

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

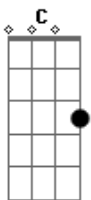
I've seen your peers pouting over beers
The loneliness it showed
Mistaking tacky sex for sensuality
They bought in Toorak Road

[Refrão]

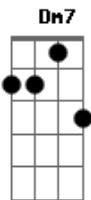
So it's a back beach in the summer
The chalet for the snow
You poor Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama
You've got really no place to go

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

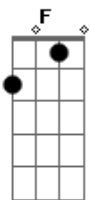
Acordes



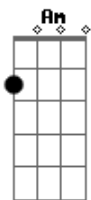
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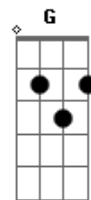
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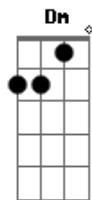
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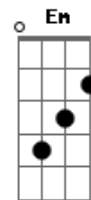
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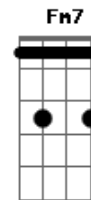
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