

Esperanto

"Last Tango"

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Rolling along Rue de la Paix
Hearing a song, turn it away
And all alone, killing the day
Rolling along Rue de la Paix
Drift in a park
Picking the score
Back in a car
Call it a bore
Call it a bore
Call it a bore

For all the years he tried
They said he wasn't right
They left him in the night
To win a bitter fight
He knew they couldn't know
They'd never seen his show
And in a final throe
He wrote his last tango
For all the years he tried
They said he wasn't right
They left him in the night
To win a bitter fight
He knew they couldn't know
They'd never seen his show
And in a final throe
He wrote his last tango

Back in his room
Another tune
The show begins
But no one will win
Got to be strong
Well, it's been so long
Back in the room

Writing a tune

Turn on the light
No time to hide
Run down the street

Hit on the side
Isn't that neat?
Isn't that neat?

For all the years he tried
They said he wasn't right
They left him in the night
To win a bitter fight
He knew they couldn't know
They'd never seen his show
And in a final throe
He wrote his last tango

Those years he tried
They said he wasn't right
They left him in the night
To win a bitter fight
He knew they couldn't know
They'd never seen his show
And in a final throe
He wrote his last tango

Those years he tried
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