

# Pet Shop Boys, Bright Young Things

Lucy's wearing vintage  
Boys in rented tux  
Safety pins for cuff links  
Please dance with me  
The party's still in full swing  
And you're such a bright young thing

Nancy's got a monkey  
On a silver chain  
Pose for Stephen's camera  
Then dance with me  
Forget what the future brings  
Surrounded by bright young things

Sometimes a party's a port in a storm  
No one feels weary  
Or lost and forlorn

Listen the nightingale sings  
In Berkeley Square  
The bright young things  
Are flying on chemical wings  
Intent on their one last flings  
Tonight

It's time  
It's time  
It's time  
It's time

When I get you home there'll be sunlight on your bed  
Close your eyes and drift off imagining  
The promise of a diamond ring  
You the queen and I your king

Sometimes a party's a port in a storm  
You won't feel weary  
Or lost and forlorn

Listen the nightingale sings  
In Berkeley Square  
The bright young things  
Are flying on chemical wings  
Share with me one last fling  
Tonight