

Leo Sayer "The End"

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Writers: Leo Sayer & David Courtney

He says he doesn't care
To the girl with the painted hair
And staggers through the angry crowd
Like it isn't there
Feels like a wall of sound
As he crashes down
No one stops to look when he hits the ground

We're the nouveau rich
On a one way trip
Living out on a razor's edge
Just to get our kicks
We're gonna take a stand
Till the world is in our hands
And if we win or lose
We don't give a damn

Hollow people living empty lives
Looking vacant in the neon lights
Who needs the truth
When you can live a lie?
Can't stop now, it's too late
'cos we're running blind
Till the end comes like a thunder
And we all fall under
No one gives a damn
Come on now, let's meet the end

He tries to make it home
Head like a block of stone
His eyes are so closed up now
His arm so full of dope
There is nowhere to run
He cries out but no one comes
In the back of some dark alley
He dies alone

Hollow people living empty lives
Hearts feel nothing in the neon lights
Feelings here are so cheap these days

They don't mean a thing
No one really cares
Whether we lose or if we win
Yeah -- we're the angry youth
Don't wanna be like you
Yeah -- we're the nouveau riche
Yeah -- we gotcha in our grip
There's no escape for you
'cos we're running blind

Yeah, we're the angry youth
Don't wanna be like you
We've got your bridges crossed
We won -- you lost
It's the end

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