

Paper Gods

Duran Duran

All the paper Gods in the sky of gray
All the fools in town are ruling today, today

Bow to the paper Gods in a world that is paper thin
The fools in town are ruling now
Bleeding from paper cuts, money for head shots
Fools leading (today)
Who needs it?

Hey girl, want it all the talking men declares
Go running to be first in line for what? Nobody cares
The next thing you must have, find peace with matching bag
It's nothing to be glad about, or sad when you forget about it
And while the race is on, the rats will run the streets
The slaver in a sweatshop, putting trainers on your feet
I'm walking through the rain, oblivious to pain
To shelter from the blame without a reason to complain about it
Oh, oh, oh, don't complain about it
Oh, oh, oh, don't complain about it
Oh, oh, oh, forget about it
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Bow to the paper Gods in a world that is paper thin
The fools in town are ruling now (All the fools in town)
Bleeding from paper cuts, money for head shots
Fools leading (today)
Who needs it?

She's staring out in underwear, from your computer screen
It's all on sale for dirty cash, we can wash it clean
So hang it out online, confess and you'll feel fine
And if you got the time to spare we want to know
Which name you're wearing
And when the final curtain finally comes down
We'll all be in the party room, no wiser as to how
The total human race became a basket case
It's nothing to lose face about it
It's really not a place to doubt it

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The fools in town are ruling now
Bleeding from paper cuts, money for head shots
Fools leading (today)
Who needs it?

Paper Gods falling down
Paper house, paper town
Paper Gods falling down
Paper world just falling down
Paper Gods falling down
Paper house, paper town
Paper Gods falling down
Paper world just falling down
Falling down, falling down
Falling down, falling down
Falling down, falling down
Falling down, falling down

Falling down, falling down

Bow to the paper Gods in a world that is paper thin
The fools in town are ruling now
Bleeding from paper cuts, they go for the money shots
The fools leading (today)
Who needs them?

All the paper Gods in the sky of gray
All the fools in town are ruling today, today