

Eugenio Finardi, Hostages

Ugly duckling

In the end you got a handsome coat
You bought it with the royalties
Off some anthems he once wrote
But now you crave total control
You'll blow the planet up if you don't get the vote
I feel the earth's crust buckling
Under the weight of your ransome note

HOSTAGES! You're all hostages on earth
You've been betrayed and you won't be tried
It doesn't matter now who's wrong or who lied
You're all hostages! You're all hostages from birth!
You've got a tickin' bomb inside
And you pretend you're just along for the ride

His tunes sold billions
They went uranium long ago
You heardem at school you heardem at home
They're the only songs you'll ever know
So now he craves total control
So he's been fixin' up a super gala show
Sold out generations in advance
He sold you out and you gotta go

HOSTAGES! You're all hostages on earth
You've been betrayed and you won't be tried
It doesn't matter now who's wrong or who lied
You're all hostages! You're all hostages from birth!
You've got a tickin' bomb inside
And you pretend you're just along for the ride

Now the ugly duckling
He got his beak in every ballot box
In republics and kingdoms
Protectorates, states and blocs
But now he craves total control
He's gonna fleece the preachers and them flocks
He's gonna rip off all the hicks in the sticks
All the Joneses, junkies and jocks

HOSTAGES! You're all hostages on earth
You've been betrayed and you won't be tried
It doesn't matter now who's wrong or who lied
You're all hostages! You're all hostages from birth!
You've got a tickin' bomb inside
And you pretend you're just along for the ride