

# Hey Richie, You Ain't So Rich

## Struck

V1 Four years ago we were just kids,  
Four years today, were kids with dreams,  
And hopes of better things,  
You could never see  
With a little motivation,  
You're still at the starting line,  
Of what could have been,  
The best days of your lives,

CHORUS You're on your own,

You're all alone,  
How does it feel to be you?  
Your heads held high,  
But you're not right this time,  
Put your money where your mouth is,  
You're out of luck and you got there on your own,  
Game over, (Game Over)

V2 And, I've been preaching on this soapbox  
From the tip of my tongue, to the back of my lungs  
If you stand for nothing,  
Then you'll fall for anything (Fall for anything)  
The endless pursuit of perfection  
Undertaken by those who show what's inside,  
Do you feel that you broke the connection,  
Tell me I've lied,  
Why don't you try.

Outro Sticks and stones will break your bones and the world will always hurt you,  
We are what we witness and only in sickness will we appreciate value,  
Sticks and stones will break your bones and the world will always hurt you  
For worse or for better we're in this together and we won't forget you

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