

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians

"Zillionaire"

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Gonna tell the tale of a dog named Zillionaire
who stands on the back of a whale howling out in the
middle of the ocean.
Waves of dog emotion.
Howl on 'til you find your sailor.
Howl on 'til he carries you home.
Hear him calling for his master
a sailor lost at sea who sank inside a splash and
disappeared beneath.
Zillionaire was left drowning in his sorrows riding on a
whale, drifting in tomorrow.
Howl out for your sailor.
Howl for yourself.
Howl out for someone to carry you home.
Racecar driver skinny head lookin' out the window.
Racecar driver skinny legs pressed against the pedal.
Faster than a second thought speeding 'round the
bend.
Never gonna be caught dead 'less they're at the end.
Racecar driver crazy fool, don't worry about nothin'.
Ball of fire burning heat, slammed against the wall.
Never calculated this thing happening at all.
Twelve excited people saw the ambulance arrive.
Everybody knew that he was more dead than alive.
Racecar driver crazy fool, he don't worry 'bout nothin'.
Racecar driver crazy fool, he don't worry 'bout nothin'
cept crashin' o-o-o-ohh.
Crashing o-o-o-ohh. Crashing o-o-o-ohh like waves.
Way out where the water is blue there's no land to be
seen.
The sky and the ocean fuse together like events inside
a dream.
When the sun sinks in the water
stars look down and blink at the sailors standing on
deck
who smoke cigarettes and think.
And sometimes when the waves are mellow,
all crashed out you can hear that lonely dog howling
out.
Howl out for you master.
Howl all night long.

And maybe he'll hear you and carry you home.

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