

Young Savage (Live At The Marquee, London)

Ultravox

The Jekyll-Hyde of you
I can't survive the tide of you
The vicious style of love, the whining
Pits and pendulums of lying
I don't see how you survive in
Hard-line worlds you're advertising
Sneaky features, facing, waiting
City sex is so frustrating Young savage
Young savage
She's like a steel wall
Speaks like a dance hall
Young savage
Young savage
Anything goes where no-one knows your name The mirror love of vixens
Gets over the mask of victims
Money rents you insulation
Tenderness, asphyxiation
Someone else's flesh to borrow
Sling it from your bed tomorrow
Live too fast for love or sorrow
Look behind the face, it's hollow Young savage
Young savage
She's like a steel wall
Speaks like a dance hall
Young savage
Young savage
Anything goes where no-one knows your name Young savage
Young savage
She's like a steel wall
Speaks like a dance hall
Young savage
Young savage
Anything goes where no-one knows your name The broken heart of you
Who stole, who stole a part of you
Changing blossoms into piss
And taking bites from every kiss
The past is dead, tomorrow's too far
All the chemicals that bar us
Coloured hair, cheap tattoos

That tell you all their points of view Young savage

Young savage

She's like a steel wall

Speaks like a dance hall

Young savage

Young savage

Anything goes where no-one knows your name Condemned to be a stranger

Subway dweller, dead-end danger

Peeking through the dust of friends

Who never gave, they'd only lend

Every sneer is thrown away

With practised gestures of disdain

The outlaw stance is so pedantic

Hate the world, it's so romantic Young savage

Young savage

She's like a steel wall

Speaks like a dance hall

Young savage

Young savage

Anything goes where no-one knows your name

Songwriters

DENNIS LEIGH, STEVEN SHEARS, WILLIAM CURRIE Published by

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