

# Thomas Dolby, White City

Keith was the sole inhabitant  
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Keith woke beside the fountain  
From his dreams of china mountains  
Far from the clatter of these autobanks  
That keep chucking up money!  
It turned into the kind of joke  
That Keith feels isn't funny  
White City  
White City

Keith talked in alphanumerals  
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Keith built a drug cathedral  
Shape of an octahedron  
Where he could hide from young Orwellians  
Who would trample their brothers!  
A thin white powder film on everything  
But soot is the colour of  
The White City  
White City  
White City

So - are you happy  
With this vision you've created  
Should have known you'd never rest  
Til we're all incinerated  
And you know you are the best.