

# Dire Straits, Millionaire Blues

I woke up this morning, my Jacuzzi wouldn't work  
Then the butler quit on me, man, can you believe it? Jerk!  
Must've been my artistic temperament he couldn't take  
How come nobody wants to give me a break?  
I got the blues right there, mean and low  
I'm as low as the heels of my alligator shoes  
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues  
Millionaire blues  
Well, I found one of my bathrooms and I made it to the sink  
I called one of my managers up and I poured myself a drink  
Oh, I swear I'd kill that little weasel if I could  
Checked myself in the mirror - my hair was looking good, but  
I had the blues right there, mean and mean and mean and low  
As low as the heels on my alligator shoes  
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues  
Millionaire blues  
Get down!  
Well, so much for breakfast, I couldn't face lunch  
I thought I'd raise my spirits with a little champagne brunch  
I take the Lamborghini, the flunky parks the car  
Can you believe it, man, this other monkey won't let me in the bar!  
I said, I said, 'Don't you know who I am, man?' and he says, 'No'  
No! Can you believe it?  
I'm as low as the heels of these alligator shoes  
You should know how it feels to have these millionaire blues  
Millionaire blues, to have these millionaire blues,  
Millionaire blues  
Bad, bad!  
That's bad! Yeah  
So hard,  
It's hard sometimes for a boy  
Ah, I like that  
That's good  
Get down!  
You're making a very big mistake, man  
Oh yeah  
You'll never work in this town again!  
All right