

Thomas Dolby, Eastern Bloc

Here in England, it's so green
Martian men can move unseen
Apparatus underground
Monitor the crunching sound

Joey's gone and Georgie's gone
Put their best torn trousers on
Found a crowbar and a drill
Headed for the Berlin Wall

And last night I swear I saw her face
As they stormed the gates of satellite TV (Europa)
Too bad I don't get News At Ten
'Cause the CNN would tell a different story:

"Eastern Bloc, Eastern Bloc
You're never gonna break that deadbolt
How can I shake that gridlock shellshock"

Tune it out, tune it in, Europa, Europa
Shine across these waves and rescue me
Loud and clear, through thick and thin, Europa, Europa
Come in, come in, come in, come in, do you read?
Are you receiving me?

So I was fourteen, she was twelve
Father travelled, hers as well
Down the beaches, hand in hand
Twelfth of never on the sand

And we said we'd be the pirate twins again
In the freezing rain of the Eastern Bloc
And I used to think each time we kissed it was for real
But tonight I feel that the wind has changed

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