

I am the only one searchin' for you  
And if I get caught  
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 cones  
Stolen rims, are they alloy or chrome?  
Well, I've got style  
Miles and miles  
So much style that it's wastin'  
So much style and it's wasted  
So much style and it's wasted

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 cones  
Stolen rims, are they alloy or chrome?  
Well, I've got style  
Miles and miles  
So much style that it's leavin'  
This pattern's torn and we're weavin'  
This pattern's torn and we're weavin' in it