

The Raconteurs, Rich Kid Blues

Pull this Blanket off of me
Maybe it'll help me see
The things I believe to be true
I'm paying for what should be free
But i don't buy what they're telling me
and i wanna believe in you
Its hard stick to your guns
When everyones having fun
Makes me wanna run i don't know what to do
Not everything is what it seems
Maybe these boys dont have dreams
I can't blame em some dreams are worse than the truth