

Ultravox

"Wide Boys"

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I took a walk down Rue Morgue Avenue
Wearing my latest disguise
Enjoying the perfume of utter dismay
I was effectively anaesthetised

Starving so arrogantly in jumble-sale pearls
Evangeline hires out my throat
We've got the streets of London mapped in our beds
Nagasaki under our coats

With the wide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneers, oh

Tired of being put down
Broken hearted my life not started
Tired of being cut down
All your illusions disillusion me

Wide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys, delightfully unpleasant
With our foxy adolescent sneers, oh

Open sore music plays the wrong side of nightmare
Juke-box models collide
The saint on the fire escaping bleeds into the sun
Embracing the old suicide bride

I spent a few lifetimes making spinal connections
Down on Einstein Boulevard
I'm proud to walk a tightrope, now the gravity's so high
I swagger like a neon guitar

With the wide boys, up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
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