

All, Paper Tiger

The trains all run on time here
Got such a straight and narrow mind here
Just bad you're not a part of the picture
The things he says are always right
The things he sees are black and white
So sorry you've got no place in his future
Paper tiger, man of steel
The hero from the movie reel
So killer cool
So he can't feel a thing
For him, to bend is to break
(Stubborn weakness he calls strength)
He's got it made, make no mistake
(Hide the rust beneath new paint)
His smile is his most sinister feature
Profit proves his point of view
(Talks so loud it must be true)
Doesn't want friends, doesn't need you
(And it's your world he's welcome to)
You look so small to a man of such stature