

Hiroshima Mon Amour

Ultravox

Somehow we drifted off too far
Communicate like distant stars
Splintered voices down the phone
The sunlit dust, the smell of roses drifts, oh no
Someone waits behind the door
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Riding inter-city trains
Dressed in European gray
Riding out to echo beach
A million memories in the trees and sands, oh no
How can I ever let them go?
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Meet beneath the autumn lake
Where only echoes penetrate
Walk through Polaroids of the past
Future's fused like shattered glass, the sun's so low
Turns our silhouettes to gold
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