

Tycoon, The World Is Stone

Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

Stone, the world is stone
It's no trick of the light
It's hard on the soul
Stone, the world is stone
Cold to the touch
And hard on the soul
In the grey of the streets
In the neon unknown
I look for a sign
That I'm not on my own
That I'm not here alone
As the still of the night
And the choke of the air
And the winners' delight
And the losers' despair
Closes in left and right
I would love not to care
Stone, the world is stone
From a faraway look
Without stars in my eyes
Through the halls of the rich
And the flats of the poor
Wherever I go
There's no warmth anymore
There's no love anymore
So I turn on my heels
I'm declining the fall
I've had all I can take
With my back to the wall
Tell the world I'm not in
I'm not taking the call
Stone, the world is stone
But I saw it once
With the stars in my eyes
When each colour rang out
In a thunderous chrome
It's no trick of the light
I can't find my way home
In a world of stone