

# Trilogy

Peter Dinklage

Kids cruise away, pack of chickenshits  
This guy is ours, dark stains on his pants  
Enough to make a butcher out of the bone  
Take a walk in the park? Shit, yeah  
A poor boy, a rich boy  
A poor rich boy coming right through me  
Rich boy, poor boy  
Poor rich boy coming right through me  
Oh shit

Lyrics provided by

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