

Young Savage

Ultravox

The Jekyll-Hyde of you
I can't survive the tide of you
The vicious style of love, the whining
Pits and pendulums of lying
I don't see how you survive in
Hard-line worlds you're advertising
Sneaky features, pacing, waiting
City sex is so frustrating

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Thinks like a steel wall
Stinks like a dance hall
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Anything goes where no-one knows your name

The mirror love of vixens
Guess who'll wear the mask of victim
Money rents you insulation
Tenderness asphyxiates you
Someone else's flesh to borrow
Sling it from your bed tomorrow
Live too fast for love or sorrow
Look behind the face it's hollow

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The broken heart of you
Who stole the stolen parts of you
Changing blossoms into fists
And taking bites from every kiss
The past is dead, tomorrow's too far
All the chemicals the bars
Coloured hair and cheap tattoos
impale you on their points of view

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Condemned to be a stranger
Subway dweller, dead-end age
kicking through the dust of friends
Who never gave, they'd only lend
Every sneer is thrown away
With practised gestures of disdain

The outlaw stance is so pedantic
Hate the world, it's so romantic

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