rich folks' hoax

Rodriguez

The moon is hanging in the purple sky
The baby's sleeping while its mother sighs
Talking 'bout the rich folks
Rich folks have the same jokes
And they park in basic places.The priest is preaching from a shallow grave
He counts his money, then he paints you saved
Talking to the young folks
Young folks share the same jokes
But they meet in older places.So don't tell me about your success
Nor your recipes for my happiness
Smoke in bed
I never could digest
Those illusions you claim to have going.The sun is shining, as it's always done
Coffin dust is the fate of everyone
Talking 'bout the rich folks
The poor create the rich hoax
And only late breast-fed fools believe it.So don't tell me about your success
Nor your recipes for my happiness
Smoke in bed
I never could digest
Those illusions you claim to have going.

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