

I am the only one searchin' for you
And if I get caught
Then the search is through
And the stories you hear, you know they never add up
I hear the natives fussin' at the data chart
Be quiet, the weather's on the night news
Empty homes, plastic cones
Stolen rims, are they alloy or chrome?
Well, I've got style
Miles and miles
So much style that it's wastin'
So much style and it's wasted
So much style and it's wasted

Now she's the only one who always inhales
Paris is stale and it's war if we fail
And in the migrant hotels, they never sleep
They never will
Their souls are crumblin' like a dirt clod
Hold- your cigarette cuts to the inside
Empty homes, plastic cones
Stolen rims, are they alloy or chrome?
Well, I've got style
Miles and miles
So much style that it's leavin'
This pattern's torn and we're weavin'
This pattern's torn and we're weavin' in it