

# 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 New Europeans  
Young Europeans  
New Europeans A photograph of lovers lost  
Lies pressed in magazines  
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls  
She's a 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 New Europeans  
Young Europeans  
New Europeans 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 New Europeans  
Young Europeans  
New Europeans  
Young Europeans

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