

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Chocolate Kings"

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when i was born they came to free us
to heal our battle wounds
with photographs of big fat mama
the chocolate kings arrived
to feed us full of good intentions
and fatten us with pride
stars and canybars!
shirly temple dipped her dimples
in favorite nurcery rhymes
big mamas love was pure and simple
and gentle dollar signs
sang out lullabies

so sorry
her superman is losing fans
and i am so sorry
so sorry
they've packed her bags
they've stacked her flags
and we are so sorry

her supermarket kingdom is falling
her war machines on sale
no one left to worship the heroes
her tv gods have failed
hope she takes a look in the mirror
while she is on her way home ...

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her war machines on sale
no one left to worship the heroes
her tv gods have failed
so sorry

her superman is losing fans
and i am so sorry
so sorry
they've packed her bags
they've stacked her flags
and we are so sorry

new you and i know big fat mama

she took us for a ride
but musclemen are out of business
the chocolate kings are dying
you don't wanna waste your life for chocolate heaven
you like to stay alive
like to stay alive!

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