

# Clawfinger, Where Are You Now

you do everything right for all the wrong reasons  
and you use all the tricks of the trade  
From the tip of your toes to the tip of your tongue  
you've carefully planned your crusade  
It's all surface no substance, all payed in advance  
but you're the one paying the price  
and the only thing left will be a hole in your pocket  
when everyone else gets their slice/has been given their slice

where are you now, what have you done  
what have you got left, what have you become  
you had the world in your hands but it slipped through  
your fingers and now look at what you've become

The masterplan wasn't yours you were just the excuse  
To squeeze out some juice from the fruit  
and nobody cares about your personal life  
all you are is the latest recruit  
the sweet smell of success has a foul aftertaste  
and when you've lost your place in the sun  
what you won't do for you love you just do for money  
so you'd best take the money you can and then run

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there are no rules in the book that apply to the game  
the truth comes like a slap in the face  
And the next runner up gets a moment to shine  
in the spotlight once you've lost your place  
keep on wearing that suit for as long as it fits  
and pretend that it's not wearing you  
and while your busy being somebody you're not  
you're much better off not even having a clue