```
Rich Kids
Adam Green
Awesomeness. Up a half step. Or maybe my guitar s flat. :/
                              A7
You know I love to make a connection,
I love to conspire and steal.
                                  A7
And you know I love to write good rock songs, honey
That s all good and real.
      C
I was born, and I cried,
                 G#m
I lived the dirty life and I died on fire,
And so slow,
But I could get used to this.
                          A7
I used to be friends with rich kids,
But all they talked about was me,
 Cause I was looking for a date on the corner,
Like a foghorn shouting in the breeze.
         C
And I ll bake on a cloud,
                      G#m
     Dm
                                      G
I ll spare the very strength to look down, in case
        A7
You re in tow,
But I could get used to this.
I finally grew a leg in Thailand,
Marauding on a typhus flu,
                                      A7
Cause I was stirring up a phase in Nashville,
Where the plots don t care bout what you do.
```

**A**7

I was born, and I cried,

G#m DmG I lived the dirty life and I died on fire, And so slow, But I could get used to this. C Εm Dog faced flies would kill to survive, Hydrogen tigers, too. C When you re in doubt, simply even it out, Now what does that say about you? C **A**7 I was lying by a sunny window, Fawning on a stormy sea. **A**7 I was calling you to find some codeines, Here s hoping you know what I mean. I was born, and I cried, I lived the dirty life and I died on fire, And so slow, DmG

But I could get used to this.

Lovely.