

## Leipzig

Thomas Dolby

Thirty nine and you need some leeway  
Soon you're eyeing the overseas page  
The trains're running late  
As you close the garden gate  
Step through your steel front doorframe  
"Dinner's in the microwave, sweetie"  
Leipzig is calling you Henry  
Leipzig is calling you Jane  
Leipzig is calling you Leonard  
Leipzig is calling you names  
Cars were burning on yellow lines  
Wheels turning, traffic lights change  
Another misty bus-queue morning  
Faces smile down from a hoarding  
You stoop to the bin - drop something in  
Well you'll soon feel yourself again  
And everyplace is just the same, isn't it?

Like the sound of taxi brakes  
The sound of a dentist's drill  
The colour of skates on ice  
Under clingfilm - it's calling  
Leipzig is calling you names.