

# Leo Sayer, The End

he says he doesn't care to the girl with the painted hair and staggers through the angry crowd like it is  
we're the nouveau riche on a one way trip living out on a razor's edge just to get our kicks we're gonna  
hollow people living empty lives looking vacant in the neon lights who needs the truth when you can't  
he tries to make it home head like a block of stone his eyes are so closed up now his arm so full of d  
hollow people living empty lives hearts feel nothing in the neon lights feelings here are so cheap the  
yeah, we're the angry youth don't wanna be like you we've got your bridges crossed we won -- you lo