

First Floor Power

"Eat The Rich"

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One thing I,
Hate about,
My life,
Is I don't know.
(He don't know!)

How to live in,
But I'm willin',
To give it,
Another try.
(I don't wanna die!)

I've no credit cards,
I'm not trustworthy,
But I don't care,
Cus my life,
Is not in there.

But when times are hard,
And you need help,
Then count on me,
And not the Visa card.

Oh I feel like the tired host,
But for you I gladly make,
An acception you can ride,
Me for free any time you like.
(True!)

She cut her hair,
Her heart,
To have a heart attack,
When someone heard.
(He passed the word!)

He got her hair,
Her heart,
To feel the beat,
Must keep the beat.

You got her hair,

Some money,
To pay the doctors,
To fix the heart.
(Hey, fix my heart!)

I know it wasn't his,
But, I want to start,
A fire in the heart of your's.

Oh eat the rich,
But be sure to cook them first.
And drink a bottle of water,
So you don't die of thirst.
(They dry!)

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