

Rich People Die Unhappy

Butch Walker

He looks up at her to find she staring back
At fingerless gloves, with fingernails black
Thereâ??s a permanent frown
Thatâ??s etched in her skin

Designer bag fat, her figure is thin
He says hi to her, she nothing to him
Sheâ??s scared of the outside,
Sheâ??s boxed herself in

To a world full of judgment
And callous routine
She forgets where sheâ??s from,
He knows where heâ??s been

Rich people die unhappy
Thatâ??s what daddy said
But I never believed him
While drunk in the head

With our television dinners
And a broken t.v. set
Money makes you happy I bet

He goes to be famous, a house in the hills
Very little free time, whole lot of pills
That nail polish spread to a
Franchise of bands

As fake as the Xâ??s sharpened on their hands
He was bitter as the smell
Of a magazine review
But he had all the cars

And the pools and the view
And as a bum tries to stop him
For a 5 or a 10
He forgets where heâ??s from,
He forgets where heâ??s been

Rich people die unhappy
Thatâ??s what daddy said
But I never believed him
While drunk in the head

With our television dinners
And a broken t.v. set
Money makes you happy I bet