Wastelands (2010 Remaster)

Midge Ure

The boy is listening to those records from the past
He wants to make them last
For they make him feel alive
They are the voices of the faces on the wallHe listens to them all
Hangs on every little tale they tell
Knows them all and their life stories
Shares their pain and shares their gloriesOne day he even cut their names upon his skin
They mean that much to him
For them he'd take the testHis bedroom window opens to the evening air
The fox is in his lair
The volume of his system is full on
But the neighbors moan and the parents call
This angry noise is the muzak of the wastelandsWastelands, the wastelands, wastelandsThe boy is dressing in the fashion of the day
The kids all dress that way, you can tell them anywhere
The boy looks out and sees his friends are waiting there
In the cold electric glareOf those lamps that make you think that night is day
They drag their lusts into your sight
With shouts and screams they meet the nightThey block your way in twos and fours
In uniforms from city stores
They're closing in, who knows the score
It won't be long before
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelandsWastelands, yes, it won't be long before
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelandsWastelands, the wastelands
Wastelands, oh, wastelandsWastelands, yes, it won't be long before
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelands
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelands
Wastelands, oh, wastelands

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