

Just a touch of industry,  
monday morning,  
put on your collar and head straight out  
everyone's waiting, don't be late...  
uptown midday,  
sound of the city on slow decay  
see the faces behind private eyes  
as you pencil in their lives  
in the humdrum,  
can you hear the doldrum,  
stepping outside the firing line  
there's a foreman standing on a bridge of iron  
and the men walk across it to go back to work  
in their monday morning shirts  
and they don't run  
and when the work's done.  
At nights, the streets are alive with  
catwalk, west side story, flashback parade,  
in this quick fire, cry tough world  
men with ambition  
will,  
be loved.  
Moving up to another rung  
feel the heart of the city beating tight as a drum  
playing 'move on up' and the never stop  
a whole world living out 'beat the clock'  
and it's said and done  
'look after number one'  
ultimatum, deadline  
wound up so tight  
'til you can't unwind  
worlds within worlds, some built out of nothing  
by those who left this world behind  
driven on by fear or ambition  
now,  
waiting in line,  
things will work out fine  
they just take a little time