

The Cranberries, Paparazzi On Mopeds

As I lie here
In the bathtub
I ponder
And I wonder
Why did they take her
And squeeze her life away
Paparazzi on mopeds
Fresh air in their heads
Paparazzi on mopeds
Cotton wool balls in their heads
So ugly, so ugly
Why, you just can't justify
So ugly, so ugly
Why, they even watched her die
Who was to blame
Was there too much champagne
Or wine--it could've been the wine
Another celebrity dies
And it still mystifies the people
Another icon is destroyed
So ugly, so ugly
Why, you just can't justify
So ugly, so ugly
Why, they even watched her die
So ugly, so ugly
You can't, you can't justify