

Latin Quarter, Toulouse

It's a life-time from the leather stalls
The Berbers and bazaars
Down through every measured movement
In the making of the cars.
And it doesn't pay much
And it doesn't leave scars - on the outside

And they give you the impression
It's all Monet and Braque
But the oil they squeeze on their palettes
They never use on this track.
And every extra filter
Is a fissure, is a crack - on the inside

All this way - Toulouse
Another day - Toulouse
You've come too far - Toulouse

And he walks in right behind you
As you both go punching in
And you both pick up your rivets
From an aluminium bin.
And he thinks what makes him different
Is the colour of his skin - it's on the outside

All this way - Toulouse
Another day - Toulouse
You've come too far - Toulouse.

You've had their OAS
You've had their CGT
And no-one will be working here
When they bring in CNC