

Paparazzi

Jethro Tull

Paparazzi, can't make the man.
Paparazzi, can't break the man.

Next to the transit lounge
See the paparazzi tears.
No-one came in today
From boston or tangiers.
And in departures
Only faceless trippers trip,
Loaded with duty free
Held in white knuckle grip.

Snap it up, flash away
Steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type
The news is running late tonight.

Be-decked with nikon necklaces
Hear the paparazzi cries.
Under their noses walk
The famous in disguise.
Conspicuously huddled there
But no-one stops to look.
They've got their crayons out
To colour in the book.

Snap it up, flash away
Steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type
Paparazzi won't be home tonight.

Paparazzi - write it down.
Paparazzi - turn it around.
Paparazzi - take it, fake it,
Break it.
'cos it's a story.
Now someone's cut the lines
Communication's down.
All photo film is fogged.
Celebrities surround
And jab their fingers at me.
They kiss but I can't tell.
Even poor paparazzi
Must have privacy as well.

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