The Blue Millionaire

Marianne Faithfull

You've seen him
In the undirected light of street dreams
Doing nothing, standing, like to seem casualWith a resemblance to people held by fear
Lit by fire and disrepair
The blue millionaireDon't listen and keep asking
Only stories reach this far
No one's left and no one's comingAnd I will disappear far away from you
The American wind
And the blue millionaireBlue millionaire
Blue millionaireThere is no such thing as the wrong man
Blue as the dusk that ended my day
And shut off the light and airI wish I could tell you how he put them in cages
Found you where you slept
Got me down with something else than bruisesTied me to a blue chair
Lit by fire and disrepair
The blue millionaireBlue millionaire
Blue millionaire
Blue millionaire
Blue millionaireSeen him drinking gin from pale blue bottles
Drowning in shadow
Shadows moving inForever imagine, imagine it's him
Nearby the window
With dreams broken inI don't laugh anymore or smile
I am lost in the body the passion of time
He is screening my dreams and everything that's mineDon't stay in this mirror
Other hands have left me in
You don't blow away as I doIt will be the same again
Turn and point away from here
Steal what you cannot win from the blue millionaireBlue millionaire
Blue millionaire
Blue millionaire
Blue millionaireBlue millionaire
Blue millionaire
Blue millionaire

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