## Eurythmics, Stars On Sunday

a man walked into a bar and said ooooooohhhhh and the barman said ooooooohhhhh where did you get that suit? and the man said give me a drink and the barman said ooooooohhhhh closed circuit t.v. spins round zooms on a packet of cigarettes stays on the ashtray and fingernails and the barman said oooooooohhhhh maybe I just had a bad day program crashing disenchanted I hope nobody tries to get in my way solid traffic faces frozen

she came home with cigarette papers no compassion just a companion she was cooking a casserole empty no connection to our problem

ice on the window hands on the wheel the glove compartment holds a secret stars on Sunday you on Tuesday I don't know if you can hear me