

Adam Green, Rich Kids

You know I love to make a connection
I love to conspire in steel
And you know I love to write good rock songs honey
That's all good and real

I was born and I cried
I lived the dirty live and I died on fire
And so slow
But I could get used to this

I used to be friends with rich kids
But all they talked about was me
Cause I was looking for a date on the corner
Like a foghorn shouting in the breeze
And I beg on a club
I spear the very strength to look down
In case your into

But I could get used to this

(whistle)

I find I grew a leg in Thailand
Marotting on a Tiflis flu
Cause i was stering up the face in Nashville
Where the plots don't care 'bout what you do

I was born and I cried
I lived the dirty live and I died on fire
And so slow
But I could get used to this

Dark faced flies
Would kill to survive
Hydrogen tigers too
When your in doubt simply even it out now
What does that say about you?

I was lying by a sunny window
Forning on a stormy sea
I was calling you to find some codeans
hoping you know what I mean

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I lived the dirty live and I died on fire
And so slow
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