

# 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

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