

# Unbekannt, Paparazzi

Paparazzi, can't make the man.  
Paparazzi, can't break the man.

Next to the transit lounge  
see the Paparazzi tears.  
No-one came today  
from Boston or Tangiers.  
And in departures -- only  
faceless trippers trip,  
loaded with duty free  
held in white knuckle grip.

Snap it up, flash away --  
steal a camel for a day.  
Break the story in heavy type --  
the news is running late tonight.

Be-decked with Nikon necklaces  
hear the Paparazzi cries.  
Under their noses walk  
the famous in disguise.  
Conspicuously huddled there  
but no-one stops to look.  
They've got their crayons out  
to colour in the book.

Snap it up, flash away --  
steal a camel for a day.  
Break the story in heavy type --  
Paparazzi won't be home tonight.

Paparazzi -- write it down.  
Paparazzi -- turn it around.  
Paparazzi -- take it, fake it,  
break it.  
'cos it's a story.

Now someone's cut the lines  
communication's down.  
All photo film is fogged.  
Celebrities surround  
and jab their fingers at me.  
They kiss but I can't tell.  
Even poor Paparazzi  
must have privacy as well.