

Material Boy

Sir Sly

I love material
But everything I love so quickly falls apart
Keep it to myself and in my heart
And I'm only as sick as my secrets
So, baby, tell me, what is my weakness?
I called a therapist, she sent me to a circle to sort it out
I got my foot in my mouth
My medicine stopped working for my sick soul
Under the pressure, I fold

And I opened up my heart and found a spiritual void
This is a spiritual world
I'm a material boy

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Deeply American, which is to say I'm deeply ashamed
I wonder what the world would say
And I'm probably sick from my secrets
Politically daft, but we're in deep shit
Can't tell the circle that the red has got me paranoid
Superiority keeps me annoyed
It bears repeating that I'm sick and had to quit
No longer Christian, but I'm still afraid of judgement

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I filled up my pockets
Checked all the boxes
I couldn't escape
Still find myself obnoxious
Prideful and godless
Selfish and thoughtless
Capital dream for material boy, then I went and I lost it
I went and lost it all

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