Wide Boys

Ultravox

I took a walk down Rue Morgue Avenue
Wearing my latest disguise
Enjoying the perfume of utter dismay
I was effectively anaesthetisedStarving so arrogantly in jumble-sale pearls
Evangeline hires out my throat
We've got the streets of London mapped in our beds
Nagasaki under our coatsWith the wide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneers, ohTired of being put down
Broken hearted my life not started
Tired of being cut down
All your illusions disillusion meWide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneers, ohOpen sore music plays the wrong side of nightmare
Juke-box models collide
The saint on the fire escaping bleeds into the sun
Embracing the old suicide brideI spent a few lifetimes making spinal connections
Down on Einstein Boulevard
I'm proud to walk a tightrope, now the gravity's so high
I swagger like a neon guitarWith the wide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneersWide boys, up on the streets
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Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneers, oh

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