

Oliver Anthony - Rich Men North of Richmond

tom:

Em

I've been selling my soul, working all day
G Overtime hours, for bullshit pay
Em So I can sit out here, and waste my life away
G Drag back home, and drown my troubles away

[Pré-Refrão]

Em It's a damn shame, what the world's gotten to
G For people like me, and people like you
Em Wish I could just wake up, and it not be true
G But it is, aw it is

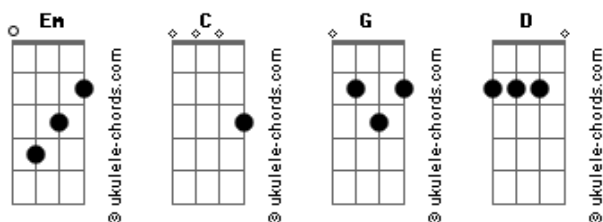
[Refrão]

Em Livin' in the new world, with an old soul
Em These rich men north of Richmond, Lord knows they all
G Just wanna have total control
Em Wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do
G And they don't think you know, but I know that you do
Em 'Cause your dollar ain't shit, and it's taxed to no end
G 'Cause of rich men, north of Richmond

(Em C G D)

Em I wish politicians would look out for miners
G And not just minors on an island somewhere
Em Lord, we got folks in the street, ain't got nothin' to eat

Acordes



G And the obese, milkin' welfare
D But God, if you're five foot three and you're three hundred pounds
G Taxes ought not to pay for your bags of fudge rounds
Em Young men are puttin' themselves six feet in the ground
G 'Cause all this damn country does, is keep on kickin' them down
D [Pré-Refrão]

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