

Ex Millionaire Mambo

Firewater

Drunk as the Pope on a dead afternoon
Minding your business when somebody burns a bank
It's funny how money can go up in smoke
Everyone scarpered and nobody left to thank

Poor little pigs, hear how they squeal
Back up against the wall - how does it feel?
MAMBO!

Nothing but pigeons in your Swiss account
It's tough to be chic when you live in a cardboard box
And the radio playing the same old bad news
Jingles remind you your savings are in your socks

Poor little ship, see how it sinks
Being poor is a bore, but damn it, what did you think?
MAMBO!

Nobody knows when you when you're down and out
Is it surprising the devil invented revenge?
Ah, but every good captain goes down with the ship
You paid for the movie, you might as well see the end

Poor little rats, lost on the sea
It's another case of better you than me
MAMBO!