

Tycoon, Tonight We Dance (Extravagance)

Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

The tower grows into the night
The power pumps fortissimo
There are no pressures at this height
The world a bagatelle below
Tonight we dance
Tonight we dance
We dance - extravagance!
The bride is blessed the table laid
Bring on the devils and the priests
The dance is hot and Heaven-made
For the most moveable of feasts
The house account is in the black
The glasses loaded on the tray
A certain style is coming back
Or else it never went away
Tonight we dance
Tonight we dance
We dance - extravagance!
Tonight - intolerance
Tonight - irrelevance
Tonight - deliverance
Tonight - extravagance!
Tonight we dance
Tonight we dance
We dance - extravagance!
Autour de nous il tombe des bombes
Plus besoin de creuser nos tombes
On est tous des morts en vacances
Mais on s'en fout, ce soir on danse
The table's blessed the bride is laid
Bring on the devils and the priests
The dance is hot and Heaven-made
For the most moveable of feasts
Tonight we dance
Tonight we dance
We dance - extravagance!
Tonight - intolerance
Tonight - irrelevance
Tonight - deliverance
Tonight - extravagance!
Tonight we dance