White City

Thomas Dolby

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Keith was the sole inhabitant
Keith was the sole inhabitant
Keith woke beside the fountain
From his dreams of china mountains
Far from the clatter of these autobanks
That keep chucking up money!
It turned into the kind of joke
That Keith feels isn't funny
White City
White City

Keith talked in alphanumerals
Keith talked in alphanumerals
Keith built a drug cathedral
Shape of an octahedron
Where he could hide from young Orwellians
Who would trample their brothers!
A thin white powder film on everything
But soot is the colour of
The White City
White City
White City

So – are you happy
With this vision you've created
Should have known you'd never rest
Til we're all incinerated
And you know you are the best.
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