Lonesome And Sad Millionaire

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

The heating's broke down in the west wing
The tractor's stuck up in the field
Most of the workforce I care to employ
Ain't worth the harvest they yield

The horses need feeding, radiators need bleeding
The whole place is springing a leak
The drive's overgrown, the garden's unmown
And the phone hasn't rung in a week

When I look for my friends and I check all the pubs
It seems that not one of them's there
I wish I could say the same for my loot
I'm a lonesome and sad millionaire

The butcher's closed up in the 90s
Post office, the rest just like that
Every shop that I chose, either emptied or closed
Every time I popped in for a chat

My Big Issues delivered in rain storm or blizzard
So I don't touch the hand of the poor
The gate is so high, the hedges touch the sky
So it's only the butler what saw

When I go to the bank and I check my account
It's always the case, it's all there
I wish I say for the same for my friends
I'm a lonesome and sad millionaire

And they say there's a financial crisis
And they say that austerity's king
But these fountains don't flow where the money don't go
And a cherub don't piss from a spring

And now the planes are knee-deep to a giant
And the water's coming in round my ears
And the party they send, just like my friends
Won't turn up to save me for years

Won't turn up to save me for years...

When I look for my friends and I check all the pubs
It seems that not one of them's there
I wish I could say the same for my loot
I'm a lonesome and sad...

I'm a weary and bad
I'm a lonesome and sad
Millionaire...

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