

Lykke Li "Rich Kid Blues"

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Bubble, bubble straight to my head

The richer, the ?, I believe in the liar

You're bringin' trouble, trouble back in my bed

When nobody can save me 'cause the smoke is my
baby, baby

Mama, I got your white lie ways

Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with
you

I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm
pulling through

Why you, why you over my head?

Mama, she told me keep your eyes on the trophy

And the sighing, sighing is out of your bed

For delirious gestures are so easily misread

Mama, got your white lie taste

Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with
you

I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm
pulling through

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with
you

I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm
pulling through

I got the rich kid's blues

Mama, got your white lie ways

Mama, got the rich kid's blues

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