

Paparazzi

Jethro Tull

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

Next to the transit lounge
see the Paparazzi tears.

No-one came in 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 color 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.

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

Songwriters

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