Mula, babe

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She was a young girl in pursuit of glory and fame
She would do anything she could to feel the flame
When everybody knew your mood and the games you played
She finally made all her dreams come true and then she screamed
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Oh no, this ain't paradice
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He was a young boy in pursuit of money and fame
And he would do anything he could to kill the pain
When everybody knew your mood they speaking your name
And oh, all over the late night local news I heard them scream

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Oh no, this ain't paradice
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I say the sun don't shine forever Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
And everything that glitter ain't gold I say love don't love forever Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
When everything that's new gets old

Sometimes we try to find a road to the riches, need roadside assistants Blisters on my knees from beggin' for forgiveness Ain't no dollars on my trees but mileage on my feet 'Cause I been climbin' to the peak and runnin' from the bullshit

I'm tired of hearin' the same songs, who told the DJ, bring it back? Dead president's bullet in Abraham's Lincoln hat Starin' at big poster I swear that he be winkin' back Cut school, sell crack, sorry I'm just thinkin' back

Call me crazy I've been called worse
It's like I have it all, but what's it all worth
I'm probably better in my afterlife
I should cherish life but this ain't paradice

Oh no, this ain't paradice Oh no, this ain't paradice Oh no, this ain't paradice Oh, oh, oh, oh

This ain't paradice No, this ain't paradice