

Die Like A Rich Boy

Frightened Rabbit

I need to find somebody who can tear me away
From the car crying babies and switchblade days
The bark of the unemployment hounds
And the thought of the thick, white skull on the ground
I won't die in the bony arms of the state
To be laid to rest in the wake of the faded town
And if the raincoats come to steal my home
There's a big white house at the end of the road
I can see you wrapped in Egyptian thread
In a marble garden, immune to the mess
If you leave this world in a rhinestone shroud
We could finally make your father proud
If I leave this world in a loaded daze
I can finally have and eat my cake
I want to die like a rich boy diving
In a hydrocodone dream
You can die like a rich girl by me
Oh how the magazines will read
I 'll die like a rich boy bathing
In a milk bath I could drown
Want to die like a rich boy
Even if we're as poor as we are now
I want to die like a rich boy drowning
In a lake that bears my name
You can die like a rich girl by me
Flushed and radiant with fame
I wanna lie asleep on the TV
In a golden cardboard crown
Want to die like a rich boy
Even if we're as poor as we are now
Well I found you now so tear me away
From the feral street they lumped us in
I'll be Shakespeare's moonstruck king
We can lose our minds at the top of the hill
We burn cash and carry a decadent flame
Way into the night and beyond the grave

Songwriters

SCOTT HUTCHISON

Published by
Lyrics Â© DOMINO PUBLISHING COMPANY Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.