

## **Push Star "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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