

# 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