

# Chocolate Kings

Premiata Forneria Marconi

When i was born they came to free us  
to heal our battle wounds  
with photographs of big fat mama  
the chocolate kings arrived  
to feed us full of good intentions  
and fatten us with pride  
stars and canybars!

Shirly temple dipped her dimples  
in favorite nurcery rhymes  
big mamas love was pure and simple  
and gentle dollar signs  
sang out lullabies

So sorry  
her superman is losing fans  
and i am so sorry  
so sorry  
they've packed her bags  
they've stacked her flags  
and we are so sorry

Her supermarket kingdom is falling  
her war machines on sale  
no one left to worship the heroes  
her tv gods have failed  
hope she takes a look in the mirror  
while she is on her way home ...

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New you and i know big fat mama  
she took us for a ride  
but musclemen are out of business  
the chocolate kings are dying  
you don't wanna waste your life for chocolate heaven  
you like to stay alive  
like to stay alive