

(P.S.) Millionaire

Michael Penn

You don't have to pay for any more
Of what I'm selling door to door!
I will demonstrate for free...
But each opportunity...
Always ends in an apology...From the cue card that you read,
Tell me what you think I need
While you're burying the lead
And showing me the door. There's people crying everywhere
From being left in such despair.
And they'd all expect for me to care,
Who wants to be a millionaire? Sitting there behind a desk
(Very Greco-Romanesque)
And I'm bringing out the guns
Battling the evil ones.
Well I used to fly, the clouds below
But my superpower's running low. Shoot the moon and gasp for air.
Miracles don't have a prayer!
The weatherman says freak for rare
And gives the highs and lows. I'm damaged way beyond repair.
It's too much pressure brought to bear.
Who wants to take this on a dare?
Who wants to be a millionaire?
Who wants to be a millionaire? Babe, I'm getting back in line.
On the nickel, on the dime.
'Cause I just don't have the heart to share
(I guess you stole that fair and square). Climbing up the empire state.
The planes were grounded at the gate.
The sky's the limit. Celebrate.
You made it to the top And the stars are everywhere;
Yasir Arafat to Cher.
Everyone who's won is there.
Who wants to be a millionaire?
Who wants to be a millionaire?
Who wants to be a millionaire?

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