

Poor Little Rich Girl

[Uriah Heep](#)

You say you're gonna testify
Lie away, lie away
So you're gonna gun me down
Go ahead, fire away
You say you'll bring the curtain down
Turn around, walk away
You're gonna close this theater down
Go ahead, stop the play
Your money talks, you pull the strings
Someone waits, in the wings
You flick the switch, the dancer falls
You deal the cards, the dealer calls in your game[Chorus]
Poor little rich girl
Your money talks, you pull the strings
It's a shame, poor little rich girl
Your money burns, we all have wings
You say you're gonna leave this town
Fly away, fly away
So you gonna shoot me downGo ahead
Your money burns
Your money stings
Another script, left on the floor
Another face is shown the door in your game[Chorus]

Songwriters

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