

# 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