

New Europeans

Martin Newell

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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