

Get off my heart  
'Cuz you've been standing on it all day  
Can my lips apart  
With the words that I want to say?

And as I run into the walls  
'Cuz I don't have the balls to run over him  
You just sit in the dark in his car  
That he parks there, resisting sin

And when the angels start to sing  
And when my ears begin to ring  
I think I'm crazy 'cuz I sing for the rich girl

Where do I start?  
Please pull the splinters from my knees  
I tried so hard  
To get you to be seen with me

And does the leopard print book  
Full of phone numbers look like a cover up  
'Cuz I got too much proud just to let this one slide  
Just to try and go and fuck this up

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The rich girl, for the rich girl  
For the rich girl