

Eileen Rose

"Rich Man's World"

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Well it's a rich man's world, a rich man's world
And who am I in it
Who am I in it
Nothing but a lonely rambler girl
A lonely rambler girl

Misfit, mismatched, not a penny to my name
Trying to get to someplace that doesn't look the same
Look the same
Someplace that feels right
Never mind any fortune or fame

Well it's up early in the morning trying to find some
work to do
Well it's hard times now baby but there's better coming
soon
Coming soon
Or else I'll hop the next train
Yeah the next train will do

Well they'll get for rambling
They'll throw you in the bin
Acting like rambling now is some kind of sin
Some kind of sin
Just watch your step baby
Watch what crowd you end up in

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