

White Trash With Cash

Marvelous 3

(lyrics: j. harte, music: b. walker)

Well I'm a shake city hing in a stretch limousine.
Suckin' cheap suds from a can,
Wearin' torn out jeans and tearin' worn out seams.
Lookin' sleazy but don't give a damn.

Raising hell like no one else,
Like no rich city slicker could.
Got the nasty reputation that the bad girls like.
And my bank books lookin' good cus i'm;

White trash with cash, rollin' in the dough,
And I'm burnin' it fast.
White trash with cash, got the fuel for the fire,
And there's no time to spare.
High societies worst nightmare.

Beverly hills bash, well I think I'll pass.
Let me tell ya where I'd rather be.
Dancin' with the devil, out all night with the boys.
Another round around on me.

Not respected, been rejected all the way up the line.
But that never slowed a poor boy down.
Laughin' last, laughin' hardest, laughin' all of the time,
At the people when they hear the sound.

(chorus)

I got enough to make it last, got a full tank of gas.
Gotta lot of money, but I got no class.
Livin' like I'm crazy cus' I'm just;

(chorus)