Bastardane, Wealthy Fantasy

We all went dry when the money tree died.
I tried to save it
but, I think they lost too much of that
paper
Oh I'm hated by my neighbors
pink polos and
boat shoes
I ride my motorbike
in a golf field it was chartreuse
Oh I live in a rich neighborhood
white trash wont fit in
we may be proud but where's the money now?
I think I've
I think I've figured it out

I call it Wealthy fantasy Wealthy fantasy yeah Ooh wealthy fantasy yeah Wealthy fantasy

Well only rich people have two dogs
Oh
Only rich people have two dogs
Rich
Only rich people drive
German cars
Ooh only rich people go to the Frost Creek Club
and
My wife's on those
painkiller drugs

Oh how you've let me down

Now my neighbor asks me What are you doing on my property? Well I tell him one thing

I don't have any food in my fridge Oh What's the point in being here if we don't fit in This house takes every dollar I spend Even with a life of luxury were suffering.