

I believe all that I read now  
night has come off the corners  
shadows flicker sweet end tame  
dancing like crazy mourners  
the man with the hotdogs sells lemonade  
someone over there needs first aid  
while me and the rest of the world  
await the touch of the motorcade  
no one finds time to turn a blind eye  
you can't be too careful nowadays  
and my friend says 'listen..  
to the stupid things they're making you say'

Here comes the motorcade  
moving so slow and hard  
like a snake in a closet  
holding sway in the boulevard  
here is your man  
all faces turn unanimously  
the small fry who sizzle in his veins  
in all security

In the back of his car  
into the null and void he shoots  
the man of the centre of the motorcade  
has learned to tie his boots  
in the back of his car  
in the null and void he sees  
the man at the centre of the motorcade  
can choose between coffee and tea

In the boulevard - the motorcade hold sway