

## South Park

### "If I Can't Be Poor"

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Why can't I be like all the other kids?  
They all have three-bedroom homes  
Broken trucks on their lawns  
And cut-up hot dogs for lunch  
It's not my fault my parents succeed so much

There's no one in town I can relate to  
I play with autographed baseball bats  
While everyone else just plays with sticks and pine  
cones  
Has a boy ever felt so alone?

Well, who needs them anyway?  
I won't pretend to be something I'm not  
If I can't be poor, I've got to deal with what I've got  
If I can't be like them, what I need is more rich kids  
around  
So I'm not the only one, and then I won't be so down  
Please, God, send more rich kids  
To my  
Town

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