

The Buggles, Astroboy (And The Proles On Parade)

All of those wild American bilinguals
Will talk to you in Paris of their lonely lives
School days and last days out there in the Mid-West
They climb on the liners to 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

Ulla with blond hair
Would stand by your side
And the friends who were hungry
Could swallow your pride
Chromium headsets
Their 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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