

# Wastelands

Midge Ure

The boy is listening to those records from the past  
He wants to make them last  
For they make him feel alive  
They are the voices of the faces on the wall

He listens to them all  
Hangs on every little tale they tell  
Knows them all and their life stories  
Shares their pain and shares their glories

One day he even cut their names upon his skin  
They mean that much to him  
For them he'd take the test

His bedroom window opens to the evening air  
The fox is in his lair  
The volume of his system is full on  
But the neighbors moan and the parents call  
This angry noise is the muzak of the wastelands

Wastelands, the wastelands, wastelands

The boy is dressing in the fashion of the day  
The kids all dress that way, you can tell them anywhere  
The boy looks out and sees his friends are waiting there  
In the cold electric glare

Of those lamps that make you think that night is day  
They drag their lusts into your sight  
With shouts and screams they meet the night

They block your way in twos and fours  
In uniforms from city stores  
They're closing in, who knows the score  
It won't be long before  
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelands

Wastelands, yes, it won't be long before  
A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelands

Wastelands, the wastelands  
Wastelands, oh, wastelands

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A martyr's blood is nourishing the wastelands  
Wastelands, oh, wastelands