

# Rich People Die Unhappy

Butch Walker

He looks up at her to find she staring back  
At fingerless gloves, with fingernails black  
There's a permanent frown  
That's etched in her skin Designer bag fat, her figure is thin  
He says hi to her, she nothing to him  
She's scared of the outside,  
She's boxed herself in To a world full of judgment  
And callous routine  
She forgets where she's from,  
He knows where he's been Rich people die unhappy  
That's what daddy said  
But I never believed him  
While drunk in the head With our television dinners  
And a broken t.v. set  
Money makes you happy I bet He goes to be famous, a house in the hills  
Very little free time, whole lot of pills  
That nail polish spread to a  
Franchise of bands As fake as the X's sharpened on their hands  
He was bitter as the smell  
Of a magazine review  
But he had all the cars And the pools and the view  
And as a bum tries to stop him  
For a 5 or a 10  
He forgets where he's from,  
He forgets where he's been Rich people die unhappy  
That's what daddy said  
But I never believed him  
While drunk in the head With our television dinners  
And a broken t.v. set  
Money makes you happy I bet

Songwriters

Walker, Butch Published by

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