

Paris By Air

Tygers of Pan Tang

I walk down the street
With time on my hands
The signs on the walls
Show far off lands
But I don''t know a soul
In this neighbourhood
Can afford the fair
They''re stuck here for good

The only way
I''ll ever see the world
Is if I can become
A rich mans girl
Use my body
To twist his mind
Steal his money
And leave him behind

Paris by Air
Such a beautiful sight
There''s nothing can compare
With Paris by night
Paris by air
The signpost said
I''d love to be there
But I don''t have the bread

Well who could be happy
With what they''ve got
When the signs in the street
Show them what they have not
Paris by Air
Try it and see
But the common people
Will never be free

And growing up
Can be such a pain
Cos you never have things
So easy again
You realise
What it''s all about
You''re in prison
And you can''t break out

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