

Rich Kids
Adam Green

Awesomeness. Up a half step. Or maybe my guitar s flat. :/

C **A7**
You know I love to make a connection,
Dm **G**
I love to conspire and steal.
C **A7**
And you know I love to write good rock songs, honey
Dm **G**
That s all good and real.
C **A7**
I was born, and I cried,
Dm **G#m** **G** **F** **C**
I lived the dirty life and I died on fire,
A7
And so slow,
Dm **G**
But I could get used to this.

C **A7**
I used to be friends with rich kids,
Dm **G**
But all they talked about was me,
C **A7**
Cause I was looking for a date on the corner,
Dm **G**
Like a foghorn shouting in the breeze.
C **A7**
And I ll bake on a cloud,
Dm **G#m** **G** **F** **C**
I ll spare the very strength to look down, in case
A7
You re in tow,
Dm **G**
But I could get used to this.

C **A7**
I finally grew a leg in Thailand,
Dm **G**
Marauding on a typhus flu,
C **A7**
Cause I was stirring up a phase in Nashville,
Dm **G**
Where the plots don t care bout what you do.
C **A7**
I was born, and I cried,

Dm **G#m** **G F C**
I lived the dirty life and I died on fire,
A7
And so slow,
Dm **G**
But I could get used to this.

C **Em**
Dog faced flies would kill to survive,
F **C**
Hydrogen tigers, too.
C **Em**
When you re in doubt, simply even it out,
F **G**
Now what does that say about you?

C **A7**
I was lying by a sunny window,
Dm **G**
Fawning on a stormy sea.
C **A7**
I was calling you to find some codeines,
Dm **G**
Here s hoping you know what I mean.
C **A7**
I was born, and I cried,
Dm **G#m** **G F C**
I lived the dirty life and I died on fire,
A7
And so slow,
Dm **G**
But I could get used to this.

Lovely.