

## **Miss Kittin & The Hacker**

### **"Stock Exchange"**

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Shaking hands in the back of a Mercedes car,  
same whiskies, colas, business, auto-bars.

The wheel of high heels tears me apart  
like a Hallmark number one, broken heart.

AttachÃ© case changes at my burden arm  
carrying the last top secret lucky charm.

Sunglasses on my nose in the pouring rain  
dreaming about a hot bath, cutting my veins?

Stock exchange woman  
Ex-change

Is it real this pink punk costume I wear,  
all the time to seduce japanese "hommes d'affaire"?

I can smell their expensive after shave,  
when they touch my bum in the lift of the Empire State.

Stock exchange woman  
Ex-change

Madonna is into the groove, in my cell-phone  
ringing like a non-stop metronome.

My psy told me to go to a spa,  
but my jet is flying to Vienna, Austria.

Stock exchange woman

Ex-change  
Ex-change  
Woman  
Ex-change

Stock Ex-change Woman

