

The Rose of Tacloban

Fatboy Slim

I wrote inside my yearbook
"To try is to succeed
Fried chicken and the rumba
The colors pink and cream"

Ninoy was my first love
But he said I was too tall
A rich girl stole the sweetheart
Of the Rose of Tacloban

The heart grows slightly colder
Necessary to survive
And money makes it easy
In many people's lives

The sky above protects us
Don't know what I will become
Or what lies beyond tomorrow
For the Rose of Tacloban

Elegant women on a magazine page
Elegant women, like a paper parade
I don't go out dancing, I just stay at home
Cutting out their faces, and replacing them with my own
Cutting out their faces, and replacing them with my own

The sky above protects us
Don't know what I will become
Or what lies beyond tomorrow
For the Rose of Tacloban
What lies beyond tomorrow for the Rose-
Of Tacloban