

I am the only one  
Searching for you  
And if I get caught  
Well, then the search is through

And the stories you hear  
You know they never add up  
I hear the natives fussin' at the data chart  
Be quiet, the weather's on the night news

Empty homes, plastic combs  
Stolen rooms are the alloy of chrome  
I've got style  
Miles and miles  
So much style that it's wasting  
So much style that it's wasting  
So much style that it's wasting

Now, she's the only one  
Who always inhales  
Paris is stale  
And it's war if we fail

And in the migrant hotels  
They never sleep, they never will  
Their souls are crumblin' like a dirt-clod hold  
Your cigarette cuts to the inside

Empty homes, plastic combs  
Stolen rooms are the alloy of chrome  
I've got style  
Miles and miles  
So much style that it's leaving  
This pattern's torn and we're weaving  
This pattern's torn and we'll weave it