

Saturday Night In the City of the Dead

Ultravox

(Right..)

Fat guy jets by, bony in a Zodiac
Picking up trouble, maybe looking for a heart attack
All-night boys in the Piccadilly Arcade
Boozy losers cruising maybe trawling for some rough trade Sat'day night
Sat'day night
Sat'day night in the City of the Dead
Can you feel the time bomb ticking in your head?
Too many memories are waiting in your bed
Sat'day night in the City of the Dead Stands in the dole queue, face like a statue
Laugh like a maniac, walk like a king too
Spiked hair, don't care, Oxfam outlaw
Rap band rips it out, you're buzzing like a chainsaw (Chorus) High-rise reptile sucking on a cigarette
Ripped suit, zip boots, dancing like an insect
Tottenham Court Road litter skitters in the wind
The city's pretty dead but the nights are still alive (Chorus) Sat'day night
Sat'day night
Sat'day night
Sat'day night in the city of the dead Sat'day night (Repeat and fade)

Lyrics provided by

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