

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