

The Buggles, Inner City

Here with a suitcase in my hand
I walk the street to find a fortune teller
But when the future's in your palm
They read it like a book that lasts forever

Makes you run
One last train for the inner city
Run

You I know are like the rest
You're holding on with all the best intentions
But tear the fabric off your nest
You'll find the eggs have gone
and no one mentions

How you run
One last train for the inner city
Run
One last train for the inner city

Here in the sun
There on the sand
Falling like angels
You hold out your hand

Turn on
Hold out
We will be there
In the end

Run
One last train for the inner city
Run
One last train for the inner city
Run
One last train for the inner city
Run