasons
and you use all the tricks of the trade
From the tip of your toes to the tip of your tongue
you've carefully planned your crusade
It's all surface no substance, all payed in advance
but you're the one paying the price
and the only thing left will be a hole in your pocket
when everyone else gets their slice/has been given their slice

where are you now, what have you done
what have you got left, what have you become
you had the world in your hands but it slipped through
your fingers and now look at what you've become

The masterplan wasn't yours you were just the excuse
To squeeze out some juice from the fruit
and nobody cares about your personal life
all you are is the latest recruit
the sweet smell of success has a foul aftertaste
and when you've lost your place in the sun
what you won't do for you love you just do for money
so you'd best take the money you can and then run

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there are no rules in the book that apply to the game
the truth comes like a slap in the face
And the next runner up gets a moment to shine
in the spotlight once you've lost your place
keep on wearing that suit for as long as it fits
and pretend that it's not wearing you
and while your busy being somebody you're not
you're much better off not even having a clue