

# Buggles, Astro Boy

All of those wild american bilinguals  
Who talk to you in paris of their lonely lives  
School days and last days out there in the midwest  
They climb on their liners and rejoin their wives

Walking down boulevards electric eyes  
Would gaze at the waveforms and gasp at their size  
Let them be lonely and say you don't care

Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade  
Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade

Una with long hair will stand by your side

And the friends who were hungry could swallow your pride  
Chromium pets that video screens would show  
Pictures of helplessness old kings and queens  
Radio stations that fade as in dust

All their transmitters are crumbling with rust  
Let them be broken and say you don't care

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Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade  
Let them be broken and say you don't care  
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