

Fame and Glory

Sponge

All you want is just the fame and glory
All you're left with is the same old story
All you'll get is just an empty promise
Do you still want me?
Do you still want me?
Do you still want me?

Here's our Jesus, turn water into wine
Got his Judas with his smiling eye
Got him some money, got him some crucify
Them nails are needles and them needles lie

Need to read between the lines
A fool will fall long by his pride

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All you're left with is the same old story
All you'll get is just an empty promise
Do you still want me?
Do you still want me?

Here's our Jesus with his big black flies
Pump his stomach and you'll pump his lies
Feel your heartache in your angry chair
You'll feel so empty in your big blank stare

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