

Tattooed Millionaire

Bruce Dickinson

Tattooed boys with expensive toys
Living in a bubble of sin
Money can buy you most of anything
Fix your nose or the mess you're in Front page news, you can share your views
With a population, wants to be like you
Out on the strip, out on the tiles
Same old greed behind the P.R. smiles You and all your entourage, to me you're all the same
You and all your entourage, playing foolish games I don't want your big city shining
I don't want your silver lining
I don't wanna be a tattooed millionaire I don't want your big city shining
I don't want your silver lining
I don't wanna be a tattooed millionaire
He's got a wife, she ain't no brain child
Ex-mud queen of Miami
In his stretch Cadillac he keeps her in the back
With his CD player and his bottle of jack L.A. dude, L.A. attitude
Laid back, selfish, getting fat
Bodyguards, porn stars, gold credit cards
Using each other, running for cover You and all your entourage, to me you're all the same
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Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>