

Alienation's for the Rich

They Might Be Giants

This song is dedicated to all you modern-
day troubadors out there
And I think I know who you are

I got to get a job
Got to get some pay
My son's gotta go to art school
He's leaving in three days
And the TV's in Esperanto*
You know that that's a bitch
But alienation's for the rich
And I'm feeling poorer every day
Hey hey hey

Well I ain't feeling happy
About the state of things in my life
But I'm working to make it better
With a six of Miller High Life
Just drinking and a-driving
Making sure my dues get paid
Because alienation's for the rich
And I'm feeling poorer every day
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