

# Tycoon

## "Pollution's Child"

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Paroles de Tim RICE - Musique de Michel BERGER

I'm born and bred in pollution's grip  
First three weeks fed by a CO drip  
Ain't no breast  
Passed the test  
I needed stronger stuff  
Carbon mon-  
Oxide on  
Tap, couldn't get enough  
My leather lungs never felt no pain  
I ran around in the acid rain  
Drank and smoked  
Never choked  
I was immune to dirt  
Whisky, gin  
Pumped it in  
I never ever hurt  
Got a car, got ahead  
On the road burning lead  
I'm happy as I am  
I dig this greenhouse scam  
All summer on the beach  
Aerosols in easy reach  
Needles floating out to sea  
Sunshine beats down on me  
No ozone in my way  
Every day's holiday  
If I get bored with all my modern toys  
I got a walkman for my private noise  
If I'm blue  
I just do  
Another ten db  
Sony was heaven sent  
I'm in my element  
Once I get up there on the album charts  
I'm gonna win myself a billion hearts  
when they see  
Little me  
Saving the world tonight  
Pious rage  
On the stage  
Turn on your brightest light

There go a million trees  
Covers for my Cds  
I'm a consumer therefore I consume  
I buy a lot of things so gimme room  
Being green  
Ain't my scene  
I need the parking space  
Hello crack  
Hello smack  
Bye bye the humen race  
Gimme another shot  
Gimme the best you got  
That's my credentials filed  
Truly pollution's child

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