

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, 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 <<---