

## Fake Money

Arkells

Oh you're just a boy, a little banker boy  
Everything's a game, and everyone's your toy  
While everyone was sleeping, dreaming dumb-ass dreams  
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me  
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believe

Oh it's just a game, a silly little game  
Everyone's a fool so you don't take any blame  
With entitled narcissism, you speak courageously  
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me  
You're preying on the weak and those who don't believe

Oh, it's nothing but fake money. Yeah, it's nothing but fake money

We're just a bunch of fools, stupid little fools  
In a condensing voice you explain us the rules  
So share with us your wisdom, about how it's going to be  
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me  
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believe

Oh you're just a boy, a brazen little boy  
When everything's a battle, there's tactics to deploy  
Standing while you're sleeping, you're always on your feet  
Winning's in your religion, the alters where you preach  
You're praying to gods who are meaningless to me  
You're preying on the weak, and those who don't believe

Remember it's nothing but fake money  
Yah, it's nothing but fake money  
And you're some cowboy at High Noon  
You're playing a board game up in a board room

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