The Tourist

Ray Davies

The natives are getting restless in the tropical heat
Work is scarce and children play while the dogs fight in the street
And in the hotels all the tourists dine on local fare
While the waiters stand and stareAnd in the street taxi cabs crawl around for vice
To the sound of the tourists in the casino
Rattling the dice
Money, moneyI'm just another tourist checking out the slums
With my plastic Visa, drinking with my chums
I dance and swing while Abba sing
And I flash my Platinum to the sound of, Livin' La Vida Loca
Yes, Livin' La Vida LocaWhile in the heat of the street
The native beats his drum
Take the money 'cause it's just another tourist
Havin' lots of funOh, let's go to the Mardi Gras
Oh, let's kiss the Blarney Stone
Oh, let's hear the Wailing Wall
Oh, the Empire State is so very tallAnd the Taj Mahal really has a pretty dome
And everywhere that I go, I say
I want to make it my homeI'm just another tourist checking out the slums
With my plastic Visa, drinking with my chums
Money, money

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