

Duran Duran, The Edge Of America

Walk the edge of America
A concrete beach to scrape my hand
Inside the subway stinking fear and shame
Becomes the violent breath

Vigilantes out on dawn patrol
But now there's nothing left to hide
I'm just a number on the metal fence
Which marks the great divide

Hey boy
Give your dreams a rest
If you're tired of searching
This is where it ends
There's nothing left to lose
Nothing to protest
Learn to love your anger now
Anger here is all you possess
Welcome to the age

Below the towers of the citadel
Seems someone overlooked the cost
Forgotten soldier of paradise
Now paradise is lost

Recognition never realized
Salvation lost among the crowd
So tell me beside this sterile sea
Where is your nation now?

And we say
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