Rich Kids Blues

Lykke Li

Hover, hover, straight to my head
The riches are dry of living the lie
And bringing trouble, trouble back in my bed
Where nobody can save me 'cause the smoke is my baby
Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed ways
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say
I got the rich kids blues
And it's got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kids blues
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
Why, oh, why you're over my head
Mama, she told me, "Keep your eyes on the trophy"
And I sigh, I sigh as I leave your bed
For delirious gestures are so easily restrained
Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed taste
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say
I got the rich kids blues
And it's got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kids blues
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
I got the rich kids blues
And it's got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kids blues
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
Mama, I got the rich kids blues
Mama, I got your wild-eyed ways
Mama, I got the rich kids blues

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