

## Champagne From A Straw

Andrea Corr

Midday in the underground,  
There's a teenage girl selling music for her bed.  
I'll be the one that you look upon  
And thank your lucky stars  
That you walk in your own shoes.

Clip clop past a sleeping bag  
And a woolly hat  
Lying open on the ground.  
Give money and sympathy,  
Hold your little girl  
Like you won't see her again.

Does anyone know, the places you go.

On a day like today  
I drink champagne from a straw  
And I get my own way,  
He loves me above them all.  
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls  
On a day like today.

I've got my all over tan  
And my tummy tuck,  
My two babies boy and girl.  
Big house in the country  
With expensive bags  
For my scary little dog.

My man sleeps around a bit,  
Keeps him from my bed,  
One less job for me to do.  
I'm the one you look up to  
And wish on every star  
For one day in my high shoes.

Can anyone hear, it's hollow in here.

On a day like today  
I drink champagne from a straw  
And I get my own way,  
He chose me above them all  
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls  
In a day like today. A day like today.

A day like today. A day like today...

Can anyone hear, it's hollow in here.

On a day like today  
I drink champagne from a straw  
And I get my own way,  
He loves me above them all  
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls  
On a day like today.

I drink champagne from a straw

And I get my own way,  
He loves me above them all  
And there's no such thing as poor little rich girls  
On a day like today.