

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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