

## Rich Kids

Adam Green

You know I love to make a connection  
I love to conspire in steel  
And you know I love to write good rock songs honey  
That's all good and real

I was born and I cried  
I lived the dirty live and I died on fire  
And so slow  
But I could get used to this

I used to be friends with rich kids  
But all they talked about was me  
Cause I was looking for a date on the corner  
Like a foghorn shouting in the breeze  
And I beg on a club  
I spear the very strength to look down  
In case your into

But I could get used to this

I find I grew a leg in Thailand  
Marotting on a Tiflis flu  
Cause i was stering up the face in Nashville  
Where the plots don't care 'bout what you do

I was born and I cried  
I lived the dirty live and I died on fire  
And so slow  
But I could get used to this

Dark faced flies  
Would kill to survive  
Hydrogen tigers too  
When your in doubt simply even it out now  
What does that say about you?

I was lying by a sunny window  
Forning on a stormy sea  
I was calling you to find some codeans  
hoping you know what I mean

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I lived the dirty live and I died on fire  
And so slow  
But I could get used to this