

Straits Dire

"MILLIONAIRE BLUES"

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I woke up this morning, my jacuzzi wouldn't work

Then the butler quit on me, man, can you believe it?
Jerk!

Must have been my artistic temperament he couldn't
take

How come nobody wants to give me a break?

I've got the blues right down, mean and low

I'm as low as the heels of my alligator shoes

You should know how it feels to have these millionaire
blues

Millionaire blues

Well, I found one of my bathrooms and I made it to the
sink

I called one of my managers up and I poured myself a
drink.

Oh, I swear I'd kill that little weasel if I could

I checked myself in the mirror - my hair was looking
good, but

I had the blues right there, mean and mean and mean
and low

As low as the heels on my alligator shoes

You should know how it feels to have these millionaire
blues

Millionaire blues

Get down!

[grumbling during guitar solo]

Well, so much for breakfast, I couldn't face lunch

I thought I'd raise my spirits with a little champagne
brunch.

I take the Lamborghini, the flunkie parks the car

Can you believe it, man, this other monkey won't let me
in the bar!

I said, I said, "Don't you know who I am, man?" and he
says, "No."

No! Can you believe it?

I'm as low as the heels of these alligator shoes

You should know how it feels to have these millionaire
blues

Millionaire blues, to have these millionaire blues,

Millionaire blues

Bad, bad!

That's bad! Yeah

So hard,

It's hard sometimes for a boy

Ah, I like that

That's good

Get down!

You're making a very big mistake, man

Oh yeah

You'll never work in this town again!

All right

