

## The Grownup Noise

### "Rich World Poor World"

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(B. Cummings - D. Troiano)

Rich world, poor world, everyday it's gettin' modified.  
Rich world, poor world, aren't you glad you're on the  
Western side,  
Individual luxury just might be the trump of the game,  
If you come back round with a gun at your head, I'm  
sure the view will never be the same.  
I heard something that you never been told,  
You'll have trouble just trying' to get old,  
I got something, gonna give you the word,  
I'm interested if you have heard,  
I don't really mean to bring you right down,  
The safest place for you's way under the ground,  
A "HOT SOMETHIN'" that you never been told,  
Told, you been told, you been told, you been told, you  
been told, you been told.

Rich world, poor world, fewer places every day to hide,  
Rich world, poor world, I like it better on the Western  
side,  
A growing epidemic of ignorance been keeping me on  
the run,  
With a jaded ear and a whole lot of fear, we're gonna  
wither up one by one.  
I got something that you never been told,  
Gonna have trouble just tryin' to get old,  
I got something that you never heard,  
Come on now, just spread the word,  
I got somethin', gonna make you hip,  
Now don't go blabbin' and let it slip,  
For what you got I think you over paid,  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.

"Hi there little starving Asian child with bloated belly,  
open sores, and look of despair. My, you are hungry,  
aren't you? You know, I'd love to help you get enough  
nutrition to perpetuate your misery a little further, but  
right now I've just got to finish this thesis on the Divine  
Right of Kings. See you tomorrow."

"Hi there little golden Greekette, Capri-bound modern Venus, with fenced beach and medically transformed nose and midriff... I know how heartbroken you are that your best friend beat you to Paris for the unveiling of the latest fashions, and I'd love to console you but, you see, I lost my right leg yesterday trying to scrounge up a shot of antibiotics. Oh well..."

Rich world, poor world, everyday it's gettin' modified.  
Rich world, poor world, I like it better on the Western side,

A growing epidemic of ignorance been keepin' us on the run,

With a jaded ear and a whole lot of fear, we're gonna wither up one by one.

I heard somethin', gonna make you blue,

Don't get excited cause you know it ain't new,

I got somethin' gonna make you hip,

Now don't go blabbin' and let it slip, you hear,

Now I don't mean to be bringing' you down,

You won't be safe till you're layin' in the ground,

For what you got I think you overpaid,

I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.

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