

Rich Kids Blues

Lykke Li

Mama, I got your white lie ways
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th
rough

Why you, why you over my head?
Mama, she told me keep your eyes on the trophy
And the sighing, sighing is out of your bed
And the delirious gestures are so easily misread

Mama, got your white lie taste
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th
rough
I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th
rough
I got the rich kid's blues

Mama, got your white lie ways
Mama, got the rich kid's blues