

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions "Rich"

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She left you 1958, when the thought of another fifteen
years

Was more than she could face, but did you miss her
much well hey

You never gave her too much thought in your
newspaper grey

So waste away to Morro bay

You never got around to yesterday but money is for
taking yes

And rich is what to be forsaken grey and giving it away
And even Jesus has a price

You're making credit card donations to television faith
healers

Born again missionaries come to Morro bay

They saved your body but your mind hey and
everything you earned

You're going to throw it all away, and waste away
tomorrow

C.a. is where everybody falls down off the wagon under
the wheels

Remember 1970, when the thought of a day without a
drink

Was more than you could face, but did you miss her
much well hey

You never gave her too much thought in your
newspaper grey

So waste away to Morro bay

Saved your body but your mind paid but money is for
taking yes

And rich is what to be forsaken, grey and giving it away

You're going to hurt somebody if you can

You're going to make somebody understand

Baby you're a rich man, baby you're a rich man

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