

[Verse] G#m E B F#

I've been sellin' my soul, workin' 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 ok [Ho-
to - (For/and) people like (me/you) (x2)
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/do) (x2)
And they don't think you know
but I know that you do
Cos your dollar ain't shit
and it's taxed to no end
Cos of rich men north of Richmond - (... - ... x1)

Rich Men North of Richmond Oliver Anthony

I wish politicians would look out for miners
And not just minors on an island somewhere
Lord, we got folks in the street,
ain't got nothin' to eat
And the obese milkin' welfare
Well, God, if you're 5"3 and you're 300 pounds
Taxes ought not to pay

for your bags of Fudge Rounds Lord [Hook]
Young men are puttin' themselves (x2)

six feet in the ground [Verse]
Cos all this damn country does Lines #1~2]
is keep on kickin' them down [Rit] F# G#m-X