

# Marianne Faithfull, The Blue Millionaire

You've seen him  
In the undirected light of street dreams  
Doing nothing?  
Standing, like to seem casual  
With a resemblance to people held by fear.  
Lit by fire and disrepair.  
The blue millionaire.

Don't listen and keep asking?  
Only stories reach this far.  
No one's left and no one's coming  
And I will disappear  
Far away from you,  
The american wind,  
And the blue millionaire.

Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.

There is no such thing as the wrong man  
Blue as the dusk that ended my day  
And shut off the light and air.

I wish I could tell you  
How he put them in cages,  
Found you where you slept.  
Got me down with something else than bruises

Tied me to a blue chair  
Lit by fire and disrepair  
The blue millionaire.

Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.

Seen him drinking gin from pale blue bottles,  
Drowning in shadow,  
Shadows moving in.  
Forever imagine  
Imagine it's him  
Nearby the window  
With dreams broken in.

I don't laugh anymore? or smile,  
I am lost in the body,  
The passion of time.  
He is screening my dreams  
And everything that's mine.  
Don't stay in this mirror  
Other hands have left me in.  
You don't blow away as I do.  
It will be the same again.  
Turn and point away from here.  
Steal what you cannot win  
From the blue millionaire.

Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.  
Blue millionaire.

Blue millionaire.

Blue millionaire.  
Blue...