

Millionaire Blues

Dire Straits

I woke up this morning, my ja'causezi 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, "N
o."
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