New Europeans

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 a 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