

## Rodriguez "Rich Folks Hoax"

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The moon is hanging in the purple sky,  
baby's sleeping while its mother sighs.  
Talking 'bout the rich folks,  
rich folks have the same jokes  
and they park in basic places.

The priest is preaching from a shallow grave,  
he counts his money, then he paints you saved.  
Talking to the young folks,  
young folks share the same jokes,  
but they meet in older places.

So, don't tell me about your success  
nor your recipes for my happiness.  
Smoke in bed,  
I never could digest  
those illusions you claim to have going.

The sun is shining, as it's always done,  
coffin dust is the fate of everyone.  
Talking 'bout the rich folks,  
the poor create the rich hoax,  
and only late breast-fed fools believe it.

So, don't tell me about your success  
nor your recipes for my happiness.  
Smoke in bed,  
I never could digest  
those illusions you claim to have going.

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