

# 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.