

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

