

[Verse] Gm D# A# 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

[Ho-

It's a damn shame what the world's gotten ok]

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 Gm-X