

# Ultravox, Wide Boys

I took a walk down New York avenue  
Wearing my latest disguise  
Enjoying the perfume of utter dismay  
I was effectively anaesthetised  
Starving so arrogantly in jumble-sale clothes  
Evangeline hires out my throat  
We've got the streets of London wrapped in our beds  
Nagasaki in our own coats  
We're the wide boys  
Up on the streets  
Wide boys  
Ah, go on and meet me  
Wide boys  
Delightfully unpleasant  
With the foxy adolescent (???)  
Tired of being put down  
Broken-hearted my life (???) started  
Tired of being cut down  
All your illusions disillusioned (???)  
Wide boys  
Up on the streets  
Wide boys  
Ah, go on and meet me  
Wide boys  
Delightfully unpleasant  
With the foxy adolescent (???)  
We'll do some music plays the wrong side of nightmare  
Juke-box models collide  
The scent on the fire escaping blazing to the sun  
Embracing the old suicide pride  
I spent a few lifetimes making spinal connections  
Down on Einstein Boulevard  
I've to to walk a tightrope now the rampart is so high  
I swagger like a neon guitar  
With the wide boys  
Up on the streets  
Wide boys  
Ah, go on and meet me  
Wide boys  
Delightfully unpleasant  
With the foxy adolescent (???)  
Wide boys  
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