

Rich Men North of Richmond

Oliver Anthony Music

Well, I've been selling my soul
Working all day
Overtime hours
For bullshit pay
So I can sit out here
And waste my life away
Drag back home
And drown my troubles away
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
Oh, 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
I wish politicians
Would look out for miners
And not just miners on an island somewhere
Lord, we got folks in the street
Ain't got nothin' to eat
And the obese milkin' welfare
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 putting themselves
Six feet in the ground
'Cause all this damn country does
Is keep on kicking them down

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