

Alienation's for the Rich

They Might Be Giants

This song is dedicated to all you modern-day troubadour's out there
And I think I know who you are I got to get a job, I got to get some pay
My son's gotta go to art school, he's leavin' in three days
And the TV's in Esperanto, you know that that's a bitch
But alienation's for the rich and I'm feelin' poorer everyday
Hey, hey, hey Well, I ain't feelin' happy about the state of things in my life
But I'm workin' to make it better with a six of miller high life
Just drinkin' and a-drivin', makin' sure my dues get paid
Because alienation's for the rich and I'm feeling a-poorer everyday
Hey, hey, hey Well, I ain't feelin' happy about the state of things in my life
But I'm workin' to make it better with a six of miller high life
Just drinkin' and drivin', makin' sure my dues get paid
Because alienation's for the rich and I'm feeling poorer everyday
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Songwriters

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