

Paris, Dallas

I'm sick and tired of having no money
Bread and water for dinner every day
In my dreams I have a plan for us honey
Saw it on TV, now here's what I say:

Dallas

Let's find some oil and start up a business
We'll be really rich, you know millionaires
You'll be J.R. or Bobby and I'll be the Mrs.
Expensive drinks and secret affairs

In Dallas

Everybody is stunningly beautiful
Fancy cars and big, big houses yeah
You don't know who's your friend or you enemy
But that's ok as long as we're in Dallas yeah