

The Human League, Sin City

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Where did it go wrong
What happened here
In a town without pity
Paralyzed by our fear
Confidence at a standstill
Daylight only a smear
Tension that you could handle
Chokes the thick atmosphere

No more slogans to shout
No more visions to sell
Just a ghost from the past
Of the urge to rebel
Like an etching of death
Knocking at the front door
Will the forces of peace
Overcome even more

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Did we fail in a past life
Do we have to be hurt
By contempt for the humdrum
Hungry still to subvert
Do we seek the horizon
Struggle on to be heard
Standing up to be counted
With our principles blurred

Just too jaded to beg
Passion left in the past
Is it time to move on
To surrender at last
Must we really fight on
When we don't give a damn
Is it time for release
For an end to this sham

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