

# Eurythmics, Soul Years

Oh stick around and take it in  
The more you see the closer we'll be  
I visualize us falling from the towers of the 20th century  
Where people are in magazines and video their sleeping casually  
Where a cast of iron children are contemplating anarchy  
I'm talking soul years  
I'm talking about the soul years  
I'm talking soul years  
The seed that fell on stoned ground has risen now  
And needs to be reused  
And patients with their minds undone  
Will need to have their living years decreased  
The telephones are screaming  
As the whole metallic structure starts to burn  
Which goes to show the more you know  
The more you still have to learn  
I'm talking soul years

Rm talking about the soul years  
I'm taking soul years  
I'm talking about the soul years  
Repeat chorus  
The missionaries have all gone  
The patent leather nuns have come to sing  
The matadors are drowned in blood  
The bull has won I knew he would be king  
The disappointed drunken hordes  
Are ravaging the daughters of the state  
Another fitting end to a beautiful and sunny summer day  
I'm talking soul years  
I'm talking about the soul years  
I'm taking soul years  
I'm talking about the soul years