

Twentieth Century Man

Scorpions

In the jungle of these times
Honest love's so hard to find
In the world of video
Computers tell you what to do
The world's devoted to the Dollar sign

Remote-controlled and on the line
Plug in man on the rack
Waiting for a heart attack
And no chance to die

No more space for love
The world gets really tough
Can't you see the end
Twentieth Century Man?

In the jungle of these times
There's nothing left for them to buy
They look for God on the screen
They've got even dream-machines
They are mesmerized

No more space for love
The world gets really tough
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