

High Roller

His friends are in high places
There's a Rolex on his wrist
His pad's adorned with the faces of
The starlets that he's kissed
When he's captured with the A-team
On the foredeck of his yacht
To the watching world he lives the dream
He's rich, he's cool, he's hot

And his mansions in Australia
Would make a monarch weep
But Bel Air and Belgravia
Despised as way too cheap
It's Bolinger for breakfast
And a workout by the pool
Then tea, at three, in gay 'Paree'
'Cos he's rich, he's hot, he's cool

He describes his hair as 'Titian'
And 'kinda blue' his eyes
So he's clearly on a mission
Of mendacity and lies
The art he buys on the merest whim
Is a pantheon of kitsch
But dubious taste doesn't bother him
'Cos he's cool, he's hot, he's rich

He has all that he's dreamed of
And Everything... he's got
But in the end, I ask, my friend
And the question is...
'So What?'

'So What' on Miles Davis's '*Kind of Blue*'