

Rich Girl

Augie March

When I asked about your poor bodies,
"Were the murderous too?"
You said "It had many bearings
Upon the likes of me and you"
So we buried them to neck height
And we kicked off all their heads
Funny little questions, better left, better never, ever said

So I asked about your dead mother
"Was she beautiful too?"
"Just a little bit warmer,
Than the likes of me and you"
Well I'm no F. Scott Fitzgerald
But I know a champagne birth
So she had many
And she delivered you your word

I asked if you were lonely
you said it didn't matter
these are old emotions,
We need to bury them and leave them
Move on to something new
We need to bury them and leave them
But I can't leave even you

So if it's making everybody happy
Writing songs about shit
Well I know i'm not supposed to be serious about it, but I'm serious about i
t
But I don't wanna fight no battle
And I don't want to feel love a first time
But if the stuff comes better when I'm on my own
Then I'll make it so I'm on my own

You asked me if I'm lonely
But I guess it doesn't matter
It's an old emotion
I need to bury them and leave them all

Find last romantic year
And I grow ol-ol-ol-ol-ol-old
You were the first time that year
But then I tremble at the sight of you
All the things that fortify me
Are all the things that petrify you
So you bury them and leave them
And I take them off of you
I only asked if you were lonely
And you said it didn't matter
These are old emotions
We need to bury them and leave them
Move on to something new
We need to bury them and leave them
Little bodies in the backyard
We need to bury them and leave them
But I can't leave you
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