

At the Speed of Life

Wang Chung

A man lives in the city
Surrounded by machines
They take away his pity
And give him what he dreams
A stream of information
On a green letter screen
Makes him feel in touch with the world
And sure of what it means

At the speed of light you're in endless night
At the speed of sound you don't see the ground
And in your sports car with the windows down
And the radio on and you don't stop talking
Thanks, I'll keep walking
I'm doing things in my own way
Well I'm doing things as I please
And then everything else goes its own way
At the speed of life

A man lives in the city
Distracted by the news
From sitting down with the ones he loves
Or taking time to choose
And what of conversation?
And what is left when he dies?
Is there a diary of an honest man
To stand against the lies?

I'm doing things for their own sake
A picture on a screen won't do
I need to feel and touch it too
Do what I feel

I'm doing things for their own sake
I gotta find that essential, deep emotion
Get unhooked from this low commotion
And do what I feel
I'm doing things in my own way

I'm doing things in my own way
Well I'm doing things as I please
And then everything else goes its own way
At the speed of life

This is the speed of life