

Laugh Ourselves To Death

Envy on the Coast

If I could bring you to
The water's edge
I could drown all our money,
All our money, all our money
And broke and free
Bet I'd make you sing
From the crow's nest
Spit on the rich and

Hah, laugh ourselves to death
Laugh ourselves to death
Laugh ourselves to death

Bus driver, get me out of here
We can't live in a house that's built on dollars
And in sense because we don't have either
But I got your back cause
You built mine out of brick!

Hah, laugh ourselves to death
Laugh ourselves to death
Laugh ourselves to death

My Mother's Mother, fetched the coal at night
Tucked her fire and fed it to the meek and we lived in
Black and white
Just like royalty
Cause that's all we need,
Oh to make the rich bleed.

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