

Ultravox

"New Europeans"

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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

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