

# New Europeans

## Ultravox

In a quiet street washed by the rain, the room within the home.  
A lonely man sits cheek to cheek, with unique designs in chrome.

The mellow years have long gone by, but now he sits alone.  
He has a brand new radio, but never turns it on.[Chorus]

New Europeans.

Young Europeans.

New Europeans.A photograph of lovers lost, lies pressed in magazines.  
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls, she's the wife who's never seen.  
Their educated son has left, in search of borrowed dreams.

His television's in his bed, he's frozen to the screen.[Chorus]On a crowded beach washed by the sun, he puts his  
headphones on.

His modern world revolves around the synthesizer's song.  
Full of future thoughts and thrills, his senses slip away.  
He's a European legacy, a culture for today.[Chorus]Young Europeans.

Songwriters

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