

## Rich

Lloyd Cole

She left you 1958  
When the thought of another fifteen years  
Was more than she could face  
But did you miss her much well hey  
You never gave her too much thought  
In your newspaper grey  
So waste away to Morro Bay  
You never got around to yesterday  
But money is for taking yes and  
Rich is what to be forsaken grey  
And giving it away

And even Jesus has a price  
You're making credit card donations  
To television faith healers  
Born again missionaries come to Morro Bay  
They saved your body but your mind hey  
And everything you earned you're going to throw it all away  
And waste away tomorrow

C.A. is where everybody falls  
Down off the wagon under the wheels

Remember 1970?  
When the thought of a day without a drink  
Was more than you could face  
But did you miss her much well hey  
You never gave her too much thought  
In your newspaper grey  
So waste away to Morro Bay  
You never got around to yesterday  
But money is for taking yes and  
Rich is what to be forsaken grey  
And giving it away

You're going to hurt somebody if you can  
You're going to make somebody understand  
Baby you're a rich man