

Wide Boys

Ultravox

I took a walk down New York Avenue
Wearing my latest disguise
Enjoying the perfume of utter dismay
I was effectively anaesthetised

Starving so arrogantly in jumble-sale clothes
Evangeline hires out my throat
We've got the streets of London mapped in our beds
Nagasaki under our coats

We're the wide boys
Up on the streets
Wide boys
Ah, go on and meet them
Wide boys
Delightfully unpleasant with the foxy adolescent scene

So tired of being put down
Broken-hearted my life just started
Tired of being cut down
All your illusions disillusion me

Wide boys
Up on the streets
Wide boys
Ah, go on and meet me
Wide boys
Delightfully unpleasant with the foxy adolescent scene

So! We'll do some music, plays the wrong side of nightmare
Jukebox models collide
The scent on the fire escaping blazing to the sun
Embracing the old suicide pride

I spent a few lifetimes making spinal connections
Down on Einstein Boulevard
I've got to walk a tightrope, now the rampart is so high
I swagger like a neon guitar

With the wide boys up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, go on and meet me
Wide boys
Delightfully unpleasant with the foxy adolescents

We're the wide boys up on the streets
Wide boys, ah, come on and meet me
Wide boys
Delightfully unpleasant with the foxy adolescent scene