

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