

Society's Got Us

Donna Fargo

Society's got us by the you-know-what we've been livin'
way too high
We got champagne taste and a beer pocketbook and it's
all we can do to get by

I keep sayin' I'll never bring it up again but I just
can't keep still
Whoever heard of people poor as us drive a Cadillac
Coupe DeVille

We wear fancy clothes that we can't anyway afford than
anything else we do
There outta be a law against livin' this way when we
need little things like food

And I'm gonna have to spend my birthday money to pay
the telephone bill
That's what I get for feeling the kind of hopes I can't
afford to fill

Cause society's got us by the you-know-what...

And we can't afford this kind of rent but I know you
wouldn't move
And who am I kiddin' I wouldn't either this is what you
call in a groove

Oh it's our little way of feelin' big when you can't be
big for real
And we do deserve these material things we just can't
pay the bills

We're afflicted with a love and high class dreams and
we can't afford to dream
But knowin' all that and doin' somethin' bout it are
two different things

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