

# Rich

## Lloyd Cole

She left you 1958  
When the thought of another fifteen years  
Was more than she could face  
But did you miss her much well hey  
You never gave her too much thought  
In your newspaper grey  
So waste away to morro bay  
You never got around to yesterday  
But money is for taking yes  
And rich is what to be forsaken grey  
And giving it away  
And even Jesus has a price  
You're making credit card donations to television faith healers  
Born again missionaries come to morro bay  
They saved your body but your mind hey  
And everything you earned  
You're going to throw it all away  
And waste away tomorrow  
C.a. is where everybody falls down off the wagon under the wheels  
Remember 1970  
When the thought of a day without a drink  
Was more than you could face  
But did you miss her much well hey  
You never gave her too much thought  
In your newspaper grey  
So waste away to morro bay  
Saved your body but your mind paid  
But money is for taking yes  
And rich is what to be forsaken  
Grey and giving it away  
You're going to hurt somebody if you can  
You're going to make somebody understand  
Baby you're a rich man  
Baby you're a rich man

Songwriters

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