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 chromeThe mellow years have long gone by
But now he sits alone
He has a brand new radio
But never turns it onNew Europeans
Young Europeans
New EuropeansA photograph of lovers lost
Lies pressed in magazines
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls
She's a wife who's never seenTheir educated son has left
In search of borrowed dreams
His television's in his bed
He's frozen to the screenNew Europeans
Young Europeans
New EuropeansOn a crowded beach washed by the sun
He puts his headphones on
His modern world revolves around
The synthesizer's songFull of future thoughts and thrills
His senses slip away
He's a European legacy
A culture for todayNew Europeans
Young Europeans
New Europeans
Young Europeans

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