

# Old Money

## Haystak, Young Buck

Blue hydrangea, cold cash divine  
Cashmere, cologne and white sunshine  
Red racing cars, sunset and vine  
The kids were young and pretty  
Where have you been?  
Where did you go?  
Those summer nights seem long ago  
And so is the girl you used to call  
The queen of New York City But if you send for me, you know I'll come  
And if you call for me, you know I'll run  
I'll run to you, I'll run to you  
I'll run, run, run  
I'll come to you, I'll come to you  
I'll come, come, come  
Oh-oh oh, oh-oh oh The power of youth is on my mind  
Sunsets, small town, I'm out of time  
Will you still love me when I shine  
From words but not from beauty  
My father's love was always strong  
My mother's glamour lives on and on  
Yet still inside, I felt alone  
For reasons unknown to me But if you send for me, you know I'll come  
And if you call for me, you know I'll run  
I'll run to you, I'll run to you  
I'll run, run, run  
I'll come to you, I'll come to you  
I'll come, come, come  
Oh-oh oh, oh-oh oh And if you call I'll run, run, run  
If you change your mind, I'll come, come, come  
Oh-oh oh, ah-ah ah Blue hydrangea, cold cash divine  
Cashmere, cologne and hot sunshine  
Red racing cars, sunset and vine  
And we were young and pretty

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