

Screaming Jets, The

"Rich Bitch"

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You might wear fancy clothes and drive a fancy car
You,ve probably got those pretty boys that hang off you
in bars

Who do, who do you think you are
Don't you, don't you, ever think you'll get to far
Cause you're not going to far
I see you strutting round, flashing diamond rings
Keeping all your so called friends
On your tight purse strings
Well I look at you, you look down your nose at me
Don't you, don't you, ever think your better than me
You ain't no better than me
I've seen your tricks, and all your flights of fancy
Spend your cash, flash your wealth
Then you snort a little candy

Well, lets see how you go out on the street
Dirty clothes, dirty hair and not enough money to eat
(Unless of course you like eating bread and water)
No cavier
No need for friends because your money makes you
smile
Designer suits, gold and silver jewellery
That's your style
I look at you and you look down your nose at me
Don't you, don't you, ever think your better than me
Cause you ain't nothin, but a Rich Bitch.

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