

Tycoon, Pollution's Child

Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

I'm born and bred in pollution's grip
First three weeks fed by a CO drip
Ain't no breast
Passed the test
I needed stronger stuff
Carbon mon-
Oxide on
Tap, couldn't get enough
My leather lungs never felt no pain
I ran around in the acid rain
Drank and smoked
Never choked
I was immune to dirt
Whisky, gin
Pumped it in
I never ever hurt
Got a car, got ahead
On the road burning lead
I'm happy as I am
I dig this greenhouse scam
All summer on the beach
Aerosols in easy reach
Needles floating out to sea
Sunshine beats down on me
No ozone in my way
Every day's holiday
If I get bored with all my modern toys
I got a walkman for my private noise
If I'm blue
I just do
Another ten db
Sony was heaven sent
I'm in my element
Once I get up there on the album charts
I'm gonna win myself a billion hearts
when they see
Little me
Saving the world tonight
Pious rage
On the stage
Turn on your brightest light
There go a million trees
Covers for my Cds
I'm a consumer therefore I consume
I buy a lot of things so gimme room
Being green
Ain't my scene
I need the parking space
Hello crack
Hello smack
Bye bye the humen race
Gimme another shot
Gimme the best you got
That's my credentials filed
Truly pollution's child