

Butch Walker, Rich People Die Unhappy

he looks up at her to find she staring back
at fingerless gloves, with fingernails black
theres a permanent frown
thats etched in her skin
designer bag fat, her figure is thin
he says hi to her, she nothing to him
shes scared of the outside,
shes boxed herself in
to a world full of judgment
and callous routine
she forgets where shes from,
he knows where hes been
rich people die unhappy
thats what daddy said
but i never believed him
while drunk in the head
with our television dinners
and a broken t.v. set
money makes you happy i bet
he goes to be famous, a house in the hills
very little free time, whole lotta pills
that nail polish spread to a
franchise of bands
as fake as the Xs sharpied on their hands
he was bitter as the smell
of a magazine review
but he had all the cars
and the pools and the view
and as a bum tries to stop him
for a 5 or a 10
he forgets where hes from,
he forgets where hes been