Black, Listen

Little queen beware, fashion tempers flare, and they light up with a brilliant glare page after page, after page, after page, after page.

A hollow vase only costs ten pounds but an empty vessel makes the loudest sound,

and you have to get heard in this loudest of towns-

or go under.

We don't care if you can't pay,

we don't care what you've got to say,

we don't hear when you cry out-

Our smiles are hollowed out.

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar de ti)

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar de ti)

The people look like ghouls in the neon light,

get the big city blues every single night.

World gone crazy? It was never sane- not now,

not ever.

Bars full of couples not talking to each other,

seeking solitude in the company of others.

" We're not in love- we just can't resist each other

at playtime.

We don't care if you can't pay,

we don't care what you've got to say,

we don't hear when you cry out-

Our smiles are hollowed out.

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar de mi)

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar de ti)

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar, hablar, hablar)

Let's talk about me.

(solo)

We don't care if you can't pay,

we don't care what you've got to say,

we don't hear when you cry out-

Our smiles are hollowed out.

Let's talk about me.

Let's talk about me.

Oh, let's talk about me, me, me, me, me.

Oh (Vamos a hablar de mi)

Let's talk about me.

(Vamos a hablar, hablar

Vamos a hablar de mi

Vamos a hablar, hablar, hablar

Vamos a hablar de mi

Vamos a hablar de mi)

--->> Enrique Morano <<---