

# Tropicalia

## Elias, Eliane

Oh, when they beat upon a broken guitar  
And all the streets, they reek of tropical charms  
The embassies lie in hideous shards  
Where tourists snore and decay  
When they dance in a reptile blaze  
You wear a mask, an equatorial haze  
Into the past, a colonial maze  
Where there's no more confetti to throw  
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waits in vague hotels  
To be evicted  
You're out of luck, you're singing funeral songs  
To the studs, they're anabolic and bronze  
They seem to strut in their millennial fogs  
'Til they fall down and deflate  
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waits in vague hotels  
To be evicted  
Oh, and now, you've had your fun  
Under an air-conditioned sun  
It's burned into your eyes  
Leaves you plain and left behind  
I'll see them rise and fall  
Into the jaws of a pestilent love  
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waits in vague hotels  
To be a victim

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