

Rich Men North Of Richmond, by Oliver

Em C

I've been selling my soul, working all day.

G D D6 D
Overtime hours, for bullshit pay.

Em C

So I can sit out here, and waste my life away.

G D D6 D
Drag back home, and drown my troubles away.

Em C

It's a damn shame, what the world's gotten to.

G D D6 D

For people like me, and people like you.

Em C

Wish I could just wake up, and it not be true.

G D D6 D

But it is, aw it is.

Em C G D D6 D
Livin' in the new world, with an old soul.

Em C

These rich men north of Richmond, Lord knows they all

G D D6 D

just wanna have total control

Em C

Wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do.

G D D6 D

And they don't think you know, but I know that you do.

Em C

'Cause your dollar ain't shit, and it's taxed to no end

G D D6 D

'Cause of rich men, north of Richmond.

Em C G D D6 D

Em C

I wish politicians would look out for miners.

G D

And not just minors on an island somewhere.

Em C

Lord, we got folks in the street, ain't got nothin' to eat.

G D D6 D

And the obese, milkin' welfare.

Em C

But God, if you're five foot three and you're three hundred pounds.
Taxes ought not to pay for your bags of fudge rounds.
Young men are puttin' themselves six feet in the ground.
'Cause all this damn country does, is keep on kickin' them down.

Lord, it's a damn shame, what the world's gotten to.
For people like me, and people like you.
Wish I could just wake up, and it not be true.
But it is, aw it is.

Livin' in the new world, with an old soul.
These rich men north of Richmond, Lord knows they all
just wanna have total control
Wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do.
And they don't think you know, but I know that you do.
'Cause your dollar ain't shit, and it's taxed to no end
'Cause of rich men, north of Richmond.

[Outro]

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