

Ultravox, Saturday Night In The City Of The Dead

While a fat guy zips by, bony in a Zodiac
Picking out trouble, maybe looking for a heart attack
All-night boys in the Piccadilly arcade
(???) trawling for some rough trade
Saturday night
Saturday night
Saturday night in the city of the dead
Can't you feel the time bomb ticking in your head?
Too many memories are burning in your bed
Saturday night in the city of the dead
Dead in the dole queue, face like a statue
Laugh like a maniac, walk like a king too
Spiked hair, don't care, hot spam outlaw
Rad man (?) rips it out, you're buzzing like a chainsaw
(Chorus)
High-rise reptile sucking on a cigarette
Ripped suit, zip boots, dancing like an insect
Tottenham Court Rolexes the excuses (?) in the wind hide
The city's pretty dead but I'm still alive
(Chorus)
Saturday night
Saturday night
Saturday night
Saturday night in the city of the dead
Saturday night
(Repeat and fade)