

Not A Millionaire

James Marsters

I get the sweet spot
In the line
When the first gun pops up
I leave them behind

And at the first turn
I always carve my line
'Times I turn my head, yeah
And wave goodbye

But I don't have my own car
And I have to race my friends
'Cause I'm not a rich man's son, no
I'm not a millionaire

No
No no no
No no
No

You are the only daughter of
A privileged second son
You say that I'm your lover but
I'm not the only one

No no
No no no

But I think if I had my own car
Then I know that I could turn your head
Take you up to see the mountains and
Sing you songs before you go to bed

Yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Yeah

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah yeah

About midnight
It's just Joe and me
While we clean the stands up
He sings me melodies

And on the bus home
Route '95
See the love and the hatred
And the boredom on the faces of passersby

And I know that I don't have my own ride but
I can teach you how to go real fast now
Stick with me if you would like some wildness
Stick with me and see the whole wide world

Yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Yeah