

Sixteen Seconds To Choose

ABC

Have you still got the card, made out of platinum?
Still got that tuplet south of Manhattan man?
Gives us your truth, give us your beauty
We supply prizes, winning by the booty

Honey go spread the news
I got a deal you can't refuse
You got sixteen seconds to choose
Prestige, power, money money money

They find you sometimes later in your midline cage
Home of the braindead, home of the brave
They found a million scenes that you once played
On a cotton room floor, torn in flames

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You got sixteen seconds to choose
Prestige, power, money money money

Money don't need no antidote
Money don't need no antidote
Money don't need no antidote
Now you're hanging around for your standing ovation
Plugging your crap, at the radio station
I've seen a million mokes, who think that as ours

Honey go spread the news
I got a deal you can't refuse
You got sixteen seconds to choose
Prestige, power, money money money