

Struck

"Hey Richie, You Ain't So Rich"

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V1

Four years ago we were just kids,
Four years today, weâ€™re kids with dreams,
And hopes of better things,
You could never see
With a little motivation,
Youâ€™re still at the starting line,
Of what could have been,
The best days of your lives,

CHORUS

Youâ€™re on your own,
Youâ€™re all alone,
How does it feel to be you?
Your heads held high,
But youâ€™re not right this time,
Put your money where your mouth is,
Youâ€™re out of luck and you got there on your own,
Game over, (Game Over)

V2

And, Iâ€™ve been preaching on this soapbox
From the tip of my tongue, to the back of my lungs
If you stand for nothing,
Then youâ€™ll fall for anything (Fall for anything)
The endless pursuit of perfection
Undertaken by those who show whatâ€™s inside,
Do you feel that you broke the connection,
Tell me Iâ€™ve lied,
Why donâ€™t you try.

Outro

Sticks and stones will break your bones
and the world will always hurt you,
We are what we witness and only in sickness will we
appreciate value,
Sticks and stones will break your bones and the world
will always hurt you

For worse or for better weâ€™re in this together and
we wont forget you

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