

# Ultravox, Sat'day Night in the City of the Dead

Right!

Fat guy jets by, bony in a zodiac  
Picking up trouble, maybe looking for a heart attack  
All-night boys in the Piccadilly Arcade  
Boozy losers cruising, maybe trawling for some rough trade

Sat'day night  
Sat'day night

Sat'day night in the city of the dead  
(Hey!)  
Can you feel the time bomb ticking in your head?  
(Hey!)  
Too many memories are burning in your bed  
(Hey!)  
Sat'day night in the city of the dead

Stands in the dole queue, face like a statue  
Laugh like a maniac, walk like a king too  
Spiked hair, don't care, Oxfam outlaw  
Rap band rips it out, you're buzzing like a chainsaw

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High-rise reptile sucking on a cigarette  
Ripped suit, zip boots, dancing like an insect  
Tottenham court road, litter skitters in the wind  
My, the city's pretty dead but the nights are still alive

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"(Repeat and fade)"