

Tripod, Old Money

I'm...
at a moment in my life
where I want more...
than just a pretty little head.
Some random girl to warm my bed.
No, instead I'm gonna hold out
cause I finally know exactly what I want.

Old money, old money.
I'd really like to meet a girl who comes from...
Old money, old money.
Some pointless twit who thinks I'm scum.

She's...
got to be the kind of girl
who wouldn't know...
how to toast a piece of bread.

The kind of girl who if you said "Where's the laundry?"
she would answer "How the hell would I know, is it near the stable?"
And at the table
I would misspronounce the food and she would laugh at me.

Her parents scowl
as I get confused by all the fancy cutlery,
they're just plain better than me.

Old money, old money.
Ooo yeah, ooo yeah.

She'll...
always be extremely rude to the help.
And when she's not around
the help will then be rude to me,
cause they can see I've got no place here
she's just using me to get back at her father.

And the butler
is the only one who's ever really nice to me.
We play at dice,
and he teaches me the finer points of falconry.

Untill the night her father summons him up to the study.
The next day we go fishing him and me.
I'm unpacking my sandwich when he throws me in the water
and bashes me with an oar untill I drown.
(Yeah, that'd be sweet.)

Old money, old money.
She'll look back at me as just a fad.
Old money, old money
(Old money, old money)
She's only using me to get back at her dad.