

# 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.