

New Europeans (Live in St Albans 16/8/1980)

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 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

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

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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