

James Reyne - Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama

tom:

Intro: C Dm7 F Am G

Everyday I see you wearing things

That have never been worn before

While the children out in government schools

Send money for the poor

And all you buy you bargined for

With your little man

So that from your silks down to your paramour

Your tres tres paragon

[Refrão]

So it's a back beach in the summer

The chalet for the snow

You poor Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama

You've got really no place to go

Antiques flown in from Venice

Fill your house upon the hill

While your money sold the soul of rock and roll

For some cheap disco thrill

I've seen your peers pouting over beers

The loneliness it showed

Mistaking tacky sex for sensuality

They bought in Toorak Road

[Refrão]

So it's a back beach in the summer

The chalet for the snow

You poor Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama

You've got really no place to go

Inside her empty castle

Her lonely heart will dwell

The life that she's been losing's

Like some stony bagatelle

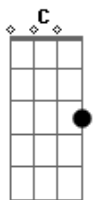
The loving that you never found

Don't know the reason why

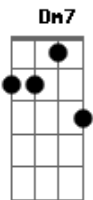
Ooh Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama

Don't you cry

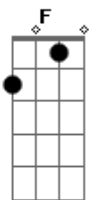
Acordes



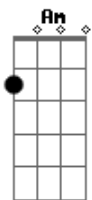
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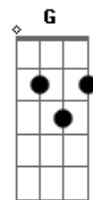
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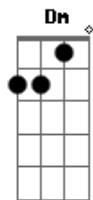
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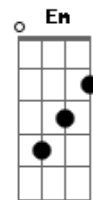
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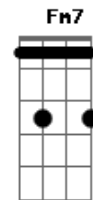
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