

Tycoon, Working Girl

Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

I never planned my daily round
I've never loved the common task
I don't rebel, I don't accept
I've often laughed, I've often wept
An ordinary working girl
There was a man until he found
The things that I began to ask
Involved him in a little more
That what he came to see me for
Oh so naive the working girl
One day I'll show him
And all the others too
Outgrow him
And have all that I'm due
Very soon
Where do I go until then ?
What do I do meantime ?
Back to the bar, I'm working late
Over and over again
I tell myself that I'm
Happy to stay here - I can wait
There are those who tell you
Never let them tell you
This is all there is, forever
I do not believe them
I shall have my moment
Any moment now - or never
The working girl is that and more
She ticks away behind the mask
She wouldn't let her spirits die
That does not mean she will not cry
When all her dreams fly out the door
An ordinary working girl
We never plan our daily round
We do not love the common task
But we don't find survival odd
Some call it luck, some call it God
I call it both feet on the ground
An ordinary working girl
On day I'll show them
And they'll all let me trough
Outgrow them
I'll have all that I'm due
Very soon
Where do I go until then ?
What do I do meantime ?
Back to the bar, I'm working late
Over and over again
I tell myself that I'm
Happy to stay here - I can wait
I know I'll have my extraordinary day
I will never hear those words again
Working girl
Working girl