

## Lykke Li "Rich Kids Blues"

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Hover, hover, straight to my head  
The riches are dry of living the lie  
And bringing trouble, trouble back in my bed  
Where nobody can save me 'cause the smoke is my  
baby

Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed ways  
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kids blues  
And it's got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kids blues  
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through

Why, oh, why you're over my head  
Mama, she told me, "Keep your eyes on the trophy"  
And I sigh, I sigh as I leave your bed  
For delirious gestures are so easily restrained

Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed taste  
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kids blues  
And it's got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kids blues  
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through

I got the rich kids blues  
And it's got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kids blues  
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through

Mama, I got the rich kids blues  
Mama, I got your wild-eyed ways  
Mama, I got the rich kids blues

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