Najoua Belyzel ''Hookers''

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Turn, turn, turn, turn

It's a new kind of slavery When our tricks became our ties We are all chopped by the same, knife

But I keep looking feminine And sexually available Celebrities and cigarettes

But now

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

And now

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all hookers

Turn

And like a superstition I try to realize I was in the wrong area With only one purpose

And now
Aren't we all
But now
Aren't we all hookers now

But I keep looking feminine And sexually available Celebrities and cigarettes But now

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

But now

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all

Turn

Aren't we all hookers

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