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Bittersweet "Sugar Mama"

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Could you open up your wallet
So I can peek inside?
Do you have a car to drive and a job that pays you right?
Cuz baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind.
Now I've had my share of actors
And writers are a chore.
Musicians never pay the rent, I've seen it all before So baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind

Now shower me with flowers And buy me naughty things The amazon could be so so hot or Paris in the spring... It's on you babe, I'm not the sugar mama kind

Now the moral to the story is Play your cards just right And you won't be fooled by the playboy who'll just take you on a ride Oh baby, I'm not the sugar mama kind

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