

# 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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