

## Rich Kids Blues

Lykke Li

Mama, I got your white lie ways  
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th  
rough

Why you, why you over my head?  
Mama, she told me keep your eyes on the trophy  
And the sighing, sighing is out of your bed  
And the delirious gestures are so easily misread

Mama, got your white lie taste  
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say

I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th  
rough  
I got the rich kid's blues and they got nothing to do with you  
I got the rich kid's blues and I'm not sure that I'm pulling th  
rough  
I got the rich kid's blues

Mama, got your white lie ways  
Mama, got the rich kid's blues