

Blue Money

Sons Of The Desert

Julie was a girl of modest means
Used to a high school beauty queen
Wound up on the wrong end of a dream
And said never again
Started livin' life for the bottom line
Married her a man well past his prime
Forty million dollars and not much time now
She's payin' for the perfect crime on

Blue, blue money
When the devil gets your soul
All that's left is a heartache made of gold

He bought her a house in the Hollywood hills
There were parties and the room was filled with
Stars fallin' from the usual thrills
It was fun for awhile
But there's a prison in paradise
They never tell you when they throw the rice
That pretty mirrors don't look so nice
When you're standing on the desperate side of

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It's a Saturday night again
The same faces come tricklin' in
She's got a lover but he ain't no friend
He's just someone to hold
She feels alone and she steps outside
Stares out at the valley lights
Pours a drink and she starts to cry
She's got it all and she can't get by on

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