

Yello, Great Mission

The jungle near manaus
The amazonas full of piranhas
The birds of paradise
Disappear into the green desert
For years and years
We are hungry and desperate
For the only thing worth living
The excess
We end our great mission
Exhausted and sad
And there is no hope left
When suddenly
In a cloud of golden smog
The father of excess
Jumps out of the water of
The amazonas full of piranhas
And screams to the lost souls

What are you doing at the amazonas
Leave manaus full of piranhas [burp!]
You will not find excess in the jungle

And then
He opened the green curtain
Made of fleshy leaves and said

I show you the excess of the
Asphalt a montmartre
The excess of the belly-dance
In abu dhabi
And the excess of the everlasting night in manhattan [burp!]

Are you ready for the sensation del tango a rosario?
Leave him, the gorilla
Leave the jungle of the amazonas
Leave manaus full of piranhas
And follow father excess...