

Eurythmics, Chelsea Lovers

When he found her
He stayed down there
With his velvet pills
And her purple hair
In a room so dark
They could barely crawl
With orange posters
On Victorian walls
It was Saturday night
And he felt like death
She just wanted to be loved
Like anybody else
Saturday night
And the clock never stopped
She felt like a loser
On top of the pops
The Chelsea lovers
With guillotine lips
Mascara egos
Doing a magazine strip
Chelsea lovers
In a vicious town
With lipstick futures
Like a couple of clowns
Strange creatures
In the eider down
Teenage oblivion
Waiting to be crowned

Holes in the mattress
Where these beasts have lain
Awake until morning
With ice in their veins
Facing each other
Their eyes never met
He just wanted to be straight
It never happened to him yet
Both of them laughing
But they can't understand
What it is about friendship
Makes you hold your own hand
The Chelsea lovers
Oh how they can talk
With their tongues connected
And their skin like chalk
Chelsea lovers
They're joined at the hip
With the power of madness
At their fingertips
Chelsea lovers
With their limbs entwined
Making moon sized promises
From their molecule minds
Stardust lovers
In a Ziggy cartoon
Two solemn lovers
In a Chelsea room.