Unbekannt, Paparazzi

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

Next to the transit lounge see the Paparazzi tears. No-one came 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.