

Pet Shop Boys, Bright Young Things

Lucy's wearing vintage
Boys in rented tux
Safety pins for cuff links
Please dance with me
The party's still in full swing
And you're such a bright young thing

Nancy's got a monkey
On a silver chain
Pose for Stephen's camera
Then dance with me
Forget what the future brings
Surrounded by bright young things

Sometimes a party's a port in a storm
No one feels weary
Or lost and forlorn

Listen the nightingale sings
In Berkeley Square
The bright young things
Are flying on chemical wings
Intent on their one last flings
Tonight

It's time
It's time
It's time
It's time

When I get you home there'll be sunlight on your bed
Close your eyes and drift off imagining
The promise of a diamond ring
You the queen and I your king

Sometimes a party's a port in a storm
You won't feel weary
Or lost and forlorn

Listen the nightingale sings
In Berkeley Square
The bright young things
Are flying on chemical wings
Share with me one last fling
Tonight