

Mine for Life

Ultravox

A life as a stranger,
Hands through a wire,
Forbidden desires,
Are mine for life.

Looking from a spiral staircase,
At a man with a suitcase,
As he shades his eyes.
Watching from a stained glass shelter,
He bides his time and thinks,
There must be more to life than this.

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The poet reads his words out loud,
To a make-believe crowd,
In the quiet of his room.
Careful where the tears are falling,
He closed the book and cried,
There must be more to love than this.
See the boy on the walkway
Where the young have their own say,
And it screams from the wall.
He's writing for the hundredth time there,
I hate it all but,
There must be more to hate than this.

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