

Mark King

"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've been my artistic temperament he couldn't take
How come nobody wants to give me a break?

I got the blues right there, 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
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!

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 flunky 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

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