

# Wannabe

Tom MacDonald

This is my song, yeah  
This is my song, yeah, yeah  
This is my song and I'm dancing with the Devil  
On a highway to hell in the middle of the road  
This is my time to decide

Uh, Devil in my mind now  
Monogamy isn't the only thing I've been lying 'bout  
I'm in the belly of the beast and I'm riding 'round  
Rope in my hand, should I hang myself or climb out?  
I feel like everyone around me 'bout to make it  
And I'm busy with some bitch I only fuck with when I'm faded  
They say I'll grow to be a monster, but I am one  
Why the fuck you think I've been calling myself "LeeAnn's Son"?  
I ain't Thomas anymore, I ain't honest anymore  
I don't give a shit about a broken promise anymore  
I got back home from tour like a month ago  
And I been in the club getting drunk since a month ago  
I lost the only girl I've ever loved, bet you knew it  
'Cause I said a million times, and now it's true  
I swore that she would never ever come before my music  
And now I see that every rapper sing the same tune

This is my song and I'm dancing with the Devil  
On a highway to hell in the middle of the road  
This is my time to decide if I'm gonna be a better man  
Or cover everything I own in gold  
This is not the way  
This is not the way  
This is not the way  
That I, that I, that I, that I... wannabe

There's rappers in the city that been talking shit  
And gangs that's in the city, y'all been talking 'bout it too  
There's women in the city I been fucking with on weekends  
While I'm out late with my friends, but I'm still in love with who... hates me  
I'm guilty and I'm sure it's slowly killing me  
I'ma take the fall and all responsibility  
Uh, Jesus in my heart now  
I heard he walked with you, I'll bring the car around  
'Cause I don't have the time or the energy  
To forget about the past or forgive myself for anything, I'm waiting for it  
I just cut this whole tape on a party tip  
And now I'm like what the fuck, when's the fucking party end?  
When I wanted to be good, no one else was  
When I wanted to be rich, they wouldn't sell drugs  
When she wanted us together, man, I guess I didn't  
When I needed her to find me, she went missing

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This is not the way, let it go now  
This is not the way, let it go now

Uh, I'm 24 and I'm real enough to say  
If I don't make it big by 30 I'ma kill myself  
I bet you think that's just some super high thoughts  
But I ain't made for a full time position at a real job  
I was built to fit perfect in a Maserati  
And to be the drunkest at the Grammy after party  
I'm in this quiet grey area, no feelings  
I'm in a loud grey Acura, no ceilings  
I been tryna figure out how to do it different  
I broke too many hearts and never been religious  
I'm all alone and all my friends are in the room  
I don't wear wolves or fur but I'm howling at the moon, loud  
I just don't know what to do now  
I should move on while there's no house to move out  
Too many wannabes are living in my neighborhood  
And I refuse to let them call me neighbors 'cause I'm really good

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