Jarre In Hicksville

Momus

Jean Michel Jarre came to Hicksville, too ra loo ra aye
The music, smoke and lasers blew the people all away
He ruined the musicians, they'll never play again
Without adding a lick or two they heard in 'Oxygene'

Jean Michel Jarre in Hicksville at the time of the eclipse
Frightened all the ladies but delighted all the kids
He played a bank of synths they'd never seen before or since
And on that day they threw away their wooden violins

They've built themselves a synthesiser, smashed their old guitars
Made laser shows with a mirror and smoke with their cigars
They play on stoops and porches now for tourists and for friends
A choice of 'Revolutions', 'Equinox' or 'Oxygene'

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