

Tull Jethro

"Paparazzi"

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Paparazzi, can't make the man.

Paparazzi, can't break the man.

Next to the transit lounge

see the Paparazzi tears.

No-one came 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 colour 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

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