

# Oliver Anthony, Rich Men North Of Richmond

I've been sellin' my soul, workin' all day  
Overtime hours for bullshit pay  
So I can sit out here and waste my life away  
Drag back home and drown my troubles away

It's a damn shame what the world's gotten to  
For people like me and people like you  
Wish I could just wake up and it not be true  
But it is, oh, it is

Livin' in the new world  
With an old soul  
These rich men north of Richmond  
Lord knows they all just wanna have total control  
Wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do  
And they don't think you know, but I know that you do  
'Cause your dollar ain't shit and it's taxed to no end  
'Cause of rich men north of Richmond

I wish politicians would look out for miners  
And not just minors on an island somewhere  
Lord, we got folks in the street, ain't got nothin' to eat  
And the obese milkin' welfare

Well, God, if you're 5-foot-3 and you're 300 pounds  
Taxes ought not to pay for your bags of fudge rounds  
Young men are puttin' themselves six feet in the ground  
'Cause all this damn country does is keep on kickin' them down

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