

Millionaire Blues

Dire Straits

I woke up this morning, my Jacuzzi wouldn't work
Then the butler quit on me, man, can you believe it? Jerk!
Must've been my artistic temperament he couldn't take
How come nobody wants to give me a break? I got the blues right there, mean and low
I'm as low as the heels of my alligator shoes
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues
Millionaire blues Well, I found one of my bathrooms and I made it to the sink
I called one of my managers up and I poured myself a drink
Oh, I swear I'd kill that little weasel if I could
Checked myself in the mirror, my hair was looking good, but I had the blues right there, mean and mean and
mean and low
As low as the heels on my alligator shoes
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues
Millionaire blues
Get down! Well, so much for breakfast, I couldn't face lunch
I thought I'd raise my spirits with a little champagne brunch
I take the Lamborghini, the flunky parks the car
Can you believe it, man, this other monkey won't let me in the bar! I said, I said, 'Don't you know who I am,
man?'
And he says, 'No', no! Can you believe it?
I'm as low as the heels of these alligator shoes
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues
Millionaire blues, to have these millionaire blues, millionaire blues Bad, bad!
That's bad! Yeah
So hard
It's hard sometimes for a boy Ah, I like that
That's good
Get down!
You're making a very big mistake, man Oh yeah
You'll never work in this town again
All right

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