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
ALLEN, CHRISTOPHER THOMAS / CANN, WARREN REGINALD / CURRIE, WILLIAM / URE, MIDGEPublished by
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