

Puppini Sisters, The

"I Can't Believe I'm Not A Millionaire"

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Woke up this morning with a strange sense of dread
Brewed my own coffee, made my own bed
No breakfast laid out, no freshly baked bread
I had a pop tart instead
Fished through my closet to find a clean dress
Nothing's been washed, the place is a mess,
mmmmmmm
Look for my limousine, once more it's not there
I can't believe I'm not a millionaire

Where is the room that hosts my shoes
The snooty butler and private mews
My invitation to Elton's bash
But most of all, where is my cash?
Awwwwwwww

Dinner from Asda, no lobster in sight
Marcella: Tears at the check out, this don't feel right
And as I lug my bags up three flights of stairs,
I can't believe I'm not a millionaire
Aah-uh
I can't believe I'm not a millionaire
Aah-uh
I can't believe I'm not a millionaire

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