

# Paranoia

Michel Berger

She was blessed with a knack  
For giving bad advice  
He's got five thumbs on his left hand  
Five more on his right  
Well her mom left town  
With the supermarket clerk  
But her dad was only jealous  
'Cause the kid had work  
And the boy stays home all day  
'Cause of paranoia  
He's got Kung-Fu grooves  
That can never be imitated  
She's got a fashion queen walk  
And she wears her blue jeans faded  
He's got moves with the puck  
That we've never ever seen  
And his girlfriend's twenty two  
And he's just seventeen  
And she gives advice  
That'll ease your paranoia  
And we all need someone to save our souls  
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours  
And we all need someone to save our souls  
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours  
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And we all need someone to save our souls  
'Cause the next time could be mine, could be yours

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