

Lykke Li - Rich Kids Blues

Tom: E
Intro:

Dbm
Hover, hover, straight to my head
Gbm **B**
The riches are dry of living the lie
Dbm
And bringing trouble, trouble back in my bed
Gbm **B**
Where nobody can save me 'cause the smoke is my baby
A **Gbm** **A** **B**
Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed ways
A **Gbm** **A** **B**
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say
Dbm
I got the rich kids blues
Gbm
And it's got nothing to do with you
Dbm
I got the rich kids blues

Gbm
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
Why, oh, why you're over my head
Mama, she told me, "Keep your eyes on the trophy"
And I sigh, I sigh as I leave your bed
For delirious gestures are so easily restrained
Baby, mama I got your wild-eyed taste
Mama, there's nothing you can do or say
I got the rich kids blues
And it's got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kids blues
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
I got the rich kids blues
And it's got nothing to do with you
I got the rich kids blues
And I'm not sure that I'll pull it through
Mama, I got the rich kids blues
Mama, I got your wild-eyed ways
Mama, I got the rich kids blues

Acordes

