

# Millionaire

## Audra Mae

When I was a little girl  
My mama cried, "If only we had  
Cold, hard cash."  
Barbie dolls and lemonade,  
We sold it all, and all we made  
Was gone so fast.

Who wants to be a millionaire?  
Who wants some money to borrow?  
Oh, rich man today  
Is a poor man tomorrow.

Swimmin' pools and limousines  
And cover shot on magazines  
And I don't care.  
Every answer came to me like  
Pictures of my memories  
But I'm not there.

Who wants to be a millionaire?  
Who wants some money to borrow?  
Oh, rich man today  
Is a poor man tomorrow.

You know  
Money don't grow  
On trees,  
You know.  
And they say,  
"You're never gonna run out of money."

Who wants to be a millionaire?  
Who wants some money to borrow?  
Oh, rich man today  
Is a poor man tomorrow.

Barbie dolls and lemonade,  
We sold it all, and all we made  
Was gone so fast.

Lyrics submitted by jsli.

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