You’re a rich girl, and you’ve gone too far, ‘cause you know it don’t matter any-way

You can rely on the old man’s money, you can rely on the old man’s money

It’s a bitch, girl, but it’s gone too far, ‘cause you know it don’t matter any-way

Say money, money won’t get you too far, get you too far

Don’t you know, don’t you know that it’s wrong to take what is given you

So far gone, on your own, you can get along if you try to be strong

But you’ll never be strong ‘cause

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p.2. Rich Girl

High and dry, out of the rain, it’s so easy to hurt others when you can’t feel pain

And don’t you know that a love can’t grow, ‘cause there’s too much to give, ‘cause you’d rather live

For the thrill of it all, oh

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(fade)

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(fade)