

London Boys, Chinese Radio

It was back in '69, like a night mare cryin'
In a hotel bed on the coast
Happy Shanghai girls,
Like a pretty string of pearls
And a snow storm up in my nose.
I was on my way to heaven, with a funky red 11
And a switchblade job on the side
Hear the music playin' and my heartbeat prayin'
To the airways out in the night.
Ouuu, radio! I love my radio! My chinese radio
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Ouuu
Oh, I could write a million stories
Tales of love and hate and pain
And my fears would truly frighten
Any ordinary man.
Is there someone out there laughing?!
Walking in the pouring rain,
Lord, I'm sure I know the answers
But it's too hard
To explain.
Now my head is burning, an' I feel it turning
In an igloo up on the moon
Saying: Lord, have mercy on a guy from Jersey
And it falls back into my room.
Just a stranded tourist,
An' I wouldn't touch the purest
If I ever get out here alive
While the FM-switches and the green-light digits
Keep in touch with the world outside.
Bridge: Just a river on the run, now
I'm flyin' and I won't touch down
Got nowhere left to run,
I get on my knees and pray!