

## Yelle

### "Great Mission"

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The jungle near Manaus  
The Amazonas full of piranhas  
The birds of paradise  
Disappear into the green desert  
For years and years  
We are hungry and desperate  
For the only thing worth living  
The excess  
We end our Great Mission  
Exhausted and sad  
And there is no hope left  
When suddenly  
In a cloud of golden smog  
The father of excess  
Jumps out of the water of  
The Amazonas full of piranhas  
And screams to the lost souls

What are you doing at the Amazonas  
Leave Manaus full of piranhas [burp!]  
You will not find excess in the jungle

And then  
He opened the green curtain  
Made of fleshy leaves and said

I show you the excess of the  
Asphalt a Montmartre  
The excess of the belly-dance  
In Abu Dhabi  
And the excess of the everlasting night in Manhattan  
[burp!]

Are you ready for the sensation del tango a Rosario?  
Leave him, the gorilla  
Leave the jungle of the Amazonas  
Leave Manaus full of piranhas  
And follow father excess...

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