Champagne From A Straw

Andrea Corr

Midday in the underground,
There's a teenage girl selling music for her bed
I'll be the one that you look upon
And thank your lucky stars
That you walk in your own shoes

Clip clop past a sleeping bag
And a woolly hat
Lying open on the ground
Give money and sympathy,
Hold your little girl
Like you won't see her again

Does anyone know, the places you go

On a day like today
I drink champagne from a straw
And I get my own way,
He loves me above them all
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls
On a day like today

I've got my all over tan
And my tummy tuck,
My two babies boy and girl
Big house in the country
With expensive bags
For my scary little dog

My man sleeps around a bit,
Keeps him from my bed,
One less job for me to do
I'm the one you look up to
And wish on every star
For one day in my high shoes

Can anyone hear, it's hollow in here

On a day like today
I drink champagne from a straw

And I get my own way,
He chose me above them all
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls
In a day like today A day like today

A day like today A day like today

Can anyone hear, it's hollow in here

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