His photograph was taken in 1980 in New York on a subway train He emerges days later, the sun in his eyes, and it started all over again

It spreads through the city like a handmade virus and catching a glimpse of their lives
Beggars and bankers and flyboys and hookers all hang on togethe
r inside

He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah

Criminally minded and partially blinded, surviving on minimal s leep

Scars on his face and a stone in the place where his heart woul d previously beat

Travelling even faster in the wake of disaster and reaching at you from the bleak

Escaping and hiding or simply surviving, way down in the fluore scent deep

He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah ah

His photograph was taken in 1980 in New York on a subway train Then he hit self-

destruct with a battering ram and it started all over again

He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah He's either dead or in serious trouble, ah ah ah

He's either dead or in serious trouble He's either dead or in serious trouble He's either dead or in serious trouble He's either dead or in serious trouble