

Champagne Taste (On a Beer Budget)

Home Free

The other day, I checked my bank account
I could swear it was the wrong amount
And I didn't understand 'cause
I'd been workin' hard
For the life of me, I didn't know where it went
I hadn't even paid the rent
Then the Mercedes pulled up in the yard
Oh, lord, I should have seen it comin'
This time I'm in deep Now I'm headin' to the poorhouse
Or headin' to jail
And if I end up there
I ain't makin' bail
And if it goes to court
I sure don't have a case
'Cause I ran out of money
Some time ago
But if you look at my wife
You'd never know
I'm afraid my baby's got champagne taste
On a beer budget Well, my throat dried up
And my heart just sunk
As she motioned me over
And popped the trunk
And I tried to ignore her absent-minded smile
And, boy, I was greeted by quite the crew
This Louis Vuitton and some Jimmy Choo
And that was just the fellas who were sittin' on top of the pile I said, Baby, there's a Walmart a block away
And I don't think they sell these brands Now I'm headin' to the poorhouse
Or headin' to jail
And if I end up there
I ain't makin' bail
And if it goes to court
I sure don't have a case
'Cause I ran out of money
Some time ago
But if you look at my wife
You'd never know
I'm afraid my baby's got champagne taste
On a beer budget All the bills are in my name

All the bills are in his name
They're gonna haul my ass away
They're gonna haul his ass away
And I won't see her pretty face at all
No-o-o

'Cause the prison is nowhere near the mall Now I'm headin' to the poorhouse

Or headin' to jail
And if I end up there
I ain't makin' bail
And if it goes to court
I sure don't have a case

Yee-haw

'Cause I ran out of money

Some time ago

But if you look at my wife

You'd never know

I'm afraid my baby's got champagne taste

On a beer budget Oh, oh

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