Sick Shift, Low Budget

I'm not the richest man alive
But I still feel content
I know my happiness isn't judged
By how much money I have spent
I see people living lies, never satisfied
Though they've got money to burn
They're piss poor at what they possess inside

Well, I guess I don't relate to their self-centered ways I'm glad just being alive, living day by day Don't need material things, no need to make things mine I may lead a low budget life But thanks, I'm doing just fine

I've got good friends that I can trust And a roof over my head It seems these good times will not stop 'til I am dead So go ahead and flaunt your wealth Such a waste of time, you should have learned by now Happiness is something you can't buy

I see it every day, the rich not in elation They wear permanent masks Of discontent, doubt, and frustration