

Push Stars, The "Millionaire"

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I'm tire of getting ripped off
Of taking minnimum wage from a boss
who's got brains that are soft
I'm tired of mopping the floor,
couting my drawer
I get my check and wonder
"What did I work for?"
I burnt out my body, I freeze-dried my brain
In a polyester uniform with grease stains
now I need to find a dream or a scheme
or the courage just jump off the train

CHORUS:

'Cause I've got to find a way someday
to be a millionaire
'Cause I've got to find a way someday
to be a millionaire

How long can you live on macaroni and cheese?
How long can live with the holes in the knees of your
jeans?
How many times do you jump start your car before you
see
the junkyard's closer than a drink at the bar?
Once when I was a kid I had a lemonade stand
I made two dollars but if felt like fifty grand
I had my own place, worked at my own pace
There was no heavy lifting and no sweat on my face

(CHORUS)

I want to be the American dream
I want to learn to handshake smile while
I'm back-stabbing
I want a blonde in a black limousine
who's drinking Dom Perignon and using me
for my money makes the world go around
But you never, never hear the awful sound
of the devil sucking your soul
Now your head is a wreck and your heart is a hole

(CHORUS)

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