

Tripod

"Old Money"

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I'm ... in a moment in my life
When I want more
Than just some pretty head
Some random girl to warm my bed
No, I'm content
Cos I finally know exactly what I want -

Old money
Old money
I'd really like to meet a girl who comes from
Old money
Old money
Some pointless twit who thinks i'm scum

She'd have to be the kind of girl
Who wouldn't know
How to toast a piece of bread
The kind of girl who, if you said
'Where's the laundry?', she would answer
'How the hell would I know,
Is it near the stable?'
And at the table
I would mispronounce the foods and she would laugh
at me
Her parents scowl
As I get confused by all the fancy cutlery
They're just plain better than me

Old money,
Old money
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah

She'd ... always be extremely rude
To the help
And, when she's not around
The help would then be rude to me
Cos they can see
That she's just using me to get back at her father
And the butler
Is the only one who's ever really nice to me
We play at dice

And he teaches me the finer points of falconry
Until the day her father summons him up to the study
The next day, we go fishing
Him and me
I'm unpacking my sandwich
When he throws me in the water
And beats me with the oars until i drown

Yeah, that'd be sweet

Old money
Old money
And she'll look back on me as just a fad
Old money
Old money, old money
Only using me to get at her dad

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