

European Son

Japan

Scurrying across the broadwalk
Some places I tend to forget
The air clings deep in my throat
It's so cold in this luncheonette, well

Somebody wants to know you
An ordinary boy
Somebody wants to know you
A standard polaroid, well

Here I am
European son
Sometimes the passenger
European son
Here I am

Suffragettes in Washington
Disposable serviettes
Searching for the quiet life
There's no love in this luncheonette, well