

I don't think you know my name
Sympathy is not my game
A nice little war is what I'm looking for
Showing it real is the deal

I'm the first in the line on the scene of the crime
Pulitzer is waiting for me
Actuality is my world
Nothing could be too absurd
My words let them live my way
My shots let them appear the way I prefer
Facts turned into a fairy-tale
For public sale
Wrong or right why should I care?
There's no buck in being fair
From Moscow to Berlin, Beirut to L.A.
Whereever there's trouble I stay

I'm the first on the spot while a black cop is shot
Pulitzer is calling for me
My words let them live my way
My shots let them appear the way I prefer
Sporadic truth I guarentee
I'm just right