

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...