

# The Tourist

Ray Davies

The natives are getting restless in the tropical heat  
Work is scarce and children play while the dogs fight in the street  
And in the hotels all the tourists dine on local fare  
While the waiters stand and stare

And in the street taxi cabs crawl around for vice  
To the sound of the tourists in the casino  
Rattling the dice, money money

I'm just another tourist checking out the slums  
With my plastic Visa drinking with my chums  
I dance and swing while ABBA sing  
And I flash my Platinum  
To the sound of Livin' La Vida Loca  
Yes, Livin' La Vida Loca

While in the heat of the street  
The native beats his drum  
Take the money 'cause it's just another tourist  
Having lots of fun

Oh let's go to the Mardi Gras  
Oh let's kiss the Blarney Stone  
Oh let's hear the Wailing Wall  
Oh the Empire State is so very tall  
And the Taj Mahal really has a pretty dome  
And everywhere that I go I say  
I want to make it my home

I'm just another tourist checking out the slums  
With my plastic Visa drinking with my chums  
Money money