

Thompson Twins, Big Trash

It's a nightmare, a virgin's dream
On the back seat of a limousine
It's the fairy lights that light up your hair
It's the matt black leather dresses that you wear

Big trash
Ooh big trash
People paying hard cash
Yeah Yeah
For big trash

Lipstick kisses on your breasts
Dirty Chandeliers from a million cigarettes
Picasso in a Japanese department store
The way you giggle and squeal for more
And photographs of the pope in bed
With uptown girls trying to get some head
Finding heaven in the Ritz hotel
Then throw yourself down in a wishing well

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Yeah Yeah
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The Empire State, the Holy Grail
Good old England is up for sale
And giant flags and Uncle Sam
Hey honey, the ole boy is a dirty old man
Fire bombs and lotsa guns
Bang bang you're dead in the name of love
Yeah it's every little thing that you want it to be
It looks so good but never comes free

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