

Ultravox, New Europeans

In a quiet street washed by the rain, the room within the home.
A lonely man sits cheek to cheek, with unique designs in chrome.
The mellow years have long gone by, but now he sits alone.
He has a brand new radio, but never turns it on.

Chorus:

New Europeans.

Young Europeans.

New Europeans.

A photograph of lovers lost, lies pressed in magazines.
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls, she's the wife who's never seen.
Their educated son has left, in search of borrowed dreams.
His television's in his bed, he's frozen to the screen.

(Chorus)

On a crowded beach washed by the sun, he puts his headphones on.
His modern world revolves around the synthesizer's song.
Full of future thoughts and thrills, his senses slip away.
He's a European legacy, a culture for today.

(Chorus)

Young Europeans.