

[Verse] Bbm F# C# G#

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
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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] G# Bbm-X