

# Tycoon, Ziggy

Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

Ziggy, I call him Ziggy  
I'm so hot for him  
He's not at all like all the rest  
But he's held out and he's the best  
Even if I know  
He would never go with me  
Ziggy, they call him Ziggy  
I'm so hot of him  
And when I saw him that first day  
I went and gave myself away  
Oh so indiscreet  
Oh but he was sweet to me  
Four a.m. he's here by my side  
Talking, laughing and making friends  
Making fun of me too  
He can do whatever he wants  
I don't mind, but he pretends  
Not to see what I go through  
ziggy, my crazy Ziggy  
I get weak for him  
He lives a life that I can't share  
I don't know why but I know where  
Oh it breaks my heart  
Knowing I'm not part of him  
Why won't he try anything new?  
I would be his very best  
And his first, in many ways  
Oh if I were one of his boys  
Thin and languid and self-possessed  
So in demand nowadays - oh  
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