

City Boy "Up In The Eighties"

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Too hot but not too hot to care
I'm sitting pretty by my Frigidaire
And it's good to breathe the midnight air
One more mosquito bite before we get (before we get)
To bed

I'm on the payroll but I'm off the street
You can't disturb a fool's reality
When there's a place in town where they don't even
Serve you or me
We'd have to sit outside and drink all night to rescue
The economy

Up in the Eighties, where it's hard to breathe
Up in the Eighties, and it's harder to leave you alone
Too close to Heaven to believe I'm here at all
Must be the weather

I got no more use for the radio

The whole world ended just an hour ago
And there's a lot of people waking up with egg in their
Eyes
We'll charge the refugees a grand apiece to camp out
in
Our paradise

Up in the Eighties, where it's hard to breathe
Up in the Eighties, and it's harder to leave you alone
Too close to Heaven to believe I'm here at all
Must be the weather

(Up) in the Eighties, where it's harder to breathe
In the Eighties, and it's harder to leave you alone
Close to Heaven to believe I'm here at all
In the Eighties, (Must there be no air to breathe!)

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