

## **Ernst Jansz - Money Makes Millionaires**

I've been in all those places  
I guess I've seen them all  
In every shabby small town hall  
I've seen the gazing faces

I know them well, them fancy guys  
The cream of city bars  
A diamond ring, a big cigar  
A cheap thrill in the eyes

Money  
Money makes millionaires  
Oh money  
Money makes millionaires  
But honey  
I sing the song

The echo of a crowd's hurray  
Success is a sweet perfume  
The flowers in the dressin' room  
May bloom another day

I danced in dazzling limelight  
With champions and queens  
I wrapped my hand in diamond rings  
It wouldn't light my nights

Money  
Money makes millionaires  
Oh money  
Money makes millionaires  
But honey  
I sing the song

I sang a sentimental tune  
It would sell a million  
But standing by the windowsill  
A boy cried for the moon

When on Bonanza Boulevard  
The golden lights are down  
Maybe you will stay around  
And smoke this last cigar

The echo of a crowd's hurray  
Success is a sweet perfume  
The flowers in the dressin' room  
May bloom another day

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