He was a fallen angel from the Tower of Babble
Strung out on the high wire
Another skyline drifter an immaculate stranger
A legend for the wild west end
So when you're running in the slipstream of the ratrace veterans
Only one thing left to do
Take a breath slide away Quicksilver
The clean cut easy way through

It's no Easy Rider ain't no Midnight Cowboy
Took his place at the starting line
'cause he left you behind with his reputation
Lone Ranger still fresh in our minds
So when you've worked out the problems and you've worked out the angles
And you've worked out what you wanted to do
Take a breath slide away Quicksilver
The only style that you ever knew
That you ever knew

Everyone's wanting a shortcut to somewhere Everyone's needing someone to look up to Everyone's looking for somebody's hero Are they nowhere to be found?

- Are they nowhere to be found?

With the high heels clicking out the avenue semaphore
Tapping out a serious distress
To yesterdays zeros those reluctant young heroes
Need a light to lead them out of this mess
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