

London Suede

"Modern Boys"

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Come unto me my winter son
We could lie on the rails
And when the morning comes
We'll be miles away
Miles away

Slipping away while the city sleeps
Running away from this cruel disease
Miles away, miles away

Modern boys, modern boys
Hand in hand, sick of the fear
Chasing away all the hungry years
We're the modern boys

Come onto me my sickly thing
We could lie on the rails
But to really win we'll just drive away, drive away

Yes, the world calls my international
So let the decades die, let the parties fall
And we'll be miles away, miles away
Because we'll be living like
Modern boys, modern boys

Hand in hand, sick of the fear
Chasing away all the hungry years

Into the night, under the stars
Jumping the lights in the silent cars
He's on your left, I'm on your right
It's so easy in the concrete night

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