

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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But he's held out and he's the best
Even if I know
He would never go with me