

rich people die unhappy (Album Version)

Butch Walker

He looks up at her to find she staring back
At fingerless gloves, with fingernails black
There's a permanent frown
That's etched in her skin Designer bag fat, her figure is thin
He says hi to her, she nothing to him
She's scared of the outside,
She's boxed herself in To a world full of judgment
And callous routine
She forgets where she's from,
He knows where he's been Rich people die unhappy
That's what daddy said
But I never believed him
While drunk in the head With our television dinners
And a broken t.v. set
Money makes you happy I bet He goes to be famous, a house in the hills
Very little free time, whole lot of pills
That nail polish spread to a
Franchise of bands As fake as the X's sharpened on their hands
He was bitter as the smell
Of a magazine review
But he had all the cars And the pools and the view
And as a bum tries to stop him
For a 5 or a 10
He forgets where he's from,
He forgets where he's been Rich people die unhappy
That's what daddy said
But I never believed him
While drunk in the head With our television dinners
And a broken t.v. set
Money makes you happy I bet

Songwriters

Walker, Butch Published by

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