

# Bananarama, Hey Young London

Hey, young London, you're looking good  
Dressing up like you know you should  
Hey, young London, you're the brightest star  
So you ride about got to get that far  
Well, I've read your face and seen your place  
And you'll let me in if I share your tastes  
You know the night spots if you wanna stay hip  
Have you flown to Paris, hope you have a good trip  
We don't care  
You know that we don't care  
We don't care  
D'you know that we wear flares  
Hey, young London, you're looking good  
The lights are less well that's understood  
Hey, young London, take your time and go  
The girls are young but they act so old  
You're headin' for the same pub each night  
Girls in the corner, boys looking for a fight  
Even he might rock each others self control  
When you get engaged you know you've reached your goal  
We don't care  
You know that we don't care  
We don't care  
D'you know that we wear flares  
Hey, young London, you're looking good  
You got the money you can choose your moods  
Hey, young London, you're a bright young thing  
Your private houses are a public thing  
She's so afraid, she sees a dead still light  
And her dress is see-through and his pants on tight  
With his girl at his side, he doesn't need his breaks  
And a smile on his face for all the risks he takes  
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